

September 9, 1959

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PR



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See pages 8, 9

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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SEPTEMBER 9, 1959

Vol. 27, No. 1

Our cover

Yves Saint-Laurent, the House of Dior's top designer, called our cover dress "Heloise." The dress, in red-and-black check taffeta, has a knee-revealing skirt made in tiers of puffed-up fabric. More "Shockers from Dior," pages 8 and 9.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

Dorothy Eden, whose mystery serial, "The Deadly Travellers," begins on pages 16 and 17, is now writing an historical novel set in her homeland, New Zealand.

MISS EDEN, who was born and grew up in Christchurch, lives in London.

Although famous as an author, Miss Eden is modest about her success.

When she and Rebecca West, novelist and brilliant historian, were guests at a party, Miss Eden hoped she would be able to shake hands with Miss West because she had always admired the historian.

When they were introduced, Miss West said with a smile, "I am so glad to meet you. I've just finished your last book and it quite terrified me."

(The book was "The Pretty Ones.")

Dorothy Eden said afterwards, "I never dreamed that Miss West would read my books."

MRS. ELLA-MEI WONG, who adapted traditional Chinese dishes to Australian tastes for the big Chinese Cookery Section in this issue, will begin to teach Chinese cookery at the East Sydney Technical College this month.

She told us that the dinner will feature all the traditional ingredients of Chinese cookery, several of which she omitted in place of readily available ingredients in our cookery section.

FASHION editor Betty Keep, who visited Paris to choose the superb collection for our Paris Parade, resumes her fashion advice in Dress Sense in this issue (page 31).

Betty, who went to all the couture houses before making her final parade selection, told us that the "show-the-knee" skirtline (our cover and pages 8 and 9) was exclusive to Maison Dior.

She said: "The woman who does not wish to follow this ultra-fashion has a choice of skirt lengths.

"Lanvin shows daytime fashions with the skirt dropped to mid-calf length—the longest in Paris. Pierre Cardin's are slightly shorter. "Nina Ricci, Guy Laroche, and Pierre Balmain are even more moderate—they all show daytime skirts about 1½ in. below the wearer's knee."

NEXT WEEK

The secrets of making light-as-a-feather souffles are revealed by Leila C. Howard, our food and cookery expert, in our next issue. As well there are recipes for sweet or savory, hot or cold souffles to help you make your reputation as a good cook.

The Princess in Queensland



AT MT. COOT-THA, Brisbane, the Princess met representatives of youth organisations. Picture shows her at the lookout. At left is Mr. Howard Richter, 24-year-old president of the Queensland Young Country Party.

● Princess Alexandra's tour will go on record as one of the most successful Royal tours ever. Her youth and vivacity make her popular wherever she goes. Widely publicised as a "youth tour," the trip has included a good many engagements of a stereotyped kind, but there have been, nevertheless, a number of functions which enabled the 22-year-old Princess to meet young people of her own age. It has been evident that she enjoyed these. Keith Barlow's pictures on this page show her meeting young men and women during her Brisbane visit.



AT THE RACES. The Princess attended the Q.T.C. Exhibition Meeting at Eagle Farm. "I don't go to the races often," she told guests in the Royal Box. Here she is seen with apprentice jockey Mervyn Wrigley.



RECEPTION at the Bellevue Hotel was given by younger sets of the Commonwealth and National Societies. The Princess spent 45 minutes talking to young guests—mostly under 25 years of age.

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WASTE

WAIST

Shapely break for men

Women are to have waists again. This must be bewildering news for them, but it's exciting for men, who have been getting pretty suspicious of some of the shapes they've been squiring.

THE latest decree from Paris will be followed by other confidence tricks, but for a little time men will have a reasonable chance of assessing what they're getting.

Mahomet, that wise old founder of Islam, once said that silk was invented so that women could go naked in clothes.

And in much the same way the waist for centuries has been the standard to help men sort the sheep from the goats.

"What an arm — what a waist for an arm!" a Victorian poet exclaimed.

How right he was, for if nature hadn't already done the job and produced waists—"a circumference which asks to be measured"—women themselves would have been forced to invent them.

If gorilla King Kong wasn't so reticent, he would tell you when the first male dared the thinnest branch to get a hairy arm round a hairy waist.

But my interest, being more recent and slightly less simian, is more concerned with the waist in dress, beginning with the 12th century, when women started to lace themselves into fashion history.

That was the time when the waist and the primitive glimmerings of the corset became inseparable cobbles in a relationship that was to last for centuries.

Wide stiff belts were first used to push up the bust and narrow the waist. They narrowed it so much that moralists became really excited

about tiny waists, and all they could do to save their faces was to proclaim waists sinful.

In the 16th century the basquine was introduced.

This was a cunning little sleeveless doublet of stiffened cloth which helped pull in the waist and intrigue no end the gallants of Elizabethan times.

But in the time of Louis XIV the basquine gave way to the corps, a contraption separate from the dress and stiffened at the waist by strips of iron or wood, and later whalebone.

The corps, ancestor of the modern corset, and the waists it produced, stayed in till the French Revolution.

Historians of fashion like to point out that the corset disappears only in times of "great

social upheaval and general moral disorder," and that at these times women are also inclined to crop their hair and become dance mad.

They seem to be right, too.

For all these things happened after the Black Death in the 14th century, in the troubled Germany of the 16th, after the French Revolution at the end of the 18th, and after World War I.

It happened—and how—after the French Revolution.

As the Terror ended women cut off their hair, developed dance mania and the corset shrank under Grecian drapes (often dampened to show off the figure) to a simple girdle or not at all. And the waist disappeared.

By 1799 the waist, if you can call it that, had gone so high and haywire that the top of the dress served as a mal-adjusted kind of soutien-gorge or brassiere.

Although the corset made a somewhat shamed return within a few years, the Napoleonic Wars seriously upset waists on each side of the English Channel.

Waists became patriotic.

Because they were high in France they were much lower in England—so low that by Waterloo in 1815 the French laughed at the sight of English women with normal waists.

This worried English women so much that they promptly forgot that Wellington had

beaten Napoleon and adopted the French mode. And waists remained almost under the chin until 1820.

Five years later waists were "universally normal," though not for long.

In 1828 an erudite Paris corset designer invented the metal eyelet hole (to replace the old hole-in-cloth reinforced by stitching) which made tighter lacing without tearing not only possible but almost a gymnastic trick.

The girls went crackers about it.

By the 1860s they'd used those eyelets so efficiently that they were fainting from tight lacing, they were developing curvature of the spine, and doctors were warning that

tight corsets were seriously injuring health.

There was another medical outcry early this century when the waist became merely a slender link between the laced hour-glass top and the rest.

Imperial Russia, Rumania and Rumania even legislation against corsets, forbidding them completely for growing girls.

Just before World War I slim hips became the craze for the first time in the history of fashion, thus heralding once again the decline of the corset and the waist.

The war completed the revolution for the Mad Twenties women didn't have much of anything.

The corset dwindled to a slim girdle to hold up their socks, the waist abdicated, and the bust vanished, often under what were known as "correctors" or "flatteners."

What women lacked in appearance they tried to make up with "It."

But by 1930 even the most ardent wenches couldn't stand any longer looking like flattened tubes of toothpaste.

Gently at first, then with a rush, the curve returned, the waist returned, the bust re-emerged like a child peeping round a corner.

Even men could at last see the unmistakable signs that women were women again, and to know what a poet like Tennyson meant when he wrote:

"And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist the felt it fold . . ."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 9, 1950

Secrets of the Alexandra hairstyle . . .

THE delightfully feminine, delightfully romantic Victorian hairstyle which Princess Alexandra (right) has worn on most evening engagements during the Royal visit has fascinated most women, and indeed most men, who have seen her in person, in pictures, or on TV. The elegant style has now been interpreted here by a leading hairdresser, specially for all girls who'd like to "look like the Princess." The sketches and pictures on this page show how this hairstyle can be created at home—provided your hair is not too short and is one length all over. And provided you have a friend to help comb it into its puffy charm.



The way to do it

HERE are the setting instructions for the Alexandra hairstyle. It is done entirely on jumbo rollers (3½ in. long by 1½ in. wide) and big rollers (3 in. by 1 in.), which give a soft and smoother effect than the pin-curl method. First, section the hair into four neat clumps—one from the forehead to just below the crown of the head, two on either side, one on the back of the head—and clip separately to hold each clump in place before you start rolling. Set your hair while still wet after shampooing. Start by rolling the centre clump of hair, working back from the hairline. This requires six jumbo rollers, and the hair should be divided with a tail-comb into rollable sections narrower than the roller itself. There are two jumbo rollers on

either side of this section and three more immediately below it at the back. Next, do the back section, which requires 12 big rollers, placed and angled as shown in the sketch (at left). All the hair in this section is rolled in an upward direction. Then do the back section, which requires 12 big rollers, and all this hair is rolled upwards. The side hair is rolled forward, at an angle, on big rollers.

NOTE: Hair that is the proper length—it should hang evenly all the way round or be slightly longer at the back—is essential to this hairstyle. Take extra care in placing the rollers around the face, and when the set is dry brush it out instead of combing it.



ELEGANT, with smooth curves and simple lines, the Alexandra hairstyle can be worn effectively by women of all ages. Its success depends largely on hair that is fairly long, and even all the way round. A permanent wave gives it style support. At the back the hair sweeps up from the nape and down from the crown of the head in a crossover effect, and is pinned firmly halfway. The pictures show how Sydney hairdresser Mr. Claude interpreted the style on a model.

daring...dramatic...dynamic

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"Buried in King Lear's country"

Scottish actor hasn't had time to see Australia

JOHN LAURIE, famous Scottish stage and screen star, answered the telephone at 2 o'clock one morning at his English home. It was John McCullum asking him to come to Australia and play King Lear for the 1959 season of J. C. Williamson's Shakespeare Company.

"Of course, he knew I couldn't resist it," John Laurie told me when I saw him at rehearsal at the Theatre Royal, Adelaide. "I knew that I didn't take this opportunity I probably would never play the part. I'm not getting any younger, and Lear takes a lot of vitality."

"And then everyone is going to Australia and I thought I had missed the bus."

Now he is busy making friends.

"Not all visiting British actors feel at home with the wild colonial boys and girls of the Australian theatre, but John Laurie does," said Australian actor John Alden, as we stood in the wings of the theatre watching the famous actor.

Interviewing him is almost as lively as taking part in a Scottish reel.

When I rang to see if I could arrange an interview, he said in a rich Scots accent, "Sure, lass, if you don't mind me hopping off at intervals to rehearse my part in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'."

In the company's 1959 season (they finish in Adelaide on September 5, open in Perth on September 11, and in Sydney towards the end of October), John Laurie and John Alden alternate in the leading roles in "King Lear," "The Merchant of Venice," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

In John Laurie's cluttered dressing-room ("I have no sense of order") we settled comfortably in chairs, lit

By
NONI ROWLAND,
staff reporter

cigarettes, and then he answered questions until he was called on stage.

A fellow member of the cast offered to read his lines, but he wouldn't hear of it.

"Not at all. The lassie won't mind waiting, will you, dear?"

Of course the lassie didn't and followed him out to the wings to watch him rehearse the role of Bottom.

It was warm on stage and it must have been tiring for the actor wearing the huge ass' head of Bottom, but John Laurie quietly welcomed direction as he rehearsed again and again the same comic dance steps.

"We'll try to be a credit to you, dear," he said to ballet mistress Betty Pounder.

Slightly out of breath and wiping the sweat off his forehead with a handkerchief, he walked back with me to the dressing-room.

"Now where were we? Films?"

"Yes, I have made more than 100, but I have no great pride in most of them, although I suppose I shouldn't say so seeing they helped me to build my house."

"There were only a few I enjoyed — 'The Thirty-Nine Steps,' 'The Way Ahead,' the two Somerset Maugham films, 'Encore' and 'Quartet,' which were such excellent stories,

and the three Shakespearian films with Sir Laurence Olivier, 'Hamlet,' 'Henry V,' and 'Richard III.'

"My most recent film is Walt Disney's 'Kidnapped,' which stars Peter Finch.



"Now there's a good and charming fellow. I think he is one of the best actors in England today. Hollywood won't change him."

Laurie himself has never felt the lure of Hollywood, but he has appeared on the New York stage in "Tiger at the Gates" with Michael Red-

colored hair and raising his untidy, bushy eyebrows.

While John Laurie loves the theatre, he is not stagestruck.

"There is a world elsewhere," he said with a smile reaching to his expressive, dark brown eyes. "My world is mainly in the world of books and in my garden."

But house, garden, wife,

KING LEAR'S crown rested beside John Laurie as he took time off from studying his lines to pose for this picture in his dressing-room. "I'll put my specs on to cover my face," he said.

and four dogs, so you can see how truly rural we are."

Oonah Laurie has never appeared on the stage.

"She was pretty enough for

Our Sundays were miseries of blackness.

"He would never have allowed me to go on the stage.

"Mother? Ah, she was a different type, lass. Whatever I wanted to do was right with her."

John Laurie joined the Army in World War I when he was 18, served in France, and was invalided out.

He returned to the small Scottish town and took a job as an architect's pupil.

"But the prospects were dreary," said the actor, rubbing a hand over tired eyes. "All that faced me was building rows of council houses when my mind was filled with dreams of lofty cathedrals."

"So I decided to cash in on what I could do next best — acting."

Then came the Central School, where he struggled to weed out "my practically unintelligible southern Scots accent of the country of ballads and Burns," followed by 10 years with the Old Vic and Stratford.

Laurie's first acting roles were mainly comic ones, but after one or two seasons—"I was getting very uppity then"—he asked to be allowed to play Hamlet.

"The newspaper headlines didn't help me on the first night," he said with a rueful smile. "They read: 'Comedian Plays Hamlet' — but I surprised everyone by making a success of the role."

"I had no time to cogitate, ruminate, and complicate the part. I was only 26, and came to the rôle with a freshness which reminds me of some of the work I am seeing by young Australians."

He feels at home among the wild colonial boys

grave and Australia's Diane Cilento.

"I have a great admiration for Diane," Mr. Laurie said, easing himself more comfortably into the chair and lighting another cigarette. "She comes from a remarkable family and she, herself, is a remarkable girl. She is a fine actress."

Although he has played most Shakespearian rôles, these three plays are all new to Laurie, and he is studying the parts intently.

"People say to me, 'How do you like Australia, Mr. Laurie?'" the actor mimicked, roaring with laughter, "and I say, 'I don't know, I haven't seen it. I'm buried in King Lear's country.'"

Age doesn't worry John Laurie, who frankly admits to 62.

"These days if work comes I am delighted," he said. "But if it doesn't I am not depressed or frightened. Fear of old age is the curse of our profession, where there is no such thing as pensions."

"You would be surprised at the names of once-famous actors who are now living on the dole," said the Scotsman, running his fingers through his mane of pepper-and-salt

and 19-year-old daughter Veronica ("She works for the Lord Chancellor, but don't get any grand notions, dear. She's secretary to his secretary sort of thing") are all forgotten when John Laurie takes on a new stage rôle.

"Any great Shakespearian or classic rôle," he said, "becomes much a part of your life."

"You live with it night and day."

"My wife said I was impossible to live with when I was playing Macbeth."

But John Laurie, with his delightfully fey sense of humor, can't have been too impossible.

After 35 years he and his wife, Oonah, are still happily married.

They first met at the Central School of Speech Training and Dramatic Art in London, when "I was learning to speak English and she was learning how to teach the speaking of English," and married a few years later.

"Now we've got a nice little place 26 miles out of London with a couple of paddocks, a horse, a dozen hens, four cats,

it," her husband said firmly, "but I didn't want her to. I don't think it's a good thing for husbands and wives to both be on the stage."

John Laurie is also glad his daughter has chosen another career.

"The stage is such a difficult, hard profession that I didn't want her to get hurt," he said, "and I was sure she would be hurt."

"She was a good actress at school, but an actress has to have a certain type of fortitude which I don't think Veronica has. Hers is a soft, gentle nature."

"I gently discouraged her by taking her into dressing-rooms like this one," waving his arm to encompass the clutter, the pots of greasepaint, "and by taking her to rehearsals."

If John Laurie's father hadn't died comparatively young, the actor wouldn't have gone on the stage.

"I was born at Dumfries, just over the border," he said, "where my father was an elder of the Kirk."

"He was a highly religious man, a stern Calvinistic type.

"Paris in the spring"

• Spring in Paris is the theme which Mark Foy's in Sydney are introducing into their store for our Paris Parades.

LOOKING particularly Parisian will be their side-walk cafe; inside, masses of spring blossom and budding foliage will decorate the store.

The elevators, too, will be decorated with flowers and perfumed.

To launch the parades there will be a gala banquet, which is being planned by the host, Mr. Tony Clerici, and the chief chef. They intend to serve a seven-course dinner, with French champagne.

This gala will be held on Saturday, October 3, in the Empress Ballroom. Tickets are seven guineas each.

Guests will pass through a mirrored room filled with thousands of orchids to the ballroom for the parades, dinner, and dancing.

Daily parades will be held from October 6 (October 5 is a public holiday) to October 15 inclusive at 2.30 p.m. and 6 p.m. on weekdays and at 10 a.m. on Saturday, October 10. Tickets are 10/6 each.

Bookings for the gala opening and for the daily parades can be made now at the Empress Ballroom, at the ground-floor inquiry desk, or by phone or mail.

SHOCKERS FROM DIOR..

would you
wear them?



"ZENOBIE": Bare-top dance dress (above) in leopard-spot taffeta with matching shoes and a high-waisted pillbox. The balloon skirt is self-banded.



"PARADE": White lace dress (above) has a can-can hemline. The silk taffeta sash is matched to the Toulouse-Lautrec cape.



"CHAT": Red satin firecracker dress (right) is hobbled above the knees. The dress is worn with a high mob cap in black taffeta.

WITHOUT argument, brilliant is the word for young Saint-Laurent's autumn late-day-and-later fashions.

The silhouette change startles rather than pleases; it's a line evolving to a purely stunt look.

The new shapes (as shown here) are very new indeed. Even the most avid follower of high fashion will be wise to take this newest Dior look with a pinch of fashion salt.

Worn in Paris by the right woman at the right time, the clothes could look chic and amusing. But they are far too eccentric for Australia.

However, the House of Dior always shows a very large collection and never goes entirely all out for any one line — there is always an alternative.

The average daytime skirt at Dior, in the autumn collection, is 18in. from the ground. It just covers the wearer's knee. — **BETTY KEEP**



"CLIMENE": Faille ballgown has a balloon skirt slit to above the knee and finished with a fringed bow.



"ADELE": Beltless cocktail dress (above) is made in taffeta with a knee-revealing skirt ruched and puffed in tiers. The dress is worn with a towering black tulle hat and a Victorian dog-collar of green crystal and jet.



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or
short**

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FINE HOSIERY, LINGERIE AND FABRICS



● Maureen Sullivan and Rugby League star Reg Gasnier. They are not engaged, but neither has gone out with anyone else for four years.



Kangaroo is her full-time hero

By RONALD McKIE

● One Sydney girl will read every word on the Kangaroos — the Rugby League touring team which leaves for England on September 5, her twentieth birthday.

TO Maureen Sullivan, of Oatley, the Kangaroos are not really a team but a one-man side—and that man is Reg Gasnier, "Sunday Telegraph" Rugby League Footballer of the Year.

No, they're not engaged, but they haven't gone out with anyone else for four years — ever since Maureen went to work as a comptometerist at Stack and Co., and Reg was still a student at Sydney Technical High.

"Although I enjoy the company of girls," Reg says, "I've never looked at anyone else since the night I first saw her at the pictures at Mortdale."

"But I've had to concentrate so hard on football and my job that I haven't had much time for parties and things like that, and I'm afraid Maureen has been neglected."

"It's a lot to ask a nice girl to go without. I don't even like dancing. But the only time I won't be carrying the wallet she gave me, with her photograph in it, will be on the football field in England."

Reg Gasnier, whose father is advertising manager of the Sydney and Melbourne Publishing Company, and whose mother still plays competitive tennis in the St. George area, is of French descent.

He is the third youngest member, after Ken Irvine and John Reilly, of the Kangaroos.

He is 5ft. 11in. and 12½st., a good-looking young man with dark, close-cut hair, thick eyebrows, and steady eyes he calls brown, but are really light hazel circled by grey-green.

It's a resolute face for 20, and not deceptive, either, for, as you talk to him, you soon realise that he is a determined,

extremely balanced young adult who knows exactly where he is going.

"This may sound ironic," he says, "but I never wanted to be a tram-driver or a pilot. I've always wanted to be a professional footballer."

"I left Tech. High in 1955, decided to be a plumber, and ended up joining Korbond Industries — we treat dress material for laminating. Even then my immediate aim was to be an international and represent Australia."

Last year he rose from St. George Junior League through the President's Cup team to third grade, and finished the year playing in the final and grand final of the reserves.

He began the 1959 season in the reserves, played his opening first-grade game against Canterbury - Bankstown, was tipped as a Test star, and ended the season, after three

Tests against New Zealand, a brilliant international who has been called the best centre since Dave Brown in the mid-1930s.

He doesn't smoke, drink only an occasional beer, and eats anything his mother puts in front of him. But before a game he sticks to a rigid rest and food routine.

He goes to bed early the night before and, five hours before a match, has a large steak and a glass of milk — and nothing after that until the game is over.

Reg loves what he calls the game's "challenge," its perfected teamwork, its friendships, and thinks that its greatest moment is the yell from the crowd when he scores or sidesteps and breaks clear.

But even that thrill doesn't compare with a recent evening when he took Maureen for a drive to Cronulla — when he turned on his car radio, got rock-n-roll, which he dislikes, tuned to another station and heard that he had been selected for the Kangaroo tour.

Despite his passion for football he has no intention of becoming an old man at the game.

"It's much too early to know," he says, "but this could be my first and last tour."

"The firm I work for has been very good to me, and is training me as an executive."

"I like the work, handling people, and to get more knowledge I've been taking a business-management course at night."

"I'm looking forward to the tour, but football, although it's wonderful, is still a short-term achievement."

He tapped the going-away wallet he had shown me. "The real things ahead are making a success of my job, and this — Maureen."

Baby's Name

WHAT name would you choose for the Queen's expected child—boy or girl?

Would you choose a traditional Royal name, or one that is quite new?

We want you to tell us the name you would choose for a boy, and the name you would choose for a girl, stating your reasons briefly.

For the best letter received we will give:

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Australian artist paints with cement

(uses trowel, power drill)
(in his New York studio)

● Critics have called Albert Tucker, formerly of Melbourne, "a new artistic force" and "a master illusionist."

WORKING in the tranquillity of his Manhattan, New York, studio, this well-known avant-garde artist is busily recollecting his homeland in the pictures he paints.

He has achieved a new depth and texture with his colored cement and other media, which include sand, earth, and even paint.

Self-exiled Tucker feels that the best way to interpret Australia is from afar, and says that Australian artists abroad are, in fact, ambassadors for their country.

Last year Tucker, who is 44, won The Australian Women's Weekly Art Prize of £1000 for subject painting with his evocative picture "Australian Gothic." He had submitted the entry from London.

Tucker last saw home 12 years ago. After travelling and painting in many European countries, including Italy and France, he went to New York last October.

Handsome goatee

In his travels he has acquired not only a handsome goatee and a bag of new painting techniques, but, more importantly, a new perspective on Australia.

Tucker pulled his beard pensively in his studio, where I saw him.

"It comes down to this," he said. "One needs sufficient non-Australian experience to be able to distinguish what is indigenously Australian in theme and what is common to all countries or non-Australian."

So far the image Tucker has given of Australia to art-conscious Americans may be rather bleak. Shortly before his arrival in New York—about the same time that his "Australian Gothic" was being uncanted in Sydney—a painting of Tucker's called "Lunar Landscape" was bought by the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Alfred Barr, jun., the museum's director of collections, spotted "Lunar Landscape" at the Pomdexter gallery in Manhattan.

"I saw this piece of insistent crudeness," Barr told me, "and recognised a master illusionist at work. The raised paint and the color combined to create a perspective in relief that put me immediately in mind of



the old art brut school in France, where painters consciously defied good taste and restraint. I decided to recommend the Tucker purchase." ("Brut" means "crude.")

I asked Tucker to elucidate his land-image.

"A lot of the Australian outback seems lunar—pitted and cracked earth, strange light," he said. "It's an innocent landscape, completely untouched, devoid of humanity—things as they were, pre-history."

Unlike many another travelling artist, he never turned a hand to non-artistic work, but

Painted his way through Britain, France, Germany, and Italy.

In Paris he built a caravan piece by piece in his hotel room, finally lowering the sections out the window and assembling it on a quay near Notre Dame. There he lived in it for four months before he found a motor-car to pull it, and went to Rome.

It was in Italy that Tucker decided to push his palette, brushes, and tubes of pigment into the background and take up a new technique, which he had picked up through Alberto Burri, who had got it from America.

It revolved around a new substance used in industrial chemistry—polyvinyl acetate, or PVA. It is actually a sort of refined cement capable of pigmentation. Obviously it would be more than a match for a delicate brush.

Tucker, therefore, invested in a new set of tools—mason's trowel, power drill with disc sander head, spatulas, and a big brush of the sort a housepainter uses.

Canvas was no longer any good—couldn't support the weight of the cement. He switched to hardboard.

Working thus, the artist was able to attain real depth and texture for the first time. In

PAINTING "Australian Gothic," by Tucker, which won a £1000 prize given by The Australian Women's Weekly. Note the "head" shapes.

ALBERT TUCKER applies disc sander to almost finished picture in his "explorer" series. Trowels and a can of house paint are on the table.

some of Tucker's paintings the surface is inches thick.

Tucker has held one-man shows in Amsterdam, Paris, Rome, and Venice. Many critics have hailed him as a new artistic force.

John Yule, the Australian art critic, finds in Tucker echoes of Bechman, Ernst, Rouault, and Picasso. Tucker shows, according to

Yule, "a savage psychological penetration veering from the exciting to the intentionally repellent."

Tucker has evolved a head, surmounted by the cabbage-tree hat,

that is completely original and has won the admiration of European and American critics. He calls it his "Pacific form," and says it represents the first real break in figure painting with the Greco-Roman tradition of heads. (See pictures.)

Some may wonder, "Where is this Aussie's nose?" But it's no good asking the artist. He isn't saying. There's no quarrelling, however, with the strong texture of the leathery skins, the determined set of the jaws, and the astute metaphor of man-and-land.

Tucker plans to stay in New York until the end of this year, returning to London for a one-man show early in 1960.

Story and color pictures by
ROBERT FELDMAN,
of our New York Staff



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SARA QUADS



● A bridge and its shadow frame the Quads in this picturesque rural scene near Menangle, some miles from Camden.

● One of the best outings enjoyed by the Sara Quads during their school holidays was a hike through the fields and byways around Camden, south of Sydney.

STAFF photographer Ron Berg, who has known the Quads since they were babies, organised the trip and took his camera to get the pictures on these two pages.

The children walked about two and a half miles, roamed through paddocks, played by creeks, saw crops growing, inspected the Rotolactor (an automatic milking machine), and plied Ron with questions.

Phillip told his mother, Betty Sara, "When I grow up I'm going to have a cow, and a farm, and a baby, and you can come and visit me when you like."

Betty says: "Don't ask what the children have been up to lately. What haven't they? is a better question."

"Mark and Phillip go on like the Western heroes in TV. They rush around home, pretending to be Marshal Dillon in 'Gun-smoke', or the great Cheyenne."

"Phillip and Mark were given two black kittens, Smoky and Tibby, but the girls seem to have taken them over. Those kittens are always being dressed up in baby bonnets and

dressings and being wheeled around in doll's prams.

"The Quads have their jobs around the house. They straighten their beds in the morning and I'm trying to encourage them to be tidy."

"Alison swears she could make a cake if I'd only let her."

"Judy helps with the vegetables, but I'm afraid when she peels potatoes there's more potato in the sink than peel."

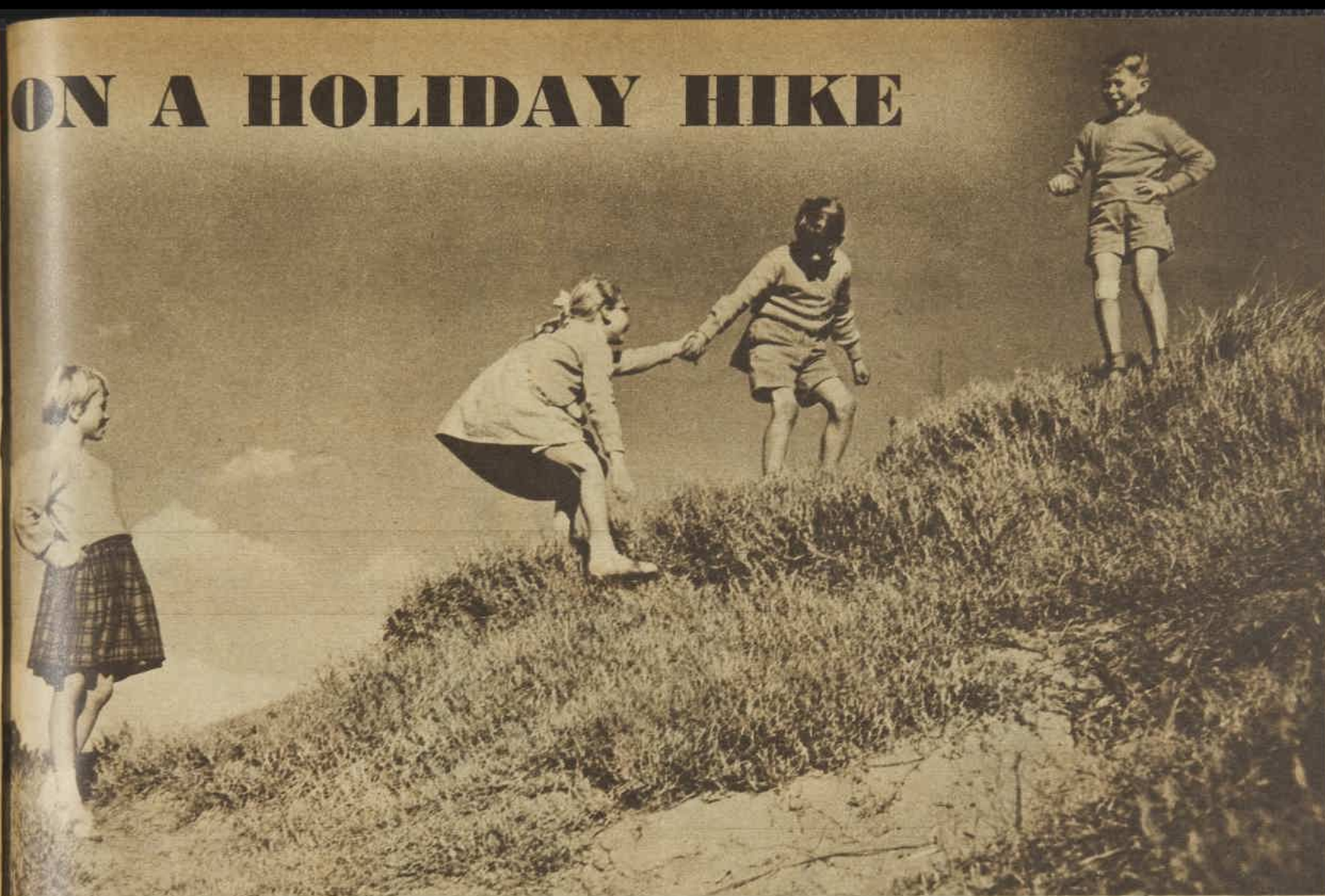
"Of course, the Quads and Geoff are rostered for washing and drying up. When their father cleans the car, they help out. Someone dusts inside, someone else polishes the duco."

"A Tasmanian teenager, Miss Margaret Donovan, of Sandfly, writes regularly to the Quads every Christmas and birthday. Last birthday she sent them each a pencil-sharpener shaped like a TV set."

"Miss Donovan, who'd be about 18 now, has been writing to us since the Quads were born nine years ago. She visited us once, when holidaying in Sydney, and it was really nice to meet her after all that time."



ON A HOLIDAY HIKE



● "Come on!" shouts Phillip, first up a hill near Menangle. Mark tugs at Judith's hand, but Alison won't be hurried. The Quads walked more than two miles during the day.

● Watching the Rotolactor (below) at Camden Park Estate, Camden, are (from left) Phillip, Alison, Mark, and Judith Sara. Cows are mechanically milked by the Rotolactor. As each milking is finished, the cow steps off the machine and is replaced by another.



● An old Army trick to relieve tired feet is tried out by Mark, Phillip, Judith, and Alison on the advice of staff photographer Ron Berg, who organised the outing.

● Thirst-quencher (left) for the Quads, after viewing the Rotolactor at Camden Park Estate, was, appropriately, milk. The youngsters sipped long, cool milkshakes through straws, then went on with their hike.





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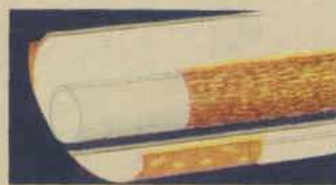
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 9, 1959



YOUNG GUESTS who attended a cocktail party given to celebrate Margo McKendry's 21st birthday included Mrs. John Robinson, Dick Howard, who came down from Brisbane, and Annette Primrose. The party was given by Margo's mother, Mrs. N. McKendry, in her home at Double Bay.



LOVELY MODEL Margo McKendry (second left) celebrated her 21st birthday this week. Her guests included, from left, Tony Pratten, Denis O'Neil, and Mrs. Bill Taylor. Margo will appear in our Paris parades at Mark Foy's next month before she leaves by air on October 21 for a visit to the United States, England, and South Africa.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

"PEBBLES," the Palm Beach home of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McWilliam, of Darling Point, will be transformed on September 19, when it will be the scene of an "at home" in honor of the 21st birthday of the McWilliams' only daughter, Jan.

A blue-lined marquee decorated with flowers and ivy will cover an outside dance floor, put down specially for the occasion, "and then we'll be able to cope with the food inside," Mrs. McWilliam said.

Jan, who will greet the 150 guests in a short frock of lilac silk, is being given a

wonderful birthday present by her parents, but I've promised not to breathe a word about it.

BABY daughter for Mr. and Mrs. Tony Keep, who have just moved into a new home at Mt. Eliza, Victoria. She's a sister for Adam.

THE annual Indian Bazaar at Riverview College will be held this year on September 12. Maureen McCaffery, from the Hazaribagh (land of a thousand tigers) younger set told me that they'll be having their novelty stall as usual, and that she's saving all her pennies to buy something from the fabulous Indian exhibition.

A WEDDING on September 18 is being planned by Jennifer Miller and John Weekes. Jennifer is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Miller, of Merrioola, Gerringong. John, now from Newcastle, and formerly from Narrabri, is the only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Weekes, of Mosman.

BETWEEN 200 and 300 guests are expected to attend the mannequin parade of spring fashions and furs at the Anzac Memorial Hall, North Sydney, on September 8, arranged by the branch committee of the Surry Hills kindergarten. President Mrs. C. Nicholls and Mrs. D. Williams and Mrs. M. Nicks are among the hard-working organisers.

ROUND of engagement parties for Jill Allen and Adrian Mitchell, whose engagement was announced recently. Jill is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Allen, of Denistone, and Adrian is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Mitchell, of Beecroft.



SIGNING THE REGISTER at St. Mark's, Darling Point, are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lyle. The bride was formerly Judith Maclean, eldest daughter of Mrs. Bruce Maclean, of Kyabra, Gunnedah, and the late Mr. Maclean. The groom is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Lyle, of Calala, Curlewis.



WEDDING at St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay, for Jeanette Chaston and Dr. Graham Hunt. Jeanette is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Chaston, of Enfield, and Graham is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Hunt, of Belmore.



COCKTAIL PARTY in Brisbane after the civic reception for Princess Alexandra was attended by Mrs. Cook Rudwick, of Roseville, with Queensland friends Mr. and Mrs. Kevin Barry (couple left) and Mrs. Clive Uhr. Mrs. Rudwick is holidaying with Mr. and Mrs. Warwick Whatmore, of Hamilton, who were hosts to Princess Alexandra aboard their yacht Valiant.

THE DEADLY TRAVELLERS

By
**DOROTHY
EDEN**

THE house was on the outskirts of Rome in a rather mean street which turned off the via Appia. There was a group of dusty cypresses on the corner, and then the row of shabby houses with their peeling paint and faded colors. Some children were playing in the dust. A woman flung open a shutter and leaned out to call something shrilly to them, and they scattered like disturbed sparrows.

In the other direction, towards the long way of the via Appia, the Street of the Dead, with its crumbling tombs and catacombs, there was a stream of traffic, fast cars, buses laden with sightseers, and noisy impatient motor scooters. It was no longer a way of peace for the sleepers in the tombs on the roadside, but then it never had been. Long ago it had rung to the marching feet of legions, or the shouts of the persecutors, and the weak cries of the crucified. In comparison, the screech of klaxons and the ear-splitting roar of the motor scooters seemed harmless and innocent.

Perhaps the taxicab that was drawn up outside the house in this shabby street was also going about perfectly innocent business. The man watching in the shade of the cypresses would not have paid any special attention to it if it had not seemed an unusual thing for a taxi to come to this kind of street. And to that particular house. So instead of strolling past casually he had drawn back to the slight cover of the cypresses, and, with his hat pulled well down over his eyes, watched.

It was only a few minutes before the door of the house opened and a young woman came out. Tall, slim, and attractive, she was the most unexpected sight of all, so far. For what would a fashionable young woman whose suit might have been bought in one of the better Paris or London stores and whose dark hair had a casual, expensive cut be doing in this locality?

She was talking to someone out of sight. Presently a rather stout little girl dressed in a white frock, with a large blue bow in her hair, appeared and climbed into the waiting taxi. Behind her darted a thin dark woman with a suitcase. The suitcase was placed in the taxi, the girl held out her hand to shake hands with the thin dark woman who, dressed in a faded cotton dress, was the only person in this small scene who appeared to be in character, the only one who could have been expected to emerge from the shabby house in the rather furtive little street.

Then the tall girl climbed into the taxi, too, and the door banged. The watcher made an involuntary step forward, but he was too far off to hear the instructions given the driver. He swore under his breath, then strolled studiously and casually in the other direction as the taxi whirled round and proceeded towards the city. As it passed him he caught only a glimpse of its two occupants. But he heard the child's voice, shrill with excitement, "Arrivederci, Gianetta!"

So there was no more time to investigate the shabby house. Now perhaps there was no need to. Fingering the worn covers of the notebook in his pocket, remembering the scribbled address of this house, and the cryptic added note "might be using a child," he hurried to the busy highway and impatiently waited for a taxi.

It was impossible to be certain where the previous taxi had gone, but by the child's luggage, and the girl's air of haste, one assumption could be made.

When at last he was able to secure a car, he gave the driver his destination.

"La stazione, pronto!"

At the station, as he had expected, it was the Milan train just due to depart. He had to elbow people out of his way and run for his life to get on the last carriage.

"Bravo! Bravo!" called a porter, white teeth gleaming.

But the man was not amused. Did the Italians consider all contests with speed and danger, so long as they themselves remained onlookers, a pleasant diversion? Did that explain a great deal of their mentality?

Perhaps it did. Perhaps that was why he was here.

A good-looking young woman, probably English, and a child . . . And that other face it was not possible to

forget, for a drowned face, even had it been that of a stranger, was not an easily forgettable sight . . . And this had not been a stranger's face.

That morning two days ago in London Kate did not see Miss Squires as usual. The girl at the desk of the little employment office said in a slightly awed voice that Mrs. Dix herself had asked for Kate when she came in. Would Kate wait while she found out whether she could go up now?

It had been William who had first suggested Kate going to Mrs. Dix. William, who was as practical as Kate was impractical, said that if Kate planned going on living in London she would have to supplement her very precarious employment as a commercial artist.

So why not do the odd jobs, such as taking out old ladies, doing Christmas shopping for the bedridden, or even baby-sitting, provided the brat wasn't too spoilt and loathsome.

This suggestion of William's had turned out excellently. It provided Kate with three or four days' employment a week, which, added to the earnings she made from her drawings, enabled her to keep the basement flat in West Kensington. She was attached to this flat chiefly because of her landlady, Mrs. Peebles, who was as endearing as a poised tomahawk and just as stimulating. With Mrs. Peebles lurking about the house, life was as full of surprises as Kate liked it to be.

APART from the money angle, she found it made life pleasantly interesting, not knowing, each time she visited Miss Squires, solid and placid in her little dark office under the stairs which led up to the so far unseen apartments of Mrs. Dix, what strange task awaited her.

Mrs. Dix, until this morning, had remained a mystery. Miss Squires hinted at a tragedy. Fifteen years ago Mrs. Dix's husband had been missing on a secret mission, some hush-hush task that could only be mentioned in the sacred precincts of M.I.5, and the poor lady still refused to believe that he was dead. She got up every morning with the renewed optimistic conviction that this would be the day he returned home. She kept his bed aired, a plentiful supply of food and drink, and contrived, Miss Squires said pityingly, to infuse into her cluttered rooms an air of excited expectancy.

It was very sad, because after fifteen years there was really no hope. There had been that body washed up on the coast of Portugal that had never been positively identified, but there was little doubt it had been that of Major Dix. But in spite of this it seemed that Mrs. Dix, poor soul, would go on living in her fool's paradise.

But until this day Mrs. Dix, who had infused her special brand of eagerness and eccentricity that was almost genius into her business, had remained as invisible as her husband. At least, to Kate, one of her minor employees. No doubt she gave audience to the important people, the ones entrusted with special jobs, such as shopping for the Prime Minister's wife, or the search for the Faberge chess set last heard of in Alexandria, or the late duchess' diamond-and-ruby tiara, which one had heard was being sold . . .

Admittedly these last were rare requests. Miss Squires, who liked Kate, sometimes became a little less reserved and imparted a breathless rush of information, about acquiring skeletons for medical students, and other macabre objects.

Reflecting on all this, Kate was a little nervous about at last meeting the fabulous lady. Passing Miss Squires' room on her way to the narrow stairway, she heard Miss Squires' call, "Is that you, Kate? Special mission for you today."

Kate stuck her head round the door of the dark little office.

"Where am I to go?"

"None of my business, dear. But you'll enjoy it. Lucky girl."

The room in which Mrs. Dix sat was a quite ordinary living-room, a little over-furnished and with an extravagant number of bowls of flowers. It did not in any way resemble an office. Mrs. Dix sat on a faded velvet couch.

She was a very plump lady with prematurely white or bleached hair, in perhaps her early fifties, though her extreme plumpness and her white hair may have added an unnecessary ten years to her age.

She wore brown velvet, with a little ruching of lace at the throat. She was, Kate thought, like a chocolate meringue.

Her smile was winning. She waved a dimpled hand towards a chair.

"Sit down, my dear. Forgive my not getting up. My heart, you know. The doctor forbids any exertion. You're Kate Tempest, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Dix." Kate obediently sat down and refused the proffered box of chocolates.

"Oh, not just a little one, dear?" Mrs. Dix cried, disappointed. "Try this knobby one. It'll have a nut. Not so bad for the figure. Though, really, I do assure you, you have no need to worry. You're a sylph, positively. Now me. I'm past redemption. But I do so adore chocolates."

She beamed at Kate. Her cheeks were delicately pink, her eyes a faded blue, benign, a little far-off, as if her visitor were not quite real to her but that instead she was looking beyond, to the door, which may open at any moment to the one she wanted to see above all.

"Now, you're wondering why I sent for you, of course. Miss Squires has told me about you. She says you're reliable, sensible, sophisticated, not likely to lose your head in a crisis."

"Thank you," Kate murmured bewilderedly. William had always said that reliability was her least obvious quality, but neither Mrs. Dix nor Miss Squires knew her as William did.

"Most important, those qualities," Mrs. Dix emphasised. "Now tell me a little more about yourself. You live alone?"

"Yes." Though one could hardly call it living alone, with Mrs. Peebles, watchful eye and attentive ear, overhead . . .

"Family?"

"Only a stepmother who lives in the country."

"How do you get on with her?"

"She's perfectly sweet, but I only acquired her when I was eighteen, so naturally she's not deeply interested in me. Since my father died she has taken up growing flowers for the market. Even when I visit her she forgets I'm there."

"Marriage plans?" Mrs. Dix asked in her friendly voice.

Kate thought of William and said definitely, "Not at present. None at all."

"Well, that all seems very satisfactory. It leaves you completely free to do these things for me. I like to know my employees are without urgent family ties when I send them on jobs abroad. It's a very important mission, but actually very simple, and only requires travel sense and, of course, responsibility. You've been on holidays abroad, Miss Squires tells me."

"Yes, several times." On a shoestring, of course, Kate thought to herself.

"Splendid. Have you been to Rome?"

"Once only, for two days."

"You don't speak Italian?"

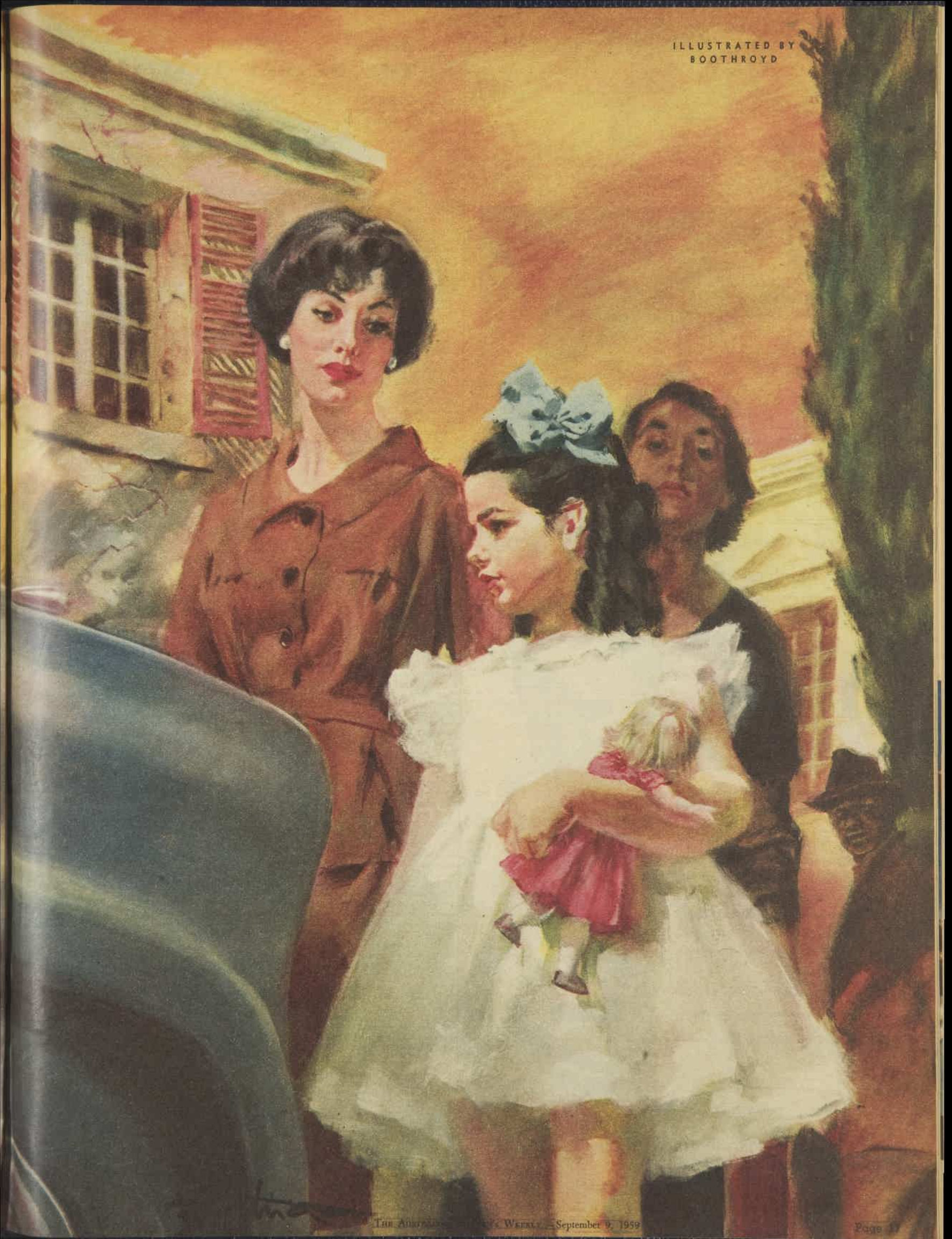
"Almost not at all."

"Well, that won't matter greatly. You won't have a

To page 18

The man in the shadows made a move forward as Kate and the little girl were about to enter the waiting taxi.

ILLUSTRATED BY
BOOTHROYD



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMAN'S WEEKLY September 9, 1959

Page 11

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Continuing . . .

THE DEADLY TRAVELLERS

from page 17

chocolate? I shall, I'm afraid. My husband is to blame, you know. He indulged this passion of mine. I shall tell him, when he comes home, how he is to pay for it, with all these pounds of flesh." Mrs. Dix chuckled. "My dear, you have beautiful blue eyes. With that black hair. Quite arresting. I'm wondering if Miss Squires is right, after all. Are you the right person to send? But if you're used to travelling, and you promise to behave with discretion—"

Mrs. Dix's pale blue eyes suddenly flew up, looking directly at Kate instead of at the distant door. "Well, never mind. It's a very simple thing we want you to do. Merely to bring a child, a little girl, to London." Mrs. Dix's plump fingers dipped into the box of chocolates again. "Well, my dear, how do you like the idea of that?"

Kate privately liked it very well indeed. Her one brief trip to Rome had filled her with a passion for that ancient and fabulous city, and the chance to go back, with all travelling expenses paid, seemed too good to be true. Instinctively she began to look for the flaw in the plan.

"May I ask who is this child? An Italian?"

"Yes, of divorced parents, unfortunately."

"Does she speak English?"

"A little. Very little, I believe."

"How old is she?"

"She's seven, only a baby, poor pet, and her name is Francesca. I can visualise her, can't you, dark-haired, shy, unhappy?"

"Why unhappy?"

"Because her parents are fighting over her. That's the story, you see. The court granted the mother, who now lives in London, custody, but the father wasn't having any of that, so what does he do but come over to London and kidnap the child. So there has been more action about that, and now he has agreed to give her up. But someone has to come and get her and travel back to England with her."

"Why doesn't the mother go?"

"She's just recovering from an illness, brought on by all this worry. So see what a good deed you will be doing, besides seeing your beloved eternal city again."

Kate hadn't said that it was her beloved eternal city, but refrained from pointing this out. Indeed, she was beginning to feel pleasantly excited and stimulated. Perhaps she could arrange with Mrs. Dix to go a day earlier than planned, and have one free day in Rome, to wander about sketching.

"Well?" said Mrs. Dix, with her comfortable smile.

"I'd love to go," Kate said enthusiastically. "But—"

"You're wondering about your fee? I think you will be quite happy about that. Francesca's mother is prepared to be generous. Considering the exertion and responsibility, we thought twenty guineas, and

expenses paid. You'll travel first class both ways, and there'll be a night in Rome when, of course, you must be comfortable."

"But, Mrs. Dix—"

"Aren't you happy about the fee, my dear?"

"Yes, indeed. I think it's very generous. It makes me feel Francesca must be a very important child."

"A bone between two dogs, poor little creature. Then I take it you agree to go?"

"I'd absolutely love to. But can I see Francesca's mother first?"

"Rosita? Whatever for?"

There is nothing so like a wise man as a fool who holds his tongue.

— St. Francis de Sales

"I'd like to talk to her. If the child can't speak English we may have trouble about the sort of food she likes and so on."

She refrained from adding that she wanted clearly to see Francesca's background, to get a complete picture of the situation. Was her mother really ill—or just lazy?

Mrs. Dix said doubtfully, "I shall have to see. I shall have to ring Rosita. But yes, of course, I think it is a very good idea. After all, it is her child whom all this fuss is about. Yes, I think that can be arranged. I'll let you know."

BUT was it Kate's imagination that now, all at once, Mrs. Dix's pale blue eyes did not quite meet hers?

Kate didn't know why she had this curiosity to see Rosita. Was it because the child, Francesca, the unknown little Italian, a bone between two dogs, as Mrs. Dix had called her, wouldn't seem real until she had talked to her mother? Or was it because she imagined Rosita to be a spoilt olive-skinned beauty with hypochondriac tendencies, and wanted to see for herself who most needed sympathy, the bereft mother, or the father, obviously emotional and affectionate, who came to England to swoop up his daughter and fly with her.

It was probably foolish of her to risk getting emotionally involved in the problems of two strangers, but all her life she had never found it possible to stand aside as a spectator of other people's happinesses or unhappinesses.

As she went down the stairs from Mrs. Dix's room, Miss Squires poked her head out from her small dark office.

She was a little rotund person with shortsighted brown eyes and an anxious forehead. She had taken a fancy to Kate, and twice had invited her to her prim little cottage on the Sussex Downs, where she lived alone, except for a large black-and-white cat called unimaginatively Tom.

"Are you going to do it?" she whispered.

"Oh, yes. It's wonderful. Perfectly wonderful."

"I thought you'd think that. Actually, it was I who suggested giving you the job. You're reliable and I thought the poor child would like someone young and gay. But I hope it will be all right."

"Why shouldn't it be? Oh,

you mean Francesca might be unmanageable?"

"That, and her father. We don't know about him, you see."

"But if he's promised to let the child go. And I'm going to see the mother this afternoon."

As Miss Squires hesitated, Kate laughed. "I do believe you're one of those old-fashioned people who don't trust foreigners!"

Miss Squires flushed again and said gruffly, "Not always without reason. Well, take care of yourself."

Rosita lay on a couch in a high-ceilinged, luxurious room in a house in Egerton Gardens. She was small and dark-haired, with a pointed, sorrow face, and eyes that made Kate think fleetingly of Raphael's "Portrait of a Woman." It was not so much that they were full of secrets as that they would like to seem so. No doubt this pose was quite successful with men.

She did not look particularly ill, Kate thought. Her languid handshake seemed to be a pose, too. There seemed little doubt that her ex-husband would not be the only man in her life.

Kate looked round the room, noting the couch with its pale green brocade covering the curtains of rich crimson Italian damask, the gilt-framed mirrors, the cushions and small tables. Was this a good environment for a child of seven, a tense, unhappy, and probably maladjusted child?

She spoke in English that had only the slightest accent.

"Miss Tempest, it is so good of you to come to see me. Mrs. Dix told me how thorough you are. That you want to find out about Francesca before the journey."

"It's a long journey," Kate said.

"You are so right. That's why I can't possibly go myself, much as I would like to. But I really can't stand it. All this upset has made me ill. Antonio behaving like this—"

Her face puckered as if she were going to cry. She hastily controlled herself. If she were not ill, she was extremely nervous, Kate thought, and wondered why.

"You'll find Francesca a very good child, Miss Tempest. Even a little—how do you say it—solemn? She won't give you any trouble. She doesn't speak much English, but enough to get by. She's well grown for her age. Oh, and don't forget her doll. She must always have her doll or there are fireworks at bedtime. Miss Tempest, you will take good care of her, won't you?"

"Of course I will."

"Mrs. Dix said you could be trusted. I wish I could go myself. I might have flown, but Francesca's crazy, but crazy, about trains and boats, the Channel ferry—ugh!—and the Eiffel Tower."

"The Eiffel Tower?"

"Yes, she adores going up it. To the very top. I hope you have a head for heights. I haven't."

Rosita shuddered, and Kate suddenly wanted to laugh. This was going to be a lighthearted odyssey after all, with a child who adored trains and Paris from the top of the Eiffel Tower.

"Why are you smiling?" Rosita asked suspiciously.

"I like the Eiffel Tower, too."

"How very extraordinary!"

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Young man on the shelf

A romantic short story

By DOROTHY BLACK

It looked like being the worst leave Rorie had ever had. It started off with one shock after another. He loved his native land. He was glad to be in England now that April was there. The lilacs hung their scented tassels out of London gardens for him. Golden laburnum fell like rain to make a carpet for him on London pavements. And what the dog-violet and the windflower did in the silent woodlands through which he drove himself gloomily (visiting his aunts) beggared description.

After the blistering heat of the desert, scented with camel and Arab village, England was everything he had dreamed of in the silence of those stifling nights when sandflies gnawed their busy way through his mosquito net and feasted on his shins.

England was all right. It was his friends who had let him down, and failed him. Peter Winstan, Thomas Scott, Jermyn Ardent — good chaps who had been at college with

him, all forsworn in a staunch little band never to get entangled in the matrimonial web. They would meet together on their several leaves, through the years—and enjoy life, as only bachelors can.

Rorie had come home to do it, and what did he find?

Peter married, and gone to Washington without a word to him, leaving no address. Thomas Scott's reaction to his letter announcing his arrival in England had been a long incoherent and rapturous letter, so vaguely phrased that for a moment Rorie did not dream it was anything serious. He just thought the fellow had bought a dog, till he came to the end.

"So you will be just in time to be our best man."

There remained only Jermyn Ardent. On him Rorie felt pretty certain he could rely. Jermyn was a Don, and a Fellow of his college. Tall, lean, and scholarly, he was



"Please," begged Rorie, "won't you get my razor so I can shave?"

scared of all women except his kid sister, an unattractive girl with a brace on her teeth, and plaits. He lived in immense comfort in the Fellows' Quarters in Oxford. Was it likely he would forsake this security for the hazards of domesticity?

Rorie did not think so. But he was wrong. In a way Jermyn's letter was the unkindest cut of all.

"So glad to hear you are home again," he wrote. "Our son was born last week, so you are just in time to be godfather."

Jermyn, it seemed, had quite forgotten he had never told Rorie he was married. A gloomy start to a leave, and, to make matters worse, Rorie's landlady had the mumps. Misfortunes never come singly. She broke the news to him, looking lopsided, when he returned from visiting his aunts Alicia and Maud in Worthing. It was all he had to look forward to now. His aunts, and two ghastly ecclesiastical functions, for which he did not have the proper clothes.

Sadly he faced the unpalatable fact that he was on the shelf. The three months, which had once seemed far too short, now began to look too long. Gloomily he read his Aunt Emily's letter as he sat at his lonely breakfast table.

"So looking forward to seeing you on Tuesday. The daffodils are over, but the tulips are at their best. Stay as long as you like..."

He might as well go, he told himself. He

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Illustrated by

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Their invention was ready to take them to the moon . . . a fantasy

By GWEN VIMPANY

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

The Umbrella of Peace



GEORGE and Harold Peace were in nowise related to the infamous Charles, save in an allegorical sense. They stole ideas. They did so solely for their own satisfaction, and because they lacked originality. Yet in their application of those ideas they showed a certain fluency and daring. Had they not, their story would never have been written, and a boy in a faraway land would not have found a strange talisman.

The brothers lived in Hobart, in a small and well-appointed house once belonging to their fabulous grandfather.

The house was in a gully lying close to the foothills of Mount Wellington and was so trapped in that neat declivity that only its rooftop showed from a distance, a rooftop not unlike an improbable fireman's helmet plumed with smoke. The garden spread around the house like a lady's fan carelessly dropped and forgotten.

George was the elder. His eldership sat upon him with the pompous tolerance of a deacon mindful of the shortcomings of his lesser brethren.

He was rotund and ruddy and above average height. His hair was the color of rhubarb, and he favored it long with a smirking of sideburns that were out of place in his generation and belonged to that of his grandfather, whom he had much admired. He was meant to be jovial. He had, however, curbed his joviality and encouraged in himself a fitting solemnity.

Harold was shorter, equally rotund, but not ruddy. He was tidy and quick as a drift of snow plopping off the bright eaves of wintering mountain houses. There was nothing solemn about him. He had smuggled-down chuckling humor that was sobered only when George frowningly implied that levity was unseemly.

They got along very well. Neighbors said they were a couple of old women needing wives, but they said it with kindness and were never failing in helpful advice when George and Harold, their faces on different levels above the fence, confided that there seemed to be Something Wrong with the Petunias. They invariably spoke in capital letters.

As one would expect of two elderly bachelors, they were set in their ways, such as never varying the order of washing and drying the dishes. Nor were they less punctilious in the placing of chairs to the meal-tables. They carried in an explicit number of logs for the fire, scraped the garden earth from their boots on to the first and fourth rungs of the back-door scraper, and were ritualistic in apportioning the daily newspaper.

George, as was his right by eldership, took the front half, containing as it did all the interesting items of news. Harold received the back half. He skipped through his so rapidly that he was ready and waiting for the other half. George was a ponderous reader, and to avoid the tedium of being watched and constantly interrupted he read aloud the items that interested them most. These were Scientific Discoveries and Advances. They absorbed them like children reading fairy-tales. Only these fairy-tales had a difference.

George held the paper away from him and squinted at the small print.

"They expect to land on the Moon in our generation, Harold."

"And why not, George? Look at the strides . . ."

"Yes," interrupted George quietly, "but I wouldn't care to be Up There. Too lonely."

"And probably damp," said Harold, who suffered from bronchitis.

They finished the paper, and their thoughts were noisy with

space travel as they stood dreamily at the sink and washed and dried the dishes.

They went into the garden. As far as the hydrangea bed they went, but they covered that short distance as though they were fearless explorers setting out on a dangerous journey.

"Mind those stinging nettles," warned George, having in mind poisonous vines. Harold nimbly side-stepped. And then they both felt it together. That sense of urgency and the need not to be left behind that comes to people who are growing old.

George gazed down at the flowers, and saw nose-cones and missiles hidden in their heads. Harold gazed up at the chimney, and saw a rocket.

"Harold," said George quietly, "why don't you and I go Somewhere?"

Harold, perfectly in tune, answered simply: "Why not, George? I'm ready."

Thus began momentous undertakings.

It was remarkable that they should have conjured so swiftly and clearly the idea for their invention, and, having ideas as light as air, inevitable that they should turn them towards the sky.

They hurried down to the giant-sized workshop at the bottom of the garden. It was so deep in the gum-ringed gully that it was invisible even from the back door. None but their grandfather could have built it.

There had been strange talk about their grandfather. George was often teased by the thought that there was Something Important that he ought to remember.

"I wonder what it was Grandfather said," he mused irrelevantly.

"Eh, when?" Harold was inattentively fingering tools on the bench.

"When we were little," answered George slowly. "You'd be too young." He stood there frowning at an elusive memory.

Harold was clearing a space on the bench. As he brushed away curlings of old shavings he uncovered a bag. He picked it up. It was chamois, about the size of a boy's marbles bag. Stiff with age, it was tied unbreakably with shrunken twine. He observed that it was curiously weightless.

"What's this?"

George turned to look. He lifted the bag fastidiously from Harold's plump hand. And a remarkable thing happened. As though the bag had opened a shutter in his mind, he was staring down a long vista of memory, seeing at the end of it, as at a tunnel opening, the goblin figure of his grandfather. He was dancing about excitedly and waving something in his hand. Then the shutter closed, and the memory remained hidden.

George was conscious of a wild disappointment and an improbable longing.

"It belonged to Grandfather."

"Yes, but what is it, George?"

"I don't remember."

"Well, let's open it and see."

But they were unable to do so. The bag resisted them. George looked up with a baffled expression. Finally he dumped the bag on the bench, turned away pettishly, and promptly forgot it. Not so Harold. His imagination was stirred. Fearing to be thought fanciful, he waited until George had his back turned, then he discreetly pocketed it. He intended to examine it later.

They wasted no time in getting to work. As they worked, their conversation ran something like this:

George: "The secret of all Great Inventions lies in their utmost simplicity."



Harold: "And their adaptability."

George: "Exactly. You take the first aeroplane. Literally built in the backyard."

They were unaware that the first aeroplane had remained in the backyard, and its inventor had never flown again.

"Take nose-cones," ventured George pompously, and was unable to go into detail. "Utmost simplicity."

Harold nodded in vigorous agreement. His idea of simplicity was something along the lines of a canteen of cutlery. Something cleverly turned by hand and kept polished by the purchaser.

"Of course," amended George hastily, "we won't sell our invention. We'll keep it just for ourselves."

Harold agreed enthusiastically. They had no wish to ally the Idea with the smudge of commercialism.

They worked with unhurried zeal, fearing to overlook anything of vital importance. They spent so much time in the workshop that neighbors thought they had gone away, until they heard the hammering. They would have been astounded had they glanced in.

George and Harold were building an Umbrella. Not an ordinary umbrella. This one was as lean and long as a flagpole and had a maze of intersecting stays and spokes. On either side of what normally should have been a hook handle were two roomy bucket seats, beneath which were cupboards with latched doors. Set forward beneath the cupboards at an upward tilt were two sets of foot pedals.

As the brothers built and planned, they studied land and sea and air charts. As George pointed out reasonably enough, it was only to be expected that in the beginning their ship would drift off course, and it would be embarrassing and inconvenient to find themselves out over the ocean without any nautical knowledge. Their course lay straight up through the stratosphere, and wherever beyond that heaven chose to lead them.

Harold was fascinated by the stars and wanted to study astronomy, until George pointed out patiently that they would have no need of sidereal time since they would have their pocket-watches.

Twelve months later, when they were nearing the end of their invention, they gave serious thought to apparel and provisions.

Since they had no idea what the weather would be like up there, they decided on two sets of underwear (winter and summer), thick leather gloves, polar socks, sunglasses, and an extra cardigan.

George quickly quashed Harold when he wanted to take his gardening hat, and Harold could not stop laughing at the thought of George wearing bifocals in the stratosphere.

"I'll be seeing you," said the angel as he waved goodbye to George and Harold.

Harold wanted frozen food, George thought dried would be better. Both agreed that tinned food would be impracticable, in the event of atmospheric pressures flattening the tin-opener. They left the assemblage of the canopy until the very last. Even with the roof off, they could not have put the umbrella up in the workshop.

On the day of their departure they called on their favorite neighbor, a man aptly named Jolly. He was only mildly inquisitive. Even so, the unnatural calm of George and the controlled exuberance of Harold aroused his curiosity.

They were going away, they told him blandly, for a fortnight. Adroitly they parried his inquiries as to where they were going. Jolly shrewdly guessed that more than a mere holiday was afoot, and resolved to keep a sharp look-out. George and Harold had other ideas. They had no desire to appear ridiculous, and planned to take off at midnight.

"We won't need bread or milk," instructed George. "And you can tell the gas people to cut off the power."

"And cancel the paper," sang out Harold as they were walking away.

They spent the rest of the day tidying the workshop, checking and loading stores, and theoretically flying the umbrella. They would have liked to have tried it out first, but this was impossible. They convinced themselves that they had overlooked nothing in the way of utmost simplicity and adaptability.

They packed their food into the cupboards, and hung their spare clothing on spokes that made excellent coat-hangers. They tested foot pedals and landing ropes, and hoisted a large stone water-flagon to the mainmast. As George pointed out without malice, the atmosphere over Tasmania was so charged

with moisture that they could count on replenishing the flagon whenever they desired.

Then began the task of assemblage. They dragged the bodywork out into the concealed gully. A protruding spoke hooked the door handle of the workshop, and the door ran out after them and flattened itself on the grass with a snarl of frustration. Harold looked at it in alarm. He felt that it was a personal attack successfully thwarted. George barely noticed. He had his mouth and hands full of guy-ropes.

They fitted the canopy, and when they had finished the moon came out briefly to show them their handiwork. They had to tilt their heads far back to see it. Its base dimensions were roughly those of a lighthouse, and its roof that of an aircraft hangar.

At the last moment they nearly forgot their special footwear. Harold ran back into the house and collected them, and ran out again and forgot to lock the back door.

Double-soled white sandshoes for George, and fisherman's boots for Harold. George looked spectral with only his white shoes visible, and Harold stood unbalanced like Falstaff and fell over every time he took a step. For the first time in his life George conceded him priority. He helped him aboard and buckled him safely in.

Contrary to what one would have expected, theirs was

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LOOK WHAT GAS IS DOING NOW!

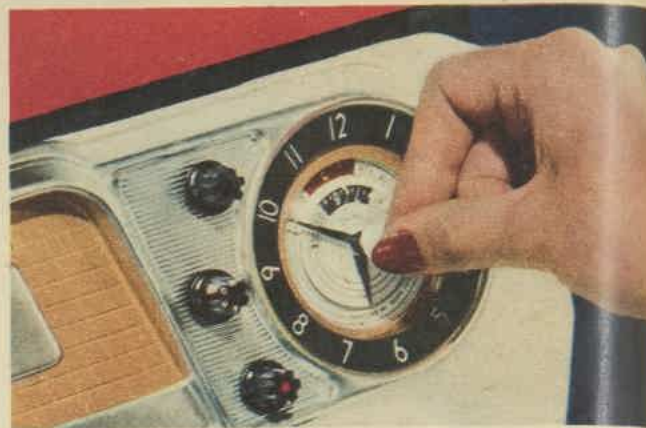
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Baby with no Grandmother

A short short story

By LEE ROGOW

ROGER WALSH was being unco-operative. "Tell me," he said, "what do other women do with their children while they hobble round on a sprained ankle?" "Other women don't sprain their ankles," said Lulu Walsh. "It takes real genius to step off a kerbstone into a grating." "But if they should," said Roger, "who takes care of their babies?" "Kind neighbors," said Lulu. "And if they all have babies of their own?" "Then the kids scream and bite and throw virtues on one another," said Lulu. "I guess we'd better finesse the kind neighbors." Roger Walsh looked gently at the dark, vivacious wife who usually flitted so joyously about his house and who now had five yards of bandage wrapped about her ankle.

"In certain cases," said Lulu, "loving husbands also have been known to stand by."

"Loving husbands have to earn money for liniment and bandages, and loving husbands also have inventory at the plant all this month. Let's face it, Lulu, this is the situation for which the Lord created grandmothers."

Lulu set her mouth. "Before I'd ask Fiona for help with Janie I would walk barefooted across broken glass."

"Fiona's not a dragon," said Roger. "She wants only to help."

"Not help, dominate. All my life Fiona has told me what to wear, what courses to take, what foods to eat, and which would upset me."

"She hasn't been around that much," said Roger. "You told me that after you were seven Fiona was so busy organising travel tours you saw her twice a year."

"One thing you never lose is a mother. The goulash you ate last night was made from a recipe she sent me from Budapest. The silver you ate it with was selected by Fiona in Sweden." Lulu smiled ruefully. "It was a first-class example of absentee management."

"All right," said Roger. "She gallops around giving out messages and orders like a cavalry general in battle. But Fiona never had a marriage that took, and this is the way she fills out a pretty empty life."

"Darling, darling," said Lulu, "actually I don't mind Fiona that much. But I'm not going to lie here on my back and have her tell me what to do about Janie."

Roger smoothed his wife's brow. "You want Janie to have everything?"

"Everything that's good for her."

"I have no parents to give, Lulu. If you keep on this way Jane Millicent Walsh will be the only kid you know with no grandmother. Now, let's call Fiona."

"Okay, but she's not to give me any advice about Janie."

Fiona Shawn arrived the following evening, but, even so, it was obvious that she had orange hair. "At my age," she said, "it's no longer possible to be beautiful, so I endeavor to be interesting. What are you wearing, Lulu?"

"My husband's pyjamas."

"How cute! I did that once in the silent films."

"I wear Roger's pyjamas," said Lulu dangerously, "because I can get them on and off without hurting my leg."

Roger heard the steel ring in his wife's voice. He said hurriedly, "I'll show you where you sleep, Fiona. And have you eaten dinner?"

"I had a salad in the station," Fiona said. "Do you eat salads, Roger? You can eat a bale of greens for fifteen calories."

"Cows do it, and look how fat they are," said Lulu.

"The fact is, I'm trying to gain weight," said Roger, verbally coming between them.

"Eat sour cream," said Fiona. "Lulu, send out for some tomorrow."

"In my house," Lulu began, "I order . . ."

"What's written on the shopping-list?" Roger interrupted. "And we'll do it together, Fiona, after I show you your room."

Somewhat the evening passed. There were numberless explanations about formula and vitamin drops and diapers which proved to Lulu how much she had learned about baby care in Janie's three and a half months.

About the time that Fiona said, "Your kid's asleep, so stop worrying. After all, I did rear one of my own," Lulu's leg began to throb. Soon she was in bed. Her last memory before falling asleep was of Roger's saying, "Take this pill, honey. You'll have a quiet night."

Later Lulu struggled awake, alerted by the instant knowledge that her baby was crying. Hearing the sobs, Lulu decided that her infant must have been crying for a long time, because



As Lulu opened the door she was amazed to see that it was her mother who was crying and not the baby.

the noise filtering through the walls was unusually harsh and desperate. A sadness filled her heart as she thought, Fiona is going to teach my baby to be good, to cry in the dark alone until she learns not to cry. Buzzing with the drug, Lulu's instinct told her she must go to Janie. Drunkenly she moved down the hall.

It was not until she opened the door to Janie's room and saw the huddled figure in the chair that she realised that it was Fiona who was weeping. Janie was flat on her stomach in the crib, her round head with the light red fuzz cruising back and forth behind the bars. The bottle was on the night table, and about three ounces were gone from the original eight.

"I gave her the bottle and she took it like an animal and suddenly stopped and she's wide awake and I know she's hungry and she won't eat and I don't know what to do."

Lulu, seeing the baby was all right, experienced a wave of humorous relief. "Let me sit down," she said; "my leg is killing me."

"I want to help," wailed Fiona, "but I don't know what to do."

Lulu, who had been living with the mechanism of a baby every day and night of recent months, felt a flicker of amused wonder that anyone could be so ignorant of this simple rule of feeding infants, yet her mother's voice was so plaintive that Lulu said, "Hold Janie over your shoulder, Mother."

"Over my shoulder?"

"So she can burp. Babies are very inefficient. They get air-bound, and they can't eat."

Fiona gingerly held the baby over her shoulder and shortly there was a satisfactory sound like the tearing of cloth.

"Of course! Why didn't I think of that?" Fiona said.

Wistfully she held the baby out to Lulu, and it was as if she were making some kind of offering. "As long as you're up, you'd better finish the feeding, Lulu. You don't meet many babies in hotel rooms, and I guess I've lost the knack. Or maybe I never had it."

For the first time in years Lulu looked at her mother with understanding. She had a vision of this ageing lady with bright hair unpacking her suitcase in a thousand characterless hotel bedrooms, chattering with a thousand faceless people, trying to fill a life that was empty because she had never had the resources to fill it with love.

It was a life so different from her own little world of warmth and promise that Lulu felt the old anger draining away, being replaced by compassion. Perhaps, Lulu reflected, this was a special virtue of babies—that they gave people like Fiona, who had soured or complicated every relationship in their lives, a chance to start a new relationship from scratch, with a brand-new being. After all the years of aching, Lulu was surprised how easy it was for her to say, "You give her the bottle, Mother."

Gratefully, Fiona held the baby close, and Lulu was amused to see that an accident of heredity and chemistry made their hair almost the same color. "I can't do anything for this child," Fiona sighed.

"You'll do something wonderful for her," said Lulu. "You'll give her a grandmother."

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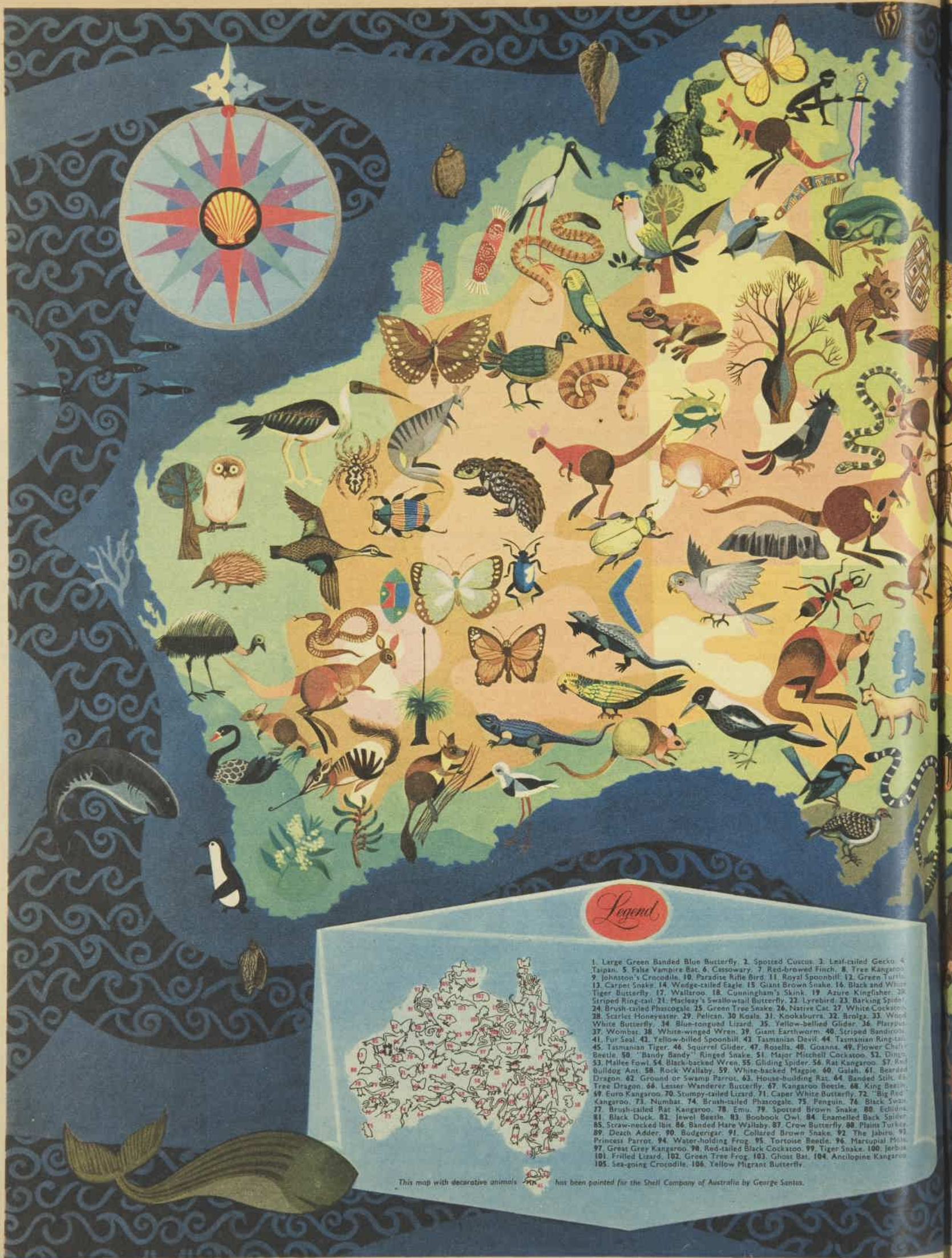
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15. Giant Brown Snake.
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17. Wallaroo.
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19. Azure Kingfisher.
20. Striped Ring-tail.
21. Macleay's Swallowtail Butterfly.
22. Lyrebird.
23. Barkling Spider.
24. Brush-tailed Phascogale.
25. Green Tree Snake.
26. Native Cat.
27. White Cockatoo.
28. Scarlet Honeyeater.
29. Pelican.
30. Koala.
31. Kookaburra.
32. Brolga.
33. Wood White Butterfly.
34. Blue-tongued Lizard.
35. Yellow-bellied Glider.
36. Platypus.
37. Wombat.
38. White-winged Wren.
39. Giant Earthworm.
40. Striped Bandicoot.
41. Fur Seal.
42. Yellow-bellied Spoonbill.
43. Tasmanian Devil.
44. Tasmanian Ring-tail.
45. Tasmanian Tiger.
46. Squirrel Glider.
47. Rosella.
48. Goanna.
49. Flower Chat.
50. "Bandy Bandy" Ringed Snake.
51. Major Mitchell Cockatoo.
52. Dingo.
53. Mallee Fowl.
54. Black-backed Wren.
55. Gliding Spider.
56. Rat Kangaroo.
57. Red Bulldog Ant.
58. Rock Wallaby.
59. White-backed Magpie.
60. Gulah.
61. Bearded Dragon.
62. Ground or Swamp Parrot.
63. House-building Rat.
64. Banded Skink.
65. Tree Dragon.
66. Lesser Wanderer Butterfly.
67. Kangaroo Beetle.
68. King Bat.
69. Great Grey Kangaroo.
70. Stumpy-tailed Lizard.
71. Capricorn White Butterfly.
72. "Big Red" Kangaroo.
73. Numbat.
74. Brush-tailed Phascogale.
75. Penguin.
76. Black Swan.
77. Brush-tailed Rat Kangaroo.
78. Emu.
79. Spotted Brown Snake.
80. Echidna.
81. Black Duck.
82. Jewel Beetle.
83. Boobook Owl.
84. Enamelled Back Spider.
85. Scraw-necked Ibis.
86. Banded Mare Wallaby.
87. Crow Butterfly.
88. Plains Turkey.
89. Death Adder.
90. Boodgerigar.
91. Collared Brown Snake.
92. The Jabiru.
93. Princess Parrot.
94. Water-holding Frog.
95. Tortoise Beetle.
96. Marcupial Moth.
97. Great Grey Kangaroo.
98. Red-tailed Black Cockatoo.
99. Tiger Snake.
100. Jerboa.
101. Frilled Lizard.
102. Green Tree Frog.
103. Ghost Bat.
104. Antelope Kangaroo.
105. Sea-going Crocodile.
106. Yellow Migrant Butterfly.

This map with decorative animals has been painted for the Shell Company of Australia by George Santos.

DISCOVER AUSTRALIA

with

SHELL

Australia is a whole world in itself. Between the southern tip of Tasmania and northerly Cape York, one can travel from a basically cool climate reminiscent of parts of Europe to the hot, humid tropics. Our vast island continent with its nearly 3 million square miles offers the tourist the widest possible variety of scenery ranging from wind-swept, snow-covered alps to dramatic deserts and steaming, rain-drenched jungles. Just as there is such a diversity in Australia's climate and terrain, so there is infinite variety in its native flora and fauna to provide the holiday explorer with boundless spectacles of interest. All these things amount to sound reasons why people planning holidays or long-service leave should heed the time-honoured slogan, "See Australia First".

The best way to do it, of course, is by car and this is where Shell can help you so much. As a free service over and above the reliable, nation-wide supply of highest quality petrols, lubricants and other automotive products and services, Shell offers the motorist Australia's most complete range of touring literature. All you need do is tell any Shell Dealer just where you intend to go and he will arrange for you to receive clear, accurate maps, details of motels, camping and caravan sites, general touring and road information as well as tips on what to take, how to pack, and even suggestions on how to keep the children amused. In addition, you will receive a personal introduction card to all Shell Dealers along the way.

Remember, wherever you go through Australia...

YOU CAN BE SURE OF



Like a print of this decorative map?

Beautifully printed 17" x 21" wall map, on fine paper, suitable for framing, is available from Shell Dealers for only 1/-. Ask your Shell Dealer about Free Project Cards on Australian flora and fauna.

Some direct questions on a Delicate Subject



Is your feminine daintiness well-protected at all times?

Roll on Arrid—and you roll perspiration and odour out. When the lotion vanishes you know you're safe. And approachable any hour of the day or night. Tropical heat-wave weather included!



Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled?

Arrid protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.



Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you?

Arrid's rolled-on protection starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant for 24 hours! Remember—nothing protects you like a lotion. And no lotion protects you like Arrid. No wonder Arrid is America's number one deodorant!



Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains?

Arrid, used daily, keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains. It keeps your underarms so dry, soft and sweet there's never a hint that the situation's getting warm. Not even on hot, sticky days.

Girls who know the answers use ARRID to be sure.

There's an ARRID deodorant made personally for you. For roll-on protection choose gentle Arrid Roll-on Lotion containing soothing lanolin. Rolls protection into all the pores... rolls away perspiration odours, and if you prefer a cream deodorant, there's fluffy white ARRID CREAM.

P.S. Arrid is also available in handy Arrid Super-Spray—in the unbreakable blue squeeze-bottle.



ROLLS ON

Pearly white Arrid Roll-on Lotion comes in the shaped bottle with the roll-on applicator. No messy dripping... no leaking... rolls-on just the right amount for day-long protection. 7/6 at all cosmetic counters.

Gentle Arrid Cream keeps underarms soft and fresh all day long. In jars—medium, 3/9; and large, 5/10.

Be sure of your freshness... sure of yourself... with gentle ARRID protection.

CM105

FATHER



"Charlie loves to putter around the garden on his day off."

MOTHER



"We're spending a quiet holiday at home... We're not going away, I mean."

It seems to me

THERE are times when parents must envy racehorses. Or they would if they followed the racing news.

This thought is prompted by a recent item about Wiggle, the Australian mare which has done so well in America.

Americans are so impressed by Wiggle that someone has offered £300,000 for her father, a horse called Rego.

And now the same people—described as "overseas interests"—want Wiggle's mother, named Sweet Nymph.

Sweet Nymph is 11 years old, which, as you must know, is darned old for a mare.

Mothers whose daughters are going through the "Oh, Mummy!" stage will wish that people behaved the same way about humans as they do about horses.

The "Oh, Mummy!" stage, which lasts about four years (from 15 to 19, sometimes a little longer), is familiar to all detached observers.

It is the period when children think their parents came out of the Ark, and cannot possibly know anything about anything.

The parents, in their turn, have been through it themselves. But some peculiar fog descends on parents of teenagers. Like their own offspring, they believe they are enduring trials which never happened to anybody else.

A mother I know—her beautiful daughter is 17 years old—read the item about Wiggle.

"There you are," she said. "People are more practical about horses. It never occurs to Susan that her father and I produced her, and are therefore due for some credit."

"I wish that somebody would offer £300,000 for us."

"Oh, Mummy!" said Susan.

THE other day I mentioned the forthcoming tour of the Kangaroos to a male colleague. He gave me a blank look.

"Aren't you a football fan?" I asked innocently.

"I am a FOOTBALL fan," he answered. "I don't know anything about LEAGUE."

"You mean you like Rugby Union?" I asked. "There IS no other football," he said with crushing emphasis.

Wouldn't it be awful for him if he had to go and live in Melbourne?

FASCINATING new gadgets on the market, those remote-control things for a TV set.

The latest ones are not even attached to the set. You just sit in the armchair and change the channel or alter the volume without moving from your seat.

It's a problem, though. About the only exercise that will remain to some people in this fascinating century is jumping up and down from a chair to switch channels.



Dorothy Drann

SCIENTISTS at the C.S.I.R.O., according to report, hope to produce eventually a wool lounge suit which a man may wear under the shower.

This, they believe, will help answer the synthetics.

The wearing of suits under the shower is one of the queerest dreams of modern times. People have been talking about it for years.

Yet I never met anyone who took a bath with clothes on, or, indeed, wanted to.

So far, people always speak of a man's suit. But, if there is to be the new streamlined system for washing clothes and bathing, women must eventually be included.

The girl of 1980 will need not only a shower-proof suit. She will want waterproof make-up and permanently plated hair. She can then get dressed at the beginning of each season and take a shower and spin-dry each morning.

I suppose she'll remove her shoes for sleeping.

DIRECTOR of a New York matrimonial agency says that most of the girls among her clients want to marry psychiatrists.

No doubt the poor, deluded girls want someone to listen to them. And they think a psychiatrist will fill the bill.

I don't know any psychiatrists really well, but I'd lay odds that they don't listen so patiently to their wives as they do to the paying customers.

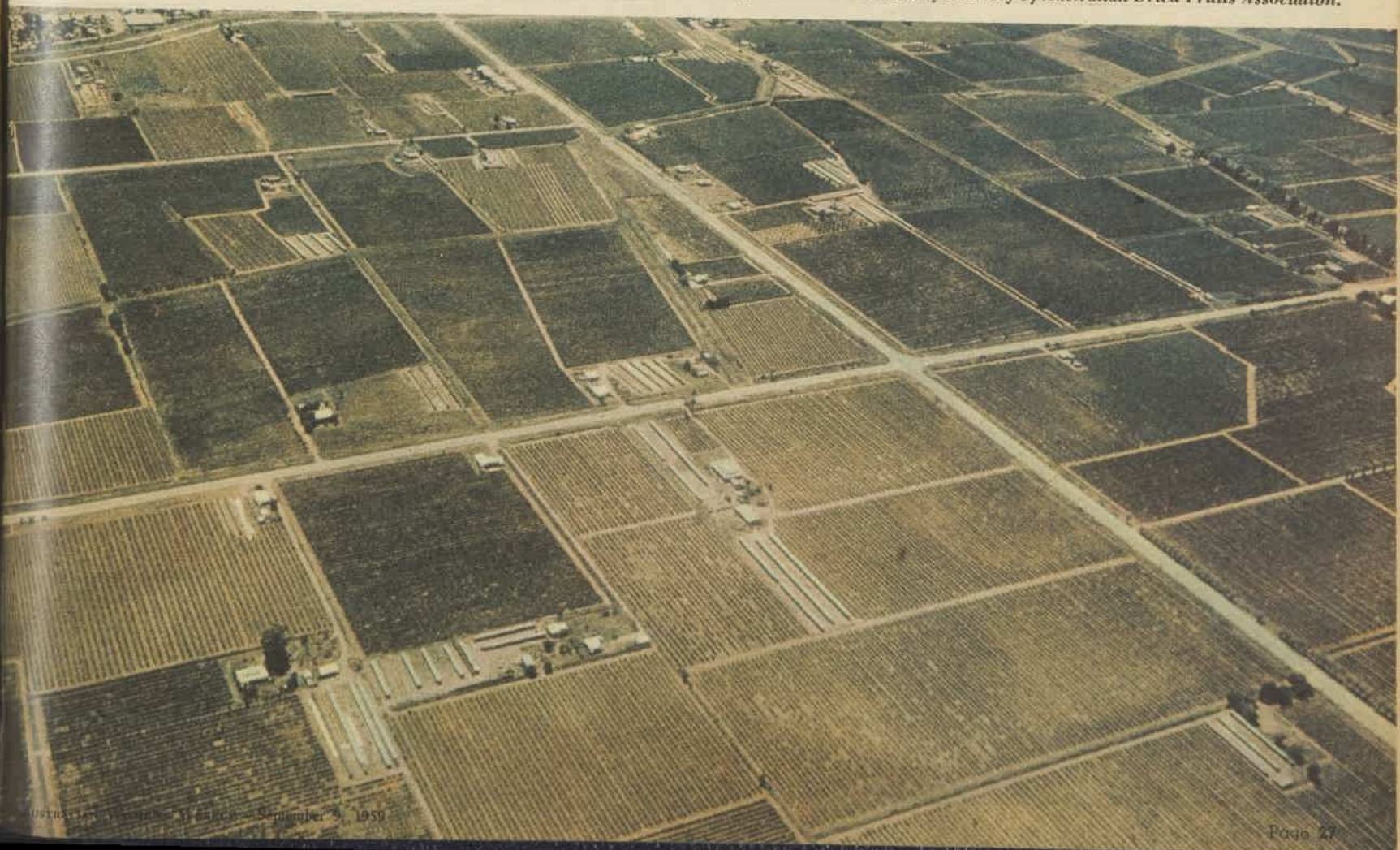
WHEN cadets from Armidale School took five homing pigeons with them on a cross-country walk, one pigeon returned early to the home of its owner, Mr. Jack Dell, of Armidale. The bird refused to be caught. Mr. Dell said that the pigeons had been used in preliminary exercises, but this one had apparently tired of the outings.

Pigeons with their beady eyes
Rouse a fearful, wild surmise;
Does their instinct draw them home
Or, when taken out to roam,
Do they, just to be polite,
Mostly do the thing that's right?
Did this bird that scorned the loft
Say, "I'm sick of being soft,
Playing this old-fashioned game,
Being pelted, acting tame.
Let 'em use, these modern days,
Phones and such-like man-made ways.
Let 'em pay the P.M.G.,
Which reminds us, you and me,
If we stick together, mates,
Can't we earn a rise in rates?"



AUSTRALIA FROM THE AIR

• Mildura, centre of the dried-fruits industry, is the site of Australia's first major irrigation project. In 1887 Canadian irrigation experts George and William Chaffey established the irrigation colony which became Mildura—on a rundown cattle station on the arid Victorian bank of the Murray River, about 16 miles above its junction with the Darling. Initially, there were many setbacks, but the one-time desert now produces 60 per cent. of Australian dried fruits, as well as wine, citrus fruits, and vegetables. Above is Mildura photographed by W. A. Groom, of St. Georges, S.A. Below are vineyards bordering the town. Picture by courtesy of Australian Dried Fruits Association.





BAYERS

instant disintegration stops 'flu fast

At the very first sign of a cold or 'flu—before you do anything else—take two Bayer's Aspirin tablets. You should do this because colds and 'flu are invariably accompanied by a headachy, feverish feeling; by muscular aches and pains; by backache and sore throat. Bayer's Aspirin relieves these distressing symptoms quickly—makes you feel better fast.

*THIS MICRO-PHOTOGRAPH shows how a Bayer's tablet disintegrates the moment you take it. That's why it is ready to go to work *instantly* to relieve pain. You'll find that Bayer's Aspirin is wonderfully dependable. No other pain reliever can match its record of use by millions of normal people without ill-effect. So, when you buy Aspirin—buy the best—BAYER'S!

24 tablets **1/9** 100 tablets **5/6**

Bayer Pharma Pty. Ltd., 36 Young St., Sydney.



**TAKE
BAYER'S ASPIRIN
FOR HEADACHE • FEVERISHNESS
OF COLDS & 'FLU • NERVE PAINS
ACHING MUSCLES**

LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

Why not roast the roo?

KANGAROO meat should be obtainable at shops throughout Australia. It is delicious when properly cooked. Kangaroos are fastidious eaters and could provide us with good cheap meat we could be proud of featuring. Although we read of kangaroos being shot in hundreds, kangaroo-tail soup is still a luxury.

£1/1/- to Miss E. M. Martin, Perth.

For Pete's sake

I'M fed up. Our young son is named Peter—and so are most of the dogs in the district. The confusion is terrific. Why can't people use a little imagination and give their dogs "doggy" names, such as "Bluey" or "Towser," and leave Peter for boys and churches?

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Hamilton, Lake Macquarie, N.S.W.

Butterfly shoppers

WHAT'S slick about self-service? This new "pick and carry" method reduces the housewife from the remembered customer to a mere butterfly fluttering through the store, eventually vanishing, carrying more than she originally intended. At home she realises her budget has been sabotaged by the purchase of extra articles. Give me the good "old-fashioned" grocer with a pencil behind his ear and a friendly welcome.

£1/1/- to Mr. N. McDonald, Kangaroo Flat, Vic.

Lonely newcomers

NEXT time you are in a picture theatre, watch the lonely New Australians buying tickets, wishing they had girlfriends. It is a pity more girls of European nationality are not brought out here so that New Australian boys could take them out and be like Australian boys of their age.

£1/1/- to "D.C." (name supplied), Innisfail, Qld.

Unhappy gorilla

AFTER witnessing people at Sydney's Taronga Park Zoo pelted with sawdust by King Kong, the gorilla, my husband and I talked quietly

and soothingly to him for several minutes without him showing any display of temper. We were convinced he saw sympathy in our eyes. Why must most humans laugh at a gorilla? If they think King Kong hasn't any feelings, why does he pelt them and beat his chest in anger before sitting down miserably?

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. E. Gale, Nailsworth, S.A.

A mother's regrets

RIGHT now I feel lonely, as our only child is on a working holiday abroad. It's made me realise how I missed enjoying much of her precious childhood, because I was so

busy cleaning the house. I think of the times I went calmly ironing when she rushed from school, her little face alight with some triumph or special news. I'd suggest she play with her dog instead of me. I advise parents to enjoy their children while they are young.

£1/1/- to "Too Late" (name and address supplied), Holland Park, Qld.

They're too sordid

CONTEMPORARY serious authors in their search for realism are preoccupied with life's sordid details. No one denies them freedom of speech, but need they abuse this privilege with indecent language and near-pornographic passages?

£1/1/- to Miss June Summers, Bunbury, W.A.

Punish pranksters

WHY are university students allowed to do what they like—and have it passed off as a joke? Melbourne University students are reported to have recently acted disgracefully in letting down the tyres of a police car and playing football with a policeman's hat. Anyone else behaving in this way would have been gaoled.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Scott, Albury, N.S.W.

Fatigue chaser

WHEN the family comes home from work on cold evenings it is a good idea to serve hot soup immediately instead of waiting to have it at the table. A cupful of hot soup is relaxing and takes away tiredness which often prevents people from getting benefit from the evening meal.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Overton, Somerville, Vic.

A PERFECT WOMAN

IN our 12/8/'59 issue, "Unattached" wrote of unhappy marriages—all caused by wives. The writer said men but not women could be changed after marriage, and pleaded for "the perfect woman." Some replies:

CHAMELEON: How right is "Unattached." Within a few weeks of securing a lifelong housekeeper, nurse, etc., via matrimony, a courteous, open-handed beau can change to a morose, tight-fisted, fault-finding husband!

£1/1/- to "Roped" (name supplied), Wonthaggi, Vic.

HOW'S THIS? We have been married for 61 years and have never exchanged a harsh word. My wife ALWAYS answers, "Yes, dear," or "No, dear."

£1/1/- to "Something to Look For" (name supplied), Ballarat, Vic.

NOT WANTED: "Unattached" could have included his name for publication quite safely. Let's hope he stays "unattached."

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. J. Adams, Prospect, S.A.

ADVISER: As a solicitor's secretary dealing with divorce evidence, I have noted that both parties are at fault when a marriage breaks up. "Unattached" should study the recent articles "There's a Man for Every Woman" in the Weekly. The sound advice will apply to him, too.

£1/1/- to "Hopeful Secretary" (name supplied), West Hobart, Tas.

Ross Campbell writes...

I AM still slightly dazed after a one-week trip to the west coast of the U.S.A.

Here are a few of my impressions of that remarkable region jotted down as they come in:

Baked potatoes are served wrapped in tinfoil in restaurants—I don't know why.

Dieting is a very big thing. Nearly all the menus say: "Try our low-calorie special."

If you are not dieting they give you great whopping helpings of everything. I suppose that is why so many people have to go on a diet.

Little boys know more about some things than they do here, less about others.

On a plane trip a boy aged about nine, sitting behind me, talked learnedly about the rules of poker. But a minute later I heard him say: "Four sevens—how much is that? 30?"

Hollywood is a busy shopping and business centre with no glamor that you would notice.

I remember, years ago, reading of film stars having romantic meals in the Brown Derby Restaurant. It was

AMERICAN WAYS

disillusioning to find that there is now a chain of Brown Derby Restaurants. Brown Derbies stick up wherever you go.

Night-clubs are so dark inside that some of the customers carry little pocket torches to find their food.

The darkness of American night-clubs and restaurants seemed to me



to have disadvantages. A girl spends hours dolling herself up to go to one. But when she gets there her boyfriend can't see her.

Pedestrians feel very small in America among all those big motor-cars.

They are worse off in Las Vegas, Nevada, the gambling town. The

main street, with monstrous cars charging along at high speed, has only one pedestrian crossing. They say the best way to get to the other side is to be born there.

Las Vegas has dry, healthy desert air. A week there would probably have cured my Sydney cold, but it would have ruined my character.

I was told they have a new drug in America which combines the effect of cocktails and tranquillisers. It makes a man chase girls, but he doesn't care if he catches them or not.

Bermuda shorts were the thing I found least attractive about California. Many of the girls wear them.

I suppose it could be said that they are more decorous than other shorts. But in my opinion they are the worst thing the British Empire has done to America since the burning of Washington in 1814.

Of the many things I liked over there, I specially remember the white-and-pink houses of San Francisco, the fruit juices at breakfast, and the helpfulness of people. Shop assistants always said: "Can I help you?"—which is a very nice thing to say.

Power Coaching Brings Improved Results...

● MAKES AVERAGE STUDENTS BETTER, POOR STUDENTS BETTER THAN AVERAGE

RECENT surveys by Teachers' Federations disclose a shortage of teachers and classroom accommodation in most States. The Power Coaching College with its branch colleges in all States of Australia, is helping students who are finding it difficult to progress at school.

A hardworking, conscientious teacher of any class having more than 30 children in his care would find it difficult to give a lot of individual attention to any student with a study problem and still cover the year's syllabus.

All Power teachers follow faithfully the same syllabus as laid down by the Department of Education of their State, and give individual help to bring each and every Power Student up to the required standard.

PRIVATE OR GROUP TUITION

Thus the Power Coaching College — with its pool of over 2000 expert male and female teachers, under the personal supervision of the Principal, Mr. W. Power, B.A. (Hons) — working strictly on parallel lines with each individual school, helps all students to a happy, satisfied school life. By expert, individual attention it fills the gaps the ordinary hard-pressed teachers can't hope to bridge.

Power Students are taught either in the privacy of their own homes (at times best suited to them) or in small groups at centrally-located classrooms (after school, evenings or Saturday mornings). All teachers employed by the Power Coaching College are carefully selected by Mr. Power personally. Experience, a sound academic background and ability to bring out the best in children are among the essential qualifications of all Power Teachers.

FULL-TIME CLASSES

In Sydney and Brisbane Power College conducts a full-time school where students attend during normal school hours from 9 a.m. to 3.45 p.m. In these classes students are prepared for Matriculation (Senior), Intermediate (Junior) and Scholarship examinations. Work is planned to enable hardworking students to complete two years' study in only twelve months.

Every teacher is a specialist in his own field. Students receive constant personal attention.

tion and all classes are limited to 24. Moreover, students are given free study periods throughout the school week. In these periods students are quickly brought up to standard in weaker subjects with individual help.

The Power College in Sydney has modern classrooms, extensive recreation facilities, a library and an up-to-date laboratory, which permits experiments well beyond Matriculation standards.

There are still a few vacancies in both Sydney and Brisbane Colleges for students, and enrolments are now being accepted for 1960.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO POOR STUDENTS

Mr. Power said that students who hadn't attained good marks in the recent first-term and half-yearly examinations would receive special additional coaching.

This would not only bring them right up to standard, but would help them to succeed in the final examinations.

The Power College has many country students studying in the cities for Public Examinations. The College arranges satisfactory accommodation for boys and girls who don't have relatives or friends in the City.

But it's not only children who come within the scope of the



Denise Langley, a typical Australian schoolgirl. After Power Coaching she approaches her subjects with complete confidence. Denise was coached in English and Mathematics. She passed well in both subjects in a recent school examination.



Power Coaching College. People of all ages are now being coached by specialised Power teachers; people who want to improve their prospects of a job, the disabled, those who feel like learning a new language before going overseas, New Australians who need to acquire English in a hurry.

A cross-section of Power Students reveals such varied examples as these:—

● A 34-year-old man from Tennant's Creek, N.T., who'd never learned to read or write, and a boy of six who'd never been to school. Both could write and read a simple sentence in a matter of weeks.

● A 28-year-old doctor's widow, who didn't want to sell her husband's handsome practice. She kept the practice going with a loan while she worked her way through Medicine with Power Coaching.

● A 15-year-old blind girl from Cottesloe, W.A. She is now being taught Braille by a qualified Power teacher.

● A grazier's daughter from Toowoomba, Queensland. She learnt basic Italian in three weeks before she went overseas.

● A Ford Company employee from Geelong, Victoria. He wanted to become an accountant. He did, in a short time with excellent qualifications.

● A 17-year-old Adelaide Girl who lost a lot of schoolwork through sickness and had just managed to scrape through school examinations. After seven weeks of coaching she won a University scholarship.

● A Sydney boy of 16, who hated school and wanted to leave after the Intermediate. At Power College he's skipping Fourth Year and doing his Leaving in 18 months.

● A 22-year-old Hobart woman. She was floundering in shorthand. With Power Coaching she attained a good speed in five weeks.

But whilst the students' requirements vary from case to case, there is one thing they all have in common—complete mastery of their formerly weak subjects, thanks to the Power Coaching College.

Phillip Lawton, of 46 Wager Street, Adelaide, N.S.W., just couldn't read. After a few lessons, however, his marks improved from C to B.

Carolyn Crosby, of 76 Myrtle Street, Prospect, Adelaide, S.A., was doubtful about a number of her subjects for her South Australian Junior Examinations. Yet after only four weeks of coaching she gained a good "A" pass in Arithmetic (formerly her weakest subject) and came top of the class. She is now a successful secretary.

Asked to comment on the reasons why Power Coaching helps so efficiently, the Principal, Mr. William Power, B.A. (Hons) said:



A qualified Power teacher helping a senior student in her own home. All Power teachers faithfully follow the Education Department syllabi in their own State.

problems and an individual syllabus is prepared for every single student.

"Moreover, every Power student is supplied with scientifically prepared student aids which are not available anywhere else in Australia. These make study easier, eliminate most study problems."

The student aids include: "How to Get the Most Marks in Examinations" and "How to Plan Your Studies Successfully."

HANDBOOK FOR PARENTS

Parents are supplied with a handbook called "How to Supervise Your Child's Studies." (Available on application to the Power Coaching College.)

This aid is a boon to parents who would like to help their children with school work—but do not know how.

Thousands of mothers who studied this aid found that with its help they could not only assist their children with schoolwork, but they could control their children's behaviour better.

The Principal added: "There is no child who cannot succeed with schoolwork — and that applies to everyone. Power Coaching makes an average student brilliant; a poor student better than average."

One of the most outstanding aspects of the Power Coaching College is the extent of subjects and examinations which it covers.

Practically every subject is taught, including

English, Arithmetic, Reading, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Calculus, Modern History, Ancient History, British History, Chemistry, Physics, Botany, Biology, Zoology, Geography, Economics, Business Principles, Accountancy, Italian, German, French, Japanese, Russian, to mention only a few.

Examinations for which the Power Coaching College has specialist teachers include:

All school Exams, Intermediate, Junior, Scholarships, Leaving, Senior, Matriculation, Tech. College Exams, Nurses' Entrance, Accountancy, Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typing (speed), Insurance, Banking, 3rd Division Entrance, Public Service Promotion Exams, T r a d e s Courses, University Exams (all faculties), Business Management.

CORRESPONDENCE COACHING

Students throughout Australia, New Zealand

and New Guinea are helped with Power Correspondence coaching. Exercises and projects are set each week by a fully qualified teacher.

Correspondence lessons are corrected and returned each week with detailed comments and suggestions. Time-saving easy methods are taught and the whole study programme is planned.

School children and adults have found Power Correspondence coaching completely effective. Many parents have seen their children succeed in school examinations with this correspondence help.

Power correspondence coaching is available for all school subjects, languages, university subjects, secretarial, accountancy and a complete

Final exams are only a few weeks away. Still it is not too late to help a student make sure of a particularly troublesome subject.

It is surprising what a difference a few hours' individual help by Power Coaching College will make in obtaining good passes in examinations.

range of other subjects. All correspondence enquiries should be to the Principal of the Sydney branch.

Mr. Power summarised coaching as "special aid for children and adults who are studying any subject or sitting for any exam."

Wherever you live, there's a Power Coach to help you or your child with studies. Ask the Power Adviser at your nearest branch for specialised help.

ADELAIDE

A.N.A. Building, 45 Flinders Street, Phone W1295. (Also at Hindmarsh).

BALLARAT

C/- Rowen & Co., 28 Lydiard Street, South. Phone B5576. (Also at Bendigo). Phone 30701.

BRISBANE

Cameron House, Cur. Brunswick & Ann Streets, The Valley. Phone L3707.

GEELONG

Karran House, 68 Yarra Street, Phone X3200.

HOBART

Cowan House, 154 Collins Street, Phone 2-6449.

LAUNCESTON

A.M.P. Building, 66 Cameron Street, Phone 2592.

MELBOURNE

157-9 Greville Street, Prahran. Phone LA1584. (Also at Moorabbin and Preston).

NEWCASTLE

M.B.F. Building, 464 Hunter Street, Phone B2351.

NOWRA

C/- Phil Lyons, 100 Kinghorn Street, Phone 514.

PERTH

N.M.L. Building, 81 St. Georges Terrace, Phone 214577.

SYDNEY

HEAD COLLEGE—13 Ernest Street, Crow's Nest. BRANCH COLLEGES—AT Parramatta, West Ryde, Camper, Kogarah, Bondi Junction. (Phone central switchboard JF6011).

TOOWOOMBA

177 Margaret Street, Phone 7733.

WOLLONGONG

A.M.P. Building, 95 Ketra Street, Phone B3472.

He added: "You can't ask the book a question when you're stumped." That's where Power Coaching proves invaluable.

ADULTS, TOO

Coaching also helps with special problems like "learning to write from scratch... improving a child's position in class, preparing for scholarship level passes, learning a subject quickly with a view to promotion at work."

"Coaching helps everyone," Mr. Power says. "Even those who don't think they need help. Coaching makes study easier, quicker, more thorough, more comprehensive, more certain."

For further details about how Power Coaching College can help you or your child, phone, write or call personally to your nearest branch of the Power Coaching College.

Remember!

Private tuition in your own home.

Group tuition in a central location.

Correspondence tuition in outlying areas.

W.W.199

TO THE PRINCIPAL,
POWER COACHING COLLEGE,
13 Ernest Street, Crow's Nest, N.S.W. JF6011 (8 lines).

Please forward me further information on your services for MY CHILD/MYSELF.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE STUDENT'S AGE

SUBJECT(S)

Students at work in a fully equipped Power Laboratory.



THE WHOLE WORLD'S AGLOW WITH

THE PINK FROM PARIS

It was born for the Paris collections . . . a new, blazing pink with a cool touch of the blues. Suddenly, it's the rage of Paris and the whole world ! ♡ For this is that once-in-a-lifetime pink that gives a woman the warmth of flame, the sparkle of champagne, the indefinable something that men love. ♡ Sounds fantastic? It is fantastic . . . the pink from Paris . . . now in glowing long-lasting Nail Polish and creamy smooth Lipstick by . . . Cutex.

Page 30



CUTEX

NAIL POLISH

REGULAR 3/3 . . . BRILLIANCE 4/9 . . . PEARL 6/3

STAYFAST LIPSTICK

REGULAR CASE 4/11 . . . SWIVEL CASE 6/6

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 9, 1959

DRESS SENSE

By *Betty Keep*

● For the new season, black and white makes a cool and chic color combination. This twosome combines in innumerable ways and with various degrees of formality.

THE color news above answers a young reader's query. Here is her letter and my reply:

"I AM not very fond of bright colors and wondered if black and white would look too heavy for summer wear. If the combinations would be correct, I would like a plain day frock designed in my size, 36in. bust, for which I would

like to purchase a pattern. I am 19 years of age."

A widely belted shirtwaist dress predominates in daytime fashions for the coming season. I suggest a design in this category for your black-and-white fabric. The dress is illustrated at right. The white pique collar and cuffs add youthfulness.

A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the

picture are further details and how to order.

"I AM expecting a baby late in the summer, and as I do not like the idea of a maternity smock I want a suggestion for a one-piece dress. The dress is for best."

The high-waisted Empire line is still the prettiest silhouette for a one-piece maternity dress. The high waist is best accomplished through a

self-material band inset. The band is in its most flattering form when curved upwards to mould the bosom. The skirt should be gathered or pleated below this level.

"HAVING purchased a black crepe suit for afternoon, I now want to buy or make a blouse. Any suggestions for fabric and style?"

Black-and-white coin-spot chiffon would be a pretty material for a blouse to wear with a black crepe suit. Have the blouse made with a cowl drape bodice, low-cut back and front, and finished with tiny sleeves.

"MY problem is a design for an evening dress to wear to a formal dance. My material is a printed sheer and I have twelve yards. I am 18, with not a bad figure. My friends tell me my shoulders are good, so I would like a style to show them off."

A dress with a bare-topped bodice, self-belted at the natural waistline, plus a wide short-in-front skirt, touching the heels at the back, is my suggestion for your evening dress.



D.S.367.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material and 1½ yds. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Beauty in brief:

NEW SUMMER HAIR-DO

By *CAROLYN EARLE*

● One of the best do-it-yourself ways to change your looks is to alter your hair-do. It is good for the morale, lends interest to your charms, and gives you a brand-new conversation piece.

IT'S good for your hair, too.

You will naturally want a style that looks crisp and cool, and for this effect you cannot do better than one of the new short-and-smooth fashions.

A smooth and simple hair-do can look enchanting if you have the hair and features for it, and especially when it takes the place of an overly curled style.

Start with a good haircut by a professional; he will shape, style, and snip to make the do-it-yourself job much easier. More than likely you will need a home permanent, unless your hair has a natural curl.

Even a smooth hair-do needs texture and "body" to hold the line. But hair that has a continuous yen to curl will be your reward.

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Remember... Kwit gives you a whole week's washing-up for less than 1/-



Always ask for Kwit by name and never accept anything inferior.

Summer pastels all-out pretty



"PALM BEACH": Deliciously cool summer cocktail dress (above), by Pierre Balmain, is made in silk organza. The dress alternates pink and white tucks and has an important collar. Worn by Elsa.



"FLORA": Milk-coffee chiffon afternoon dress (right). The dress is made with a flurry of pleats over a slender sheath and is belted softly in self material. Worn by Olivia.

● Here, in the new hues of the spring-summer season — and that includes white — are four dresses designed especially for our Paris Parades by famous Paris couturiers. Worn by three of our four French mannequins, they were photographed in Paris by international photographer Mike de Dulmen.



"COLIBRI": One-piece day dress in turquoise silk (above), designed by Pierre Cardin. The dress is firmly self-belted. Worn by Olivia.



"ROBE 612": Jeune fille dance dress (right), by Guy Laroche, is made in chalk-white coin-spot tulle over organdie. Worn by Sylvana.

WONDERFULLY FRAGRANT!

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YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER TALC AT ANY PRICE
THAN SUPER-ABSORBENT, SPRING-FRAGRANT THREE FLOWERS

Baroness Dan for our Parades



Former mannequin Baroness Danuta Dangel, who is coming to Australia as wardrobe mistress for our Paris Parades. To friends she is "Dan."

● Elegant, brown-eyed Polish Baroness Danuta Dangel will accompany leading French mannequins Monique, Elza, Sylvana, and Olivia as chaperon and wardrobe mistress on their visit to Australia for our Paris Parades this month.

THIS will be the Baroness' first trip to Australia, and she is looking forward to it immensely.

But the job she has to do is not new to her—since 1954, as representative of the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne, she has taken charge of innumerable Paris fashion shows in foreign countries.

Most of her time, in fact, is spent travelling—to Scandinavia, through Western Europe, to Peru, Brazil, and the U.S., so that she sees little of the Paris apartment in which she likes to do her own cooking.

And the job is no sinecure. As well as ensuring that all travelling and parade arrangements are satisfactory, the Baroness must keep a constant check on the dozens of dresses and valuable accessories.

She must make sure that they are in perfect order for every show—and that nothing is lost.

The organisation of the dressing-room is also her responsibility, and throughout it all she must keep the sometimes temperamental mannequins happy.

In the 1940s she herself was a top Paris mannequin. Her friends call her Dan.

Tall and slender, she has smooth olive skin which she keeps suntanned, even if she has to go down to the south of France for the sun.

Her naturally wavy brown hair is kept fairly short, and, although she wears couture clothes, she is quite able to fill

the Polish steel industry, and his many friends in France made it possible for her to settle in Paris.

For a while she studied the history of Japanese and Chinese art and architecture at L'Ecole de Louvre, but a war dragged on and her resources dwindled she was forced to look for work.

A friend introduced her to the late Robert Piguet, then one of Paris' top designers, and he immediately offered her a job as a mannequin.

Danuta became famous in France, and modelled for Schiaparelli, Dior, and Balmain.

Later, when Pierre Balmain opened a boutique in Montreal, he asked her to manage it.

Danuta Dangel thinks that every woman has basic good dress sense, even though she may not always be conscious of it.

The role of Paris designers, she believes, is to awaken and develop this sense.

"True elegance," she says, "is the adaptation of line, color, and material to the personality of a woman."

"An elegant woman should know what to wear at different times, and, above all, when to dare and when not to dare."

By
MARCELLE
POIRIER,
of our
Paris staff

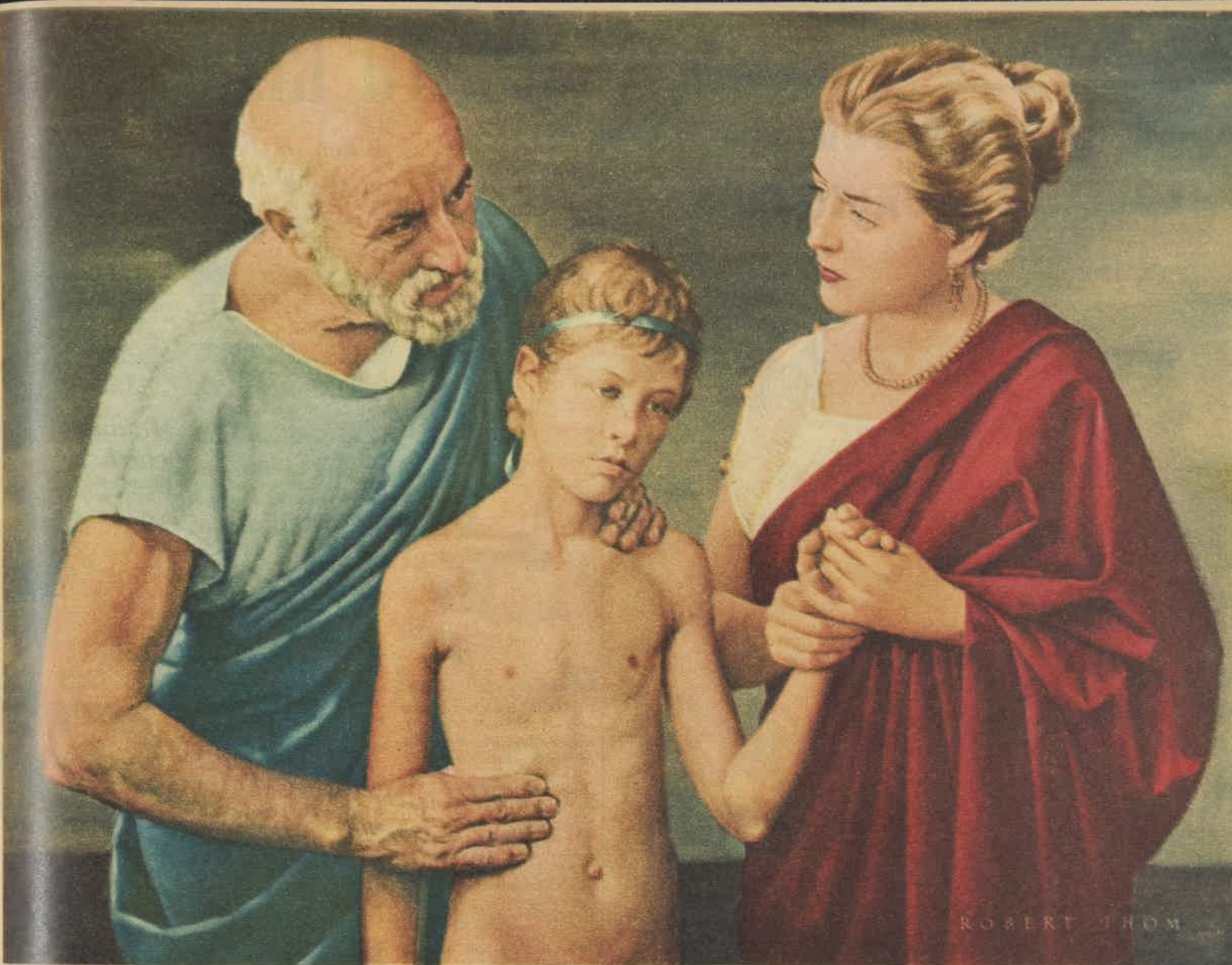
in her wardrobe by making her own.

Dan's daily round takes her in and out of couture houses. At the moment her favorite "work" dress is a wide-skirted shirtmaker with a cummerbund.

Her perfect figure is ideal for this kind of dress. She has no need to diet, but is conscious of food values, and eats for health as well as enjoyment.

Danuta Dangel went to France in 1939 after her husband was killed in the invasion of Poland.

Her father was president of



HIPPOCRATES—Medicine Becomes a Science—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

Great Moments in Medicine

Diagnosis of disease by means of touch, hearing, and close observation was advocated by Hippocrates. This kindly, dedicated Greek physician practiced in the fifth century B.C. He is revered worldwide as the "Father of Medicine." There emerged from his teachings a system of professional practices based on natural study and rational inquiry, which replaced older systems based on magic and superstition.

The ethical principles laid down by this ancient preceptor guide the modern physician, whose chief concerns are the welfare of his patients and careful study of their individual needs. With the aid of today's scien-

tific discoveries, your physician is able to provide the finest medical care the world has ever known.

For nearly a century, Parke-Davis has emphasized two things. First, we have sought to improve existing medicines and to discover new ones. Second, we have consistently developed new manufacturing methods and testing procedures to insure the safety, potency, and effectiveness of all our products. Our greatest satisfaction is in the confidence with which physicians prescribe and pharmacists dispense Parke-Davis medicines . . . and in the ever-increasing health and longer life of the peoples of the world.

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A more natural-looking, stronger, longer-lasting wave, whichever hair style you prefer!

HPL 142

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WORTH REPORTING

HOLIDAYS for mothers with all expenses paid. What bliss to contemplate!

For a Perth mother of four it became a reality. Only 23, this young woman, who does not want her name to be used, is bringing up her children—two sets of twins—alone.

Through a generous gift of another Perth woman, who also wishes to remain anonymous, she recently enjoyed a week's complete holiday on her own at Geraldton.

She stayed at a guest house. "I had a wonderful rest," she told us, "and breakfast in bed every morning."

Her children—Ramona and Elizabeth, 6, and Frankie and



COLORING-IN are two sets of twins (l. to r.), Elizabeth 6, Dianne 4, Ramona 6, and Frankie 4.

Dianne, 4—stayed three weeks at Wanslea Children's Hostel at Cottesloe.

This particular mother married when she was 16—"You haven't the maturity at that age to know what you're doing," she said—and was only 19 when her marriage broke up.

She has been able to keep her children and stay home and look after them because of money allowed her by the Social Services and Child Welfare Departments.

She has also received much help from the Methodist Church, the R.S.L., and kind friends.

The generosity of the anonymous donor took the form of £1000 given eight years ago to the Secretary of the Child Welfare Department in Western Australia.

Because the Department's 1300 wards were already catered for from Treasury funds, it was decided to use the money to form a holiday fund for mothers.

In those eight years 72 people—mothers, and sometimes fathers—have been given a holiday.

★ ★ ★

FEMINISTS, unite!

On a busy city pedestrian crossing, caught up in a peak-hour crush of workers going home, our onward surge was stopped by a backing car—the driver was being recalled by the traffic policeman on duty for ignoring his signal.

"It's a woman," said a woman in front of us, with a derisive sneer in her voice.

"Well, you're a woman, too, aren't you?" said her male companion.

Why can't we girls stick together?

When a bath is a chair

JOYCE GRENFELL, the English comedienne, in her one-woman show at Sydney's Phillip Street Theatre, does an antique-shop sketch in which she says: "Here, we're BESOTTED about hip-baths."

She goes on to explain that some people grow geraniums in them, some people sit in them.

Mrs. Pat Godlee, of Greenwich, N.S.W., sits in them.

"I brought two Victorian hip-baths back from England," she told us.

"I found them in the attic of an old house in Hampstead, where I was staying with friends during a recent trip."

Now she has them on her terrace and her friends are raving about them. Even a schoolboy friend of her son wanted to know where she got the "new style" seats.

With cushions in them, Mrs. Godlee says they are very comfortable.

"I don't know what they are made of," she said. "I wrote to the poet John Betjeman, who is an expert on Victoriana, and asked him, but he didn't know, either."

She hasn't painted them—they are exactly as they were over 100 years ago—shiny brown on the outside, cream inside—and still have the dirty water marks on them.

The best thing about having baths as outdoor chairs is that you can leave them out in all weathers—they don't mind water a bit.



HIP-BATH as outside chair in which Mrs. Pat Godlee, Greenwich, N.S.W., sits comfortably.

Color rinses for flowers

ONLY white flowers out in your garden and you'd love some red ones for your centrepiece!

No need to worry—soon you may have flowers to match your color scheme for the price of a packet of powder.

A Dutch firm of seed merchants has produced powders—in red, orange, yellow, and blue—which, if added to the water in which white flowers are placed, will dissolve and color them accordingly.

The color change was first tried out successfully on a large scale to the white South-Wind Lily, a South African native.

Experimenters have also had attractive effects from applying the color to other flowers, such as lilac and carnations.

SCENT-MAKING is a laborious industry.

At Grasse, famous scent centre in the South of France, thousands and thousands of flowers must be picked, before sunrise if possible, while the dew is still on them, to produce even a little essential oil.

Two thousand roses, for instance, yield only one twentieth of an ounce of oil. One thousand jasmine flowers weigh only two pounds.

No wonder French scents are expensive—the basic oil, rose of roses, costs roughly £10 an ounce more than gold.

Making Worth worth while

IN the glittering Edwardian era to be dressed in Worth carried the same prestige as the Dior label does today.

Charles Frederick Worth was a Lincolnshire lad who beat the French at their own game. With no French money, and not a friend in Paris, he founded his fashion house in 1853.

That was a long time ago, but the sun never quite sets on



HEAD of Worth, Mr. Lionel Davidson. He has put the famous fashion house back on the map.

the Worth empire, though a financial decline reduced its importance.

Now, thanks to an English chartered accountant, Mr. Lionel Davidson, it is soaring to new and dizzy heights of success.

Behind every throne there is usually one woman. But in the case of Mr. Davidson there are two.

One is Mrs. Mortimer, a stately woman of over 80, who has been with Worth since his Edwardian heyday. She supervised the making of the late Queen Mary's Coronation dress.

The other woman is Lionel Davidson's wife, Joyce. At their recent wedding she wore a fabulous frothy gown—by Worth—of pearl-embroidered tulle.

Joyce Davidson is a qualified solicitor, and though she and Lionel met more than seven years ago, was too busy with her studies at Edinburgh University to keep in touch.

A chance meeting with Lionel's sister brought her to see a Worth collection at the London salon, and back into Lionel's life.

Now she's busy furnishing their flat overlooking Regent's Park, London.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 9, 1959

CHINESE COOKERY

Special 7 page Feature

● Most Australians regard a Chinese meal as a culinary treat requiring a special visit to a Chinese restaurant. But Chinese food is not difficult to cook at home provided a few essential rules are followed.

IN this cookery feature we give you a wide range of recipes which, although distinctly Chinese in flavor and style, have been adapted to suit Australian tastes.

Success with Chinese-style cookery depends on correct food combinations and seasonings, careful preparation, and good cooking.

The actual cooking time for the majority of recipes is short; more time is spent in preparation of various ingredients.

Chinese cooks take great care in their cooking methods. All the meats and vegetables used in one dish are chopped or shredded as near the one size and shape as possible. To retain the individual flavors of foods in some dishes, the various ingredients are cooked separately and the wok (cooking pan) is cleaned before each type of food is cooked. Usually one pan, one board and chopper, and one pair of cooking chopsticks are all that are necessary for the preparation and cooking of a recipe.

Chinese cookery is a very good way of using up leftover meats, vegetables, and small quantities of flavoring ingredients.

Vegetables cooked in the Chinese style should be bright, crisp, and barely done. They are usually cooked for a short time with little liquid over high heat and a lid to cover the pan.

Ingredients which give Chinese cookery its distinctive and subtle flavors include bamboo shoots, water chestnuts, pea and bean sprouts, snow peas, lotus roots, dried mushrooms, fungus, red dates, and bitter melons. All these foods can be bought, either frozen or dried, in Australia.

Other distinctive foods that are available and are easy to keep in stock on the pantry shelves are sesame oil and soy sauce, oyster sauce, Chinese pickles, pickled leeks, and long rice (a noodle-like preparation made of rice).

Monosodium glutamate, a bean derivative which

brings out the full flavor of foods, is an important ingredient in Chinese cookery. It is sold in diluted forms under various names, but in the recipes in this cookery section it is referred to as flavor improver. Use as specified or in quantities according to directions on tin or jar.

Where green onions are required in a recipe, use the

green part of shallots or leeks.

Spoon measurements are level in all the recipes.

Soups and shell-fish dishes are given on this page.

SOOK MAI TONG (Sweet Corn Soup)

One tin sweet whole-kernel corn, 1 in. green ginger, 1 egg, ½ lb. shin beef, salt, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 1 teaspoon oil, stock.

Cut meat in chunks, season with salt and soy sauce. Heat pan, add oil and ginger when hot, add meat, stir until just brown. Add 4 cups stock and bring to the boil. Simmer until meat is soft. Add sweet corn and simmer further 5 minutes. Before serving, remove meat pieces, add beaten egg, and stir well.

JUN SEE JIT GWAH TONG (Long Rice and Melon Soup)

Four ounces bacon cut in one piece, 6 cups stock or water, ½ bundle long rice, 2 cups shredded Chinese melon (Jit Gwah), or use squash, marrow, or choko, 1 in. green ginger, 5 dried mushrooms, ½ teaspoon flavor improver, salt and pepper.

Place bacon in saucepan with water or stock; bring to boil with ginger added. Remove bacon and, when cool, shred in matchstick pieces. Soak

mushrooms and, when they are expanded to their fullest, shred crosswise. In another pan place long rice and cover with cold water, bring to boil and drain. Add bacon, mushrooms, and long rice to soup and simmer 20 minutes. Five minutes before serving, add shredded melon, flavor improver, and lastly salt and pepper to taste.

JENG LOONG HA ME (Steamed Lobster Tail)

One lobster tail, 1 cup pork (minced), 2 eggs, salt, 1 tablespoon sesame oil, ½ cup chopped green onions, 1 teaspoon soy sauce.

Cut lobster tail in chunky pieces. Add salt and soy sauce to minced pork. Beat eggs together. Line shallow bowl with lobster, then pork, and pour over eggs. Steam 25 to 30 minutes. Then top with chopped onions and pour over oil; steam 5 minutes.



DAI HAR FU YUNG, or lobster omelet, served with fluffy white rice, makes a meal for special occasions.

DAI HAR FU YUNG (Lobster Omelet)

One cup lobster meat, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, vegetable oil, ½ cup shredded bamboo shoots, 2-3rds cup shredded mushrooms, 1 teaspoon soy sauce.

Break eggs in bowl; add lobster meat, soy sauce, salt, pepper, and beat lightly together. Heat pan, add a little oil, fry bamboo shoots and mushrooms 1 minute. Remove and cool, add to egg mixture. Reheat pan, add little more oil; when hot put in about 2 tablespoons of mixture and brown on both

sides. Continue cooking these omelets until all mixture is used. Arrange on heated plate, pour over following sauce.

Sauce: Two teaspoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon white wine (optional), 3 tablespoons water.

Blend cornflour with water and place all ingredients in saucepan. Stir and simmer until mixture thickens.

HAR YUN CHENG DOW (Prawns and Green Peas)

One pound prawns (raw), 1 tin green peas, 1 clove garlic, 1 piece green ginger, 1 tablespoon vegetable oil, salt, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 cup vegetable stock from peas.

Heat pan, put in oil, ginger, garlic, and pinch salt. Add shelled prawns, brown in oil, add peas and pea stock, cornflour blended with soy sauce, salt and sugar. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly.

JOW DAI HAR (King Prawn Cutlets)

One pound king prawns (raw), 1 egg, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, salt, pepper, flavor improver, breadcrumbs, oil.

Prawns should be shelled and veins removed (leave on tail). Split the back to open out and dip in beaten egg, which has been flavored with salt, pepper, soy sauce, and flavor improver. Coat with breadcrumbs and then deep fry in hot oil. Drain.

FU YUNG GONG YU GEE (Omelet with Scallops)

Four eggs, 1 cup scallops (fresh), oil, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons milk, handful of chopped shallots, 1 clove garlic.

Heat pan, add oil and brown garlic; remove. Saute scallops 1 minute; remove. Beat eggs, add salt, pepper, milk, and chopped shallots. Warm oil in pan and return scallops to pan, pour egg mixture over. When egg has set, halve and turn over, brown both sides.

PARTY-STYLE DISHES

● The Chinese equivalent to hors d'oeuvres is "deem sum," more popularly known to the Western world as dim sims. This page features dishes suitable to serve at small buffet parties or before dinner.

CHUN GURN (Spring Rolls)

Skins: One cup sifted flour, 2 eggs, pinch salt, water.

Add salt to flour, mix in beaten eggs, then add water slowly to make thin batter. Grease 7in. pan lightly, heat, and pour in thin layer of batter, cook one side only. Cool on paper towel.

Filling: One cup white meat of chicken (cooked), 1 cup pork (minced), 3 dried mushrooms (minced), 4 water chestnuts (minced), 1 cup celery, bean sprouts, or cabbage (sliced), oil, soy sauce, salt, pepper, egg glazing.

Mix together pork, chicken, mushrooms, chestnuts, season with soy sauce, salt and pepper. Parboil vegetables in boiling water for 1 minute; drain and add to mixture. Place a little of the filling at one end of cooked side of pancake skin. Fold over and roll up as for a parcel, securing edges with egg-glazing. Deep fry until golden brown.

HAR FARR (Prawn Flowers)

Three-quarter pound pork (minced finely), 1lb. raw or frozen green prawns (shelled and chopped finely), 3 dried mushrooms, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 tablespoon cornflour,

salt, pepper, oil or lard for frying, pork or ham fat, extra whole prawns (shelled, but tail left on).

Soak mushrooms in hot water 20 minutes. Wash in another change of water, squeeze dry. Chop mushrooms, combine with prawns and pork. Season with soy sauce, salt and pepper, and mix in cornflour. Shape into small balls about 1in. in diameter. Slice pork fat wafer-thin about 1in. square and press on each pork ball. Top each ball with extra prawn with tail upwards. Heat pan and pour in oil or lard and when hot gently place in prawn flowers and cook until golden brown.

JEW WUN TON

(Crisp Noodle Twists)

Dough Wrap: Two cups sifted flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 3 eggs, little water, cornflour.

Add salt to flour, make well in flour, mix in eggs. Add water little at a time if needed. Sprinkle board with cornflour and knead gently, roll out wafer-thin. Cut into 3in. squares.

"A CHINESE HOSTESS who chooses a frock to complement the color of her serving dishes shows good taste," says Mrs. Ella-Mei Wong, whose recipes appear in this special cookery feature.



Filling: Half pound pork (minced), 2 mushrooms, few chestnuts (minced) or few slices bamboo shoots, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 egg, vegetable oil.

Mince all ingredients and season with soy sauce, salt, pepper, and sugar. Stand 15 minutes, break in one egg, and mix well. Put half teaspoon of this mixture on each square of dough, glaze edges of dough, fold in half crosswise, then press edges together. Deep fry in hot vegetable oil.

YENG DOONG GOO

(Stuffed Mushrooms)

One pound mushrooms, 1lb. ground pork, 2 slices cooked ham (minced), 6 chestnuts, 1 egg-white, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon sherry (optional), 2 tablespoons oil, 2 tablespoons soy sauce, 1 teaspoon cornflour, salt and pepper.

Prepare mushrooms (if dried) by soaking and removing stems. Combine minced ham, pork, egg-white, chestnuts; season with salt,

pepper, and 1 tablespoon soy sauce; add cornflour. Heat pan, add oil and saute mushrooms 2 minutes, add sugar, sherry, and remaining soy sauce; mix well. Remove and cool. Pack a spoonful of stuffing on to each mushroom. Place mushrooms in greased, shallow heatproof dish. Place in saucepan of boiling water, cover saucepan. Steam 30 minutes. Before serving, add 2 tablespoons stock. Serve with dip sauce or soy sauce, sesame oil, and sprinkle with sesame seeds.

GOO LOO BEANG

(Sweet-Sour Burgers)

Half-pound pork, 1lb. raw prawns, 1/2 cup bamboo shoots, 1/2 cup mushrooms (chopped), 1 tablespoon soy sauce, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2 cups vegetable oil.

Chop pork and prawns into fine mince, add soy sauce, salt and pepper to taste. Blend in cornflour, chopped bamboo shoots, and mushrooms. Shape into flat cakes about 2 1/2in. in diameter. Deep fry in oil. Serve with sweet-sour sauce. (See opposite page.)



SELECTION OF DISHES to serve before a meal includes stuffed mushrooms, spring rolls, prawn flowers, abalone, and crisp noodle twists.

Featuring fish

● Chinese people believe that a well-balanced meal should feature each of these five taste sensations—sweet, sour, hot, bitter, and salty.

NEXT to pork, fish is most frequently used. Chinese tradition says its popularity is due to the carp which, because it always swims upstream, shows great courage and determination.

Chinese people eat fish in fresh, salted, and preserved forms. When fish are cooked whole the eyes are always left in, because it is believed the sweetest part of the fish is just behind the eyes.

FUN KER JOW YEE (Fried Whole Fish with Tomatoes)

One whole bream or snapper (1 to 1½ lb.), salt, flour, small tin whole tomatoes, 1 in. fresh green ginger, 2 cloves garlic, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon brandy, 1 teaspoon cornflour, 4 tablespoons oil or lard, shallots, water.

Score fish across ribs on both sides with a sharp-bladed knife, sprinkle with salt. Dust fish thoroughly with flour. Heat oil or lard in large pan, add fish, and cook thoroughly until golden brown on both sides. Place fish on serving dish, cover with the following sauce:

Sauce: Drain oil from pan, leaving only a slight smear over base. Add chopped garlic, ginger, and roughly chopped tomatoes, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Combine sugar, brandy, and cornflour, blend with ¼ cup water, add to tomato mixture. Stir over heat until mixture boils and thickens, simmer 3 minutes. Lastly add feather-cut shallots; serve.

To feather-cut shallots: Cut shallots into 2 in. lengths, slice thinly from both ends in the same fashion as in making celery curls.

YEE JUP SUI (Fish Chop Suey)

Half-pound fish fillets, salt, medium-sized onion, 2 sticks celery, ½ teaspoon finely

minced green ginger, 1 oz. dried fungi, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 1 teaspoon brandy, 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 dessertspoon oil or lard, ½ cup water, shallots.

Soak fungi in hot water until well softened, wash well, squeeze dry, and cook in a little oil for 2 minutes with the sugar. Stand aside. Slice the fish into thin slices; sprinkle with salt. Cut the celery into thin strips 2 in. long, cut onion into thin slices, and cut shallots into 2 in. lengths. Combine soy sauce, brandy, and cornflour with water. Heat oil in pan, add ginger and fish; cook 2 minutes. Then add onion, fungi, celery, and continue cooking for 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Add brandy mixture, garnish with shallots.

FOO YUNG JUN SEE (Long Rice with Tuna)

Half packet long rice, 1 tin tuna, 2 eggs, little milk, salt, pepper, 1 in. ginger (shredded finely), 1 teaspoon soy sauce, oil, 1 tablespoon chopped green onions, 1 teaspoon cornflour, 2 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, salt.

Soak rice in hot water 10 minutes, remove and drain. Beat eggs together with salt, pepper, soy sauce, and milk (little less than quantity of egg), and chopped green onions. Put 2 tablespoons oil in pan; when hot, add rice, ginger, tuna, and egg. Cook, stirring briskly, breaking up the egg mixture by a round stirring method. Blend cornflour with water, soy sauce, and salt. Pour into egg mixture and stir over heat.

CHOW FARN (Fried Rice with Tuna)

Three cups cold cooked rice, salt, 2 tablespoons chopped celery, 2 tablespoons chopped green onions, 1 tin tuna, 3 eggs, vegetable oil, 1 clove garlic, 1 teaspoon soy sauce.

Beat eggs and add tuna and



GOO LOO YUE:
mixed Chinese pickles are added to the sweet and sour sauce of this fried whole fish served with crisp rice noodles.

salt to taste. Mix well, breaking up tuna if in chunks. Heat small amount of oil in pan; add garlic, and when just browned pour in eggs. Cook, mixing constantly, so eggs will be in little pieces. Remove. Clean pan and add 1 tablespoon oil; when hot, add rice, salt, and fry until rice is browning, then add celery, green onions, and mix in egg well. Sprinkle on soy sauce.

FARN KER YUE (Fish with Tomatoes)

One whole bream, 2 tomatoes, 1 stick celery, ¼ cup chopped green onions, 1 in. ginger, ½ cup oil, salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, vegetable stock.

Clean bream and make slashes across fish. Salt fish inside and out. Heat oil and add crushed ginger. When this browns, hold fish by one end and baste slashes with hot oil, then slide whole fish into oil. Brown both sides, remove excess oil. Cut tomatoes into sections, sprinkle with sugar. Add tomato and chopped celery to fish in pan and simmer 10 minutes, adding a little water or vegetable stock.

GOO LOO YUE (Crisp Fried Fish with Sweet and Sour Sauce)

One whole fish (bream or snapper), 4 egg-yolks, cornflour, vegetable oil, 1 cup of mixed Chinese pickles (cut into thin strips), salt.

Make 2 slashes on each side of fish. Season inside and out. Beat egg-yolks and rub over fish, then dip in cornflour. Heat oil and slowly slide in fish, brown on one side, baste with oil frequently, turn over and do same other side. Arrange fish on platter and pour over the following sauce mixed with the pickles:

Sweet and Sour Sauce: Three tablespoons vinegar, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, little juice from pickles.

Combine vinegar, sugar, soy sauce, and pickle juice, thicken with blended cornflour and let boil, stirring frequently; add pickles. Pour over fish.

JENG YUE (Steamed Fish)

One whole fish (bream or snapper), 3 dried mushrooms, 2 strips bacon (cut in small strips), 1 teaspoon sugar, salt, 2 tablespoons green ginger (cut in fine strips), 2 tablespoons soy sauce, 1 tablespoon sesame or vegetable oil.

Soak mushrooms in hot water 20 minutes, rinse and squeeze dry; cut into strips. Rub salt, soy sauce, and sugar on fish and place in shallow bowl or deep plate. Place ginger, mushrooms, bacon, and oil on top of fish and steam 20 minutes. Serve with rice.

FARN YUE YIN (Tuna and Rice Balls)

One tin tuna, 1½ cups cold rice, 1 egg, 3 pickled Chinese leeks, 1 tablespoon cornflour, oil or lard, extra cornflour, salt and pepper to taste.

Chop pickled leeks finely and mix with tuna, salt, pepper, rice, and cornflour. Add egg and mix well. Form into small balls, roll in cornflour, and deep fry. Drain.

SMALL TOWELS wrung out in hot perfumed water are handed to each guest, who wipes his face and hands before and during a meal as required.



CHOPSTICKS are held just above centre, points level, the lower one being kept rigid while the top one is moved up and down with the thumb and forefinger.

A CHINESE GUEST never insults his host by leaving food in the bowl, so to finish the last pieces it is permissible to lift the bowl up to the mouth as shown by Mrs. Wong at right.



Celebrated Home Economist recommends CHEFOL



for fine Chinese Cooking...

Chinese cooking is an art, requiring the finest ingredients. Mrs. Wong, an authority on Chinese cooking, recommends and uses only Chefol, the treble refined Peanut Oil, for all her cooking. Food cooked in Chefol is always temptingly light and digestible.

RECIPE CUTLETS DEEP FRIED PRAWN CUTLETS

Ingredients: King size prawns (4 per person). Cornflour. Salt and pepper to taste. 1 beaten egg with dash of Soy Sauce. Breadcrumbs. Chefol Peanut Oil (enough to deep-fry prawns).

METHOD: Wash and peel prawns, leaving tail intact. Drain on absorbent paper. Split along back of prawn WITHOUT cutting it in half. Dip prawn in seasoned cornflour, then beaten, flavoured egg. Dip into breadcrumbs with split side on top. Press breadcrumbs on to top of prawn with palm of hand so as to flatten prawn. Deep fry approx. 2 minutes, in hot Chefol, until crisp and golden. Serve with slices of lemon.



FOR THE
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FRY WITH CHEFOL PEANUT OIL

Etiquette of Eating

CENTURIES of tradition have produced a rigid code of etiquette among the Chinese people. This etiquette is as important in the cooking, serving, and eating of food as it is in all other aspects of life.

Some items of food etiquette are illustrated at top right on this page.

Chopsticks, or *Fai Jee*, which means "quick little boys," are used both as cooking and eating implements. They are made from bamboo, ivory, silver, wood, or plastic.

When a Chinese girl is married her parents present her with a set of 10 chopsticks, expressing the wish that she will produce "quick little boys" and thus make the family very happy.

Chopsticks are placed side by side in front of the bowl on the table or on special little holders.

Chopsticks are never placed or rested on the bowls—nor are they crossed. There is a superstition that crossed chopsticks will bring bad luck to the family.



KNO YUK SATEE is a dish of marinated beef cubes served on a bed of rice with crisp fried bean sprouts and accompanied by a dip sauce.

● Chinese families have at least three dishes for their main meal. These usually comprise soup and two other dishes, one of which is served with rice or noodles.

BORE CHOY TONG (Chinese Spinach Soup)

One bunch Chinese spinach, 1 in. green ginger, 1 tablespoon sugar, salt, pepper, 2 slices cooked ham (minced finely), oil, 4 to 5 cups chicken stock (hot).

Wash and cut spinach in 1½ in. lengths. Lightly oil pan, add crushed ginger with pepper and salt. When ginger browns, add spinach, stir 1 minute, add sugar; when soft, pour in chicken stock and cook further 1 minute. Serve topped with finely chopped or minced ham.

GAI CHOW MEIN (Chicken Chow Mein)

Half-pound fresh noodles (see recipe below), oil, ½ cup chicken meat (shredded), 1 egg, ½ cup beans, 4 mushrooms, ½ cup bamboo shoots, 2 slices cooked ham, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, salt, pepper, 1 in. green ginger, pieces of red pepper, ½ cup chicken stock, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 tablespoon cornflour.

Season chicken with sugar, soy sauce, and salt. Shred other ingredients. Beat egg and pour into heated pan; cook until set. Remove from pan and cut into shreds. Par-boil beans for 1 minute; drain. Heat pan, add oil, ginger; place in chicken, mushrooms, beans, bamboo shoots, ham, and lastly egg. Blend cornflour with stock and soy sauce, add to mixture. Simmer gently until sauce thickens, stirring constantly; season with salt and pepper. Fry noodles in deep oil until brown, arrange on serving dish and pour over chicken mixture. Garnish with pieces of red pepper.

Home-made Noodles: Two cups sifted plain flour (bread flour if possible), ½ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, little water.

Sift flour and salt, add lightly beaten eggs and sufficient water to mix to a dry dough. Knead well, roll out very thinly, and set aside to dry 1 hour. Cut into fine strips, then use as desired.

Pork Chow Mein can be made by substituting 1 cup shredded pork flank for the chicken and ham.

CHOW FARN

(Fried Rice in Simple Basic Style.)

Three cups cooked rice (completely cold), 2 rashers bacon (rind removed), 2 eggs, salt to taste, 2 teaspoons oil, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, chopped green onions, pepper.

Shred bacon and saute in heated pan. Remove. Heat oil in pan, add beaten eggs (seasoned with salt and pepper), stir briskly until nearly set. Add rice and bacon; turn briskly, mixing well. Garnish with green onion and sprinkle with soy sauce, mixing well. Serve.

DUK BIT CHOW FARN (Special Fried Rice)

Four cups cooked rice (cold), 2 eggs, 1 cup shredded cabbage or bean sprouts, 1 cup cooked prawns, 1 cup cooked pork, 1 tablespoon oil, salt, ½ cup chopped green onions for garnish, 1 dessertspoon soy sauce, sugar.

Cook cabbage for 1 minute in pan with little oil; season with salt and sugar. Remove. Clean pan and heat, pour in 1 tablespoon oil; when hot, add beaten eggs. When eggs are half set, add rice and salt to taste; mix well. Add pork, cabbage, prawns, mix continuously. Add chopped onions and lastly sprinkle with soy sauce.

GWAH JAY CHOW KNO YUK (Chokos and Beef)

Four small chokos, ½ lb. beef, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 in. green ginger, 1 clove garlic, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons vegetable oil, 1 tablespoon cornflour, few pieces of green onions cut in 1½ in. lengths, 1 tablespoon oyster sauce.

Peel and halve chokos, slice crosswise. Parboil few minutes. Saute in little hot oil to which clove of garlic and ginger have been added. Remove chokos and keep warm. Shred beef and season with soy sauce, salt, and pepper. Reheat pan with oil and garlic. When garlic browns, remove and add beef. Saute until beef changes color, then add chokos. Add cornflour which has been blended with warm water and oyster sauce, stir until mixture thickens. Just before serving add lengths of green onions. Serve hot with plain boiled rice.

JEE YUK CHOW WUN YEE (Pork with Fungi)

Half pound pork, 1 onion, 3 stalks celery, 1 clove garlic, 1 in. ginger, 1 oz. fungus (dried), oil or lard, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 teaspoons cornflour, 2 tablespoons soy sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar, salt and pepper.

Soak fungus in hot water 20 minutes, wash and rinse. Peel and slice onion, slice celery stalks crosswise. Cut pork in same fashion, mix with soy sauce, sugar, salt and pepper. Heat oil in pan, add garlic and ginger, brown and remove. Saute onion for 1 minute, add pork and a little extra oil, cook until nicely browned. Add 1 teaspoon sugar, cook 1 minute, add celery and onion. Make smooth paste with cornflour and warm water, add to mixture. Cook until thickened, stirring frequently.



A TYPICAL Chinese meal of spinach soup, pork chow mein, with side dishes of chutney and preserved ginger and crisp almond cookies. Oranges cut into sections complete the meal above.

GOO LOO JEE YUK (Sweet and Sour Pork)

One pound lean pork (cut into 1 in. cubes), 1 egg, cornflour, 1 onion, 1 green pepper, 1 carrot, ½ cup pineapple pieces, oil or lard, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, salt, pepper, little wine.

Place pork cubes in mixture of sugar, soy sauce, salt, pepper, and wine; let stand 15 to 20 minutes. Break egg over pork, mix well. Roll each cube in cornflour, deep fry in hot oil until almost cooked. Drain and re-fry. Cut vegetables in cubes. Parboil carrot, cook onion in little oil until soft, then add carrot and pepper. Add sauce, mix well, add pineapple; serve over pork.

Sweet and Sour Sauce: Half cup vinegar, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons cornflour, 2 teaspoons tomato sauce, 1 in. green ginger, ½ cup pineapple juice.

Combine all ingredients except cornflour, bring to boil. Blend cornflour with little warm water, add to mixture, cook 1 minute, stirring all the time. Remove ginger, serve.

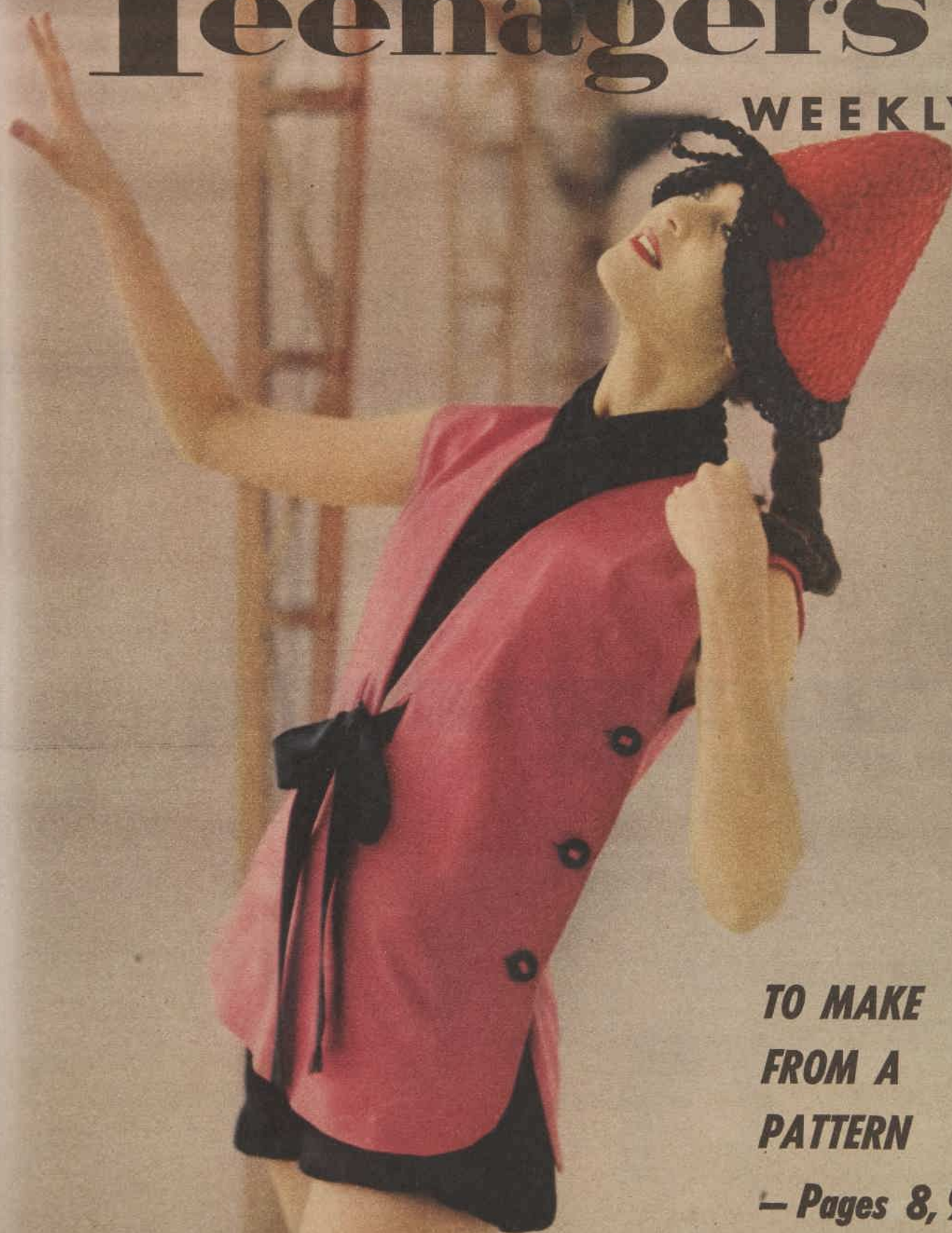


THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

September 9, 1959

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



**TO MAKE
FROM A
PATTERN**

— Pages 8, 9

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Granny knew better

GIRLS nowadays are very different from those in Grandma's days. So much so that boys are losing all respect for us. I don't know whose fault it is, but surely we can try to be more feminine in dress, manners, speech. Boys like us to be feminine just as much as we like them to be masculine. We can't expect them to respect us when we steal their fashions, invade their world of sport and their hobbies.—*"Plum Loco," Banville, N.S.W.*

... or did she?

TODAY many girls at 15 are earning their own living. A girl grows up knowing that she has to earn to be independent. There are few girls now who cannot cook a meal, darn socks, or catch up a hem, while in their grandmothers' time all they could do was sew samples and do fancy embroidery. A girl 70 years ago would have fainted at the sight of blood or screamed if she saw a mouse. Nowadays she would apply first-aid or buy a mousetrap. Today the true qualities of a woman—courage, resourcefulness, and heart—are nearer to symbolising the valiant woman of the Old Testament than a

There are no holds barred in this teenage forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used.

girl of 70 years ago.—*Teresa Curran, Nazareth House, East Camberwell, Vic.*

Daddy got hep

I WISH to differ with "Hep-cat" (T.W., 22/7/59), who thinks that parents should not copy their teenagers' "hep talk." It gives them a bit of fun to think that they are not squares. Our family has TV, and we watch "77 Sunset Strip" every week. We have picked up quite a few of Kookie's sayings. My father is a teacher, and one day while giving a lesson he was asked to repeat the work by a student who didn't understand. My father repeated the work, and asked if the student now understood. The pupil replied that he did. My father's reply to that was: "So you're on my wave-length, are you?" What a laugh that raised. It gave my father quite a kick, too. So if parents wish to talk "hep" let them, even if it does embarrass you. What a small price to pay for all your parents have done for you.—*"Hep Talk," North Balwyn, Vic.*

They know best

AFTER reading the T.W. for several weeks, I have come to the conclusion that a lot of teenagers have the wrong impression about parents. In many letters teenagers condemn the way their parents dislike rock-'n-roll music and singers. I think that parents know best, and we should take note of what they say. We must remember that it was our parents who bought us our toys at Christmas time when we were small, and that they made a lot of sacrifices to buy these and many other things to make us happy. We teenagers must realise that we should love and respect our parents, and show that love and respect by helping them all we can.—*Marie Newham, Penrith, N.S.W.*



MARIE NEWHAM
Love and respect.

DOES A CAR REALLY MATTER?

● Only one reader agreed with "Anti-Hot-Rod" (T.W. 29/7/59), who said that girls today judge a fellow by whether he has a car or not.

FOR ...

I AGREE with "Anti-Hot-Rod" (T.W., 29/7/59). I, too, think that too many girls these days go out with boys only if they possess a car and money. This is very childish on the part of the girl. I go out with boys for what they are, not for what they have. And, as for going home by car, I'd rather walk any day.—*"An Ex-Sydneyite," Victoria.*

... AND AGAINST

PERHAPS, "Anti-Hot-Rod," you should brush up your "technique," as I'm sure if you are really a nice fellow the girls shan't mind if you have a car or not. When a boy asks to take me home, I first of all make sure that I want to go home with him, and I can't work this out by just asking, "Do you have a car?" I agree that cars are too expensive an item for the average boy, but please don't be so quick to blame the lack of a car for not

winning popularity.—*W.R.W., Orange, N.S.W.*

P.S.:

*Just manage the movies,
Don't worry 'bout a car;
If she thinks you're "keen"
You'll win her by far!*

I AM one girl who does not care if a boy has a car or not. The things I ask in a boy are respect for a girl and good manners.—*Marcia Spalding, Kingsgrove, N.S.W.*



MARCIA SPALDING
Manners first.

I AM one who is not car-conscious. In fact, I prefer a boy who does not have a car to one who has. Often those who do have cars have nothing to say except for the number of times they "had flat tyres," or they seem to be intent on breaking their necks or that of the girl with them by breaking all the speed limits. Please do not think I don't like speed. I am a motor-racing fan, but I have seen so many accidents on the tracks that I don't want to be involved in one.—*A.E.S., North Caulfield, Vic.*

I PREFER NOT to go home in a car with a casual (very casual) acquaintance, such as you meet at dances. But some girls I know don't even consider whether the boy is good for her reputation or not, as long as the car is flashy. You don't need a car to be popular; it's your personality, not your car, that wins or loses the girls.—*"Not Car Conscious," Penrith, N.S.W.*

Chance for fame

NOW that Col Joye's record of "Bye-bye, Baby" has been released in America and is selling very fast, I think that all the latest records of Johnny O'Keefe, Johnny Rebb, Johnny Devlin, The Deltones, and Dig Richards should be released in America. Then when these have established a foothold in the American hit parades (which I am sure they will do), the artists mentioned should be taken on a tour to America. The Americans will then realise we have just as good artists as they have, if not better.—*Richard Jones, Croydon, N.S.W.*

Prefers the NEW

I'VE had three steady boy-friends—a Greek, an Italian, and an Australian. I've also had a lot of casual boy-friends, both old and New Australians. From experience I've learned that if a girl goes with a New Australian she is criticised and has to endure a lot of vicious gossip. All the New Australians I know are intelligent, considerate, and extremely good company. By comparison, most of the Australian boys I know (not all) are dull, conceited, and crude, and don't know how to treat girls.—*"Teener," Langley Vale, N.S.W.*

No color bar

I HAVE not heard any young person deriding Negro or Asiatic people because of their color or because their way of life is different to ours. I think that our prejudices come from our elders, and that if younger people were left to make their own decision on this point these races would be accepted. It is not a natural thing to hate anyone just for being different.



KIRSTEN WARD
unnatural to hate.

Someone is sure to say, "But would you like a child of yours to marry a colored person?" and my answer would be that if that person is good and does his best in whatever he does, I would not care one bit whether he came from the darkest Congo jungle or from the age-old civilisations of the East.—*Kirsten Ward, Balgowlah, N.S.W.*

Up in smoke

DO boys really enjoy smoking? You see boys of about 15 walking round smoking like chimneys. Cigarettes are only money-wasters and injurious to health. Money spent on cigarettes could be much better spent or saved.—*"Wondering," Lismore, N.S.W.*

Those uniforms

ADULTS are horrified at us teenagers wearing slacks, and say they can't tell the difference between a boy and a girl. But what about the uniforms we have to wear—ties as boys do, lace-up shoes which look a lot like boys' shoes, and pullovers, which were really once worn by boys. We girls wear slacks and pedal-pushers because we feel completely comfortable in them. We prefer them for picnics as they are neat and tidy, and they are warm on cold days. I'm sure that if grown-ups were in our shoes they would wear the same things as we do now.—*Kitty Merrin, 32 Hugo St., Chippendale, N.S.W.*

Anti-canoodle

WHY is it that when a boy takes a girl out for the first time he wants to have a petting session when they come home? I know some boys when they read this will say, "Oh, if we don't kiss the girls they think we're drips," but we're not all like those silly, tittering nincompoops who judge a boy on how well he can say "good-night." Don't you realise that a girl who has any respect for herself will also respect and admire a boy who takes her straight to the front door instead of "canoodling" in the car! Most of the girls I know think the way I do.—*"Fed Up," Forbes, N.S.W.*

The high cost of BEING COURTED

● So boys think that courting costs them too much money? Well, girls say it costs **THEM** plenty, too.

A FEW weeks ago staff reporter Carol Tattersfield did some research into the high cost of courting for boys.

She found that most boys spend an awful lot on the girl, or girls, of their choice.

Now the girls, through pretty 18-year-old student Jo Danby, of Glen Iris, Victoria, have their say about how much it costs **THEM** to be courted.

After reading what the boys had to say on the subject, Jo wrote:

I AM a student at Burwood Teachers' College, and receive only £7 a week in pay. With board and fares making a big hole in this sum of money, I have to compete with girls who earn up to £14 a week.

Luckily my mother makes some of my clothes for me. I'm afraid I'm quite hopeless at sewing myself.

The main problem is that the clothes I wear on my dates must vary widely to meet the occasion.

For dates at Cambridge, Key-board, and other jazz clubs, my wardrobe must include black stockings, moccasins, sloppy jumpers, woollen casual skirts, and an over-size duffle coat.

For less casual dances and movie dates I need pretty dresses, skirts, high-heeled shoes, and a smart coat and accessories.

For "football" dates (the boys I go out with usually all play football for the local team and like feminine support) I wear slacks, desert boots, thick socks, jumper, and a 10ft. scarf. This outfit can also be worn on car trips and barbecues.

For balls and formal parties I wear the same old ballerina, stiffened petticoats, silver sandals, etc., and for casual parties I wear a flared skirt, twinset, pointed T-bar shoes, and long white socks.

The variety of make-up a girl needs for different dates is another money problem.

On Friday night when I set off for the jazz club, I have a slight streak of grey in my hair, mascara, a straggly just-out-of-bed hair-style, and no lipstick.

On Saturday afternoon a touch of lipstick is all I need, with my hair usually tied up in a pony tail.

On Saturday night I add a touch of powder and rouge and curl my hair a bit at the ends.

Honestly, my father just doesn't recognise me at week-ends!

Dressing for dates really is a costly business for girls—from those still at school, students like myself who earn little money, right up to girls earning big money as typists, secretaries, and so on.

I'm sure other teenage girls



find being courted, or "won" (to use the contemporary lingo), just as big a money problem as I do.

Yours sincerely,

JO DANBY.

[We were so impressed by Jo's letter, we asked her to show us how she dresses for her different dates. With Jo in these pictures is Howard Barrett, the 18-year-old department store cadet executive who gave his views in "The High Cost of Courting."]

FOR JAZZ CLUB dates, Jo Danby needs a jazzy outfit. With her outside duffle coat she wears a slim tartan skirt, bulky sweater, black stockings, and flatties.



FOR FOOTBALL and the thawing-out coffee afterwards, Jo likes slacks, sweater, desert boots, and an almost floor-length scarf.



FOR THE MOVIES, a printed cotton dress with plain sash, the full skirt caught up to show a frilly petticoat.

FOR INFORMAL PARTIES, a pastel twinset with flared grey skirt, long white socks and strap flatties.

FOR BALLS AND FORMALS, a bouffant ballerina of primrose organdie over rose-pink satin, with silver sandals and a filmy stole.

The Americans think she's...

The typical Australian girl

● *Have you ever stopped to think what the typical Australian girl looks like? Gina Eviston hadn't.*

BUT, this week, clothes are flying in all directions in Gina's Burwood, Sydney, home as she packs for a wonderful trip to the United States—just because she is the American idea of Miss Down Under.

This pretty 18-year-old University-student-cum-model told me: "Americans imagine the typical Australian girl to be tall, blond, suntanned, athletic, the type of girl who looks her best running out of the surf or on the beach."

So on September 13, Gina—tall, blond, suntanned, and athletic-looking—will fly to San Francisco to represent Australia at that city's 10-day Pacific Festival.

"I'm terribly lucky," Gina said. "You see, I wandered into all this quite by accident."

And she explained: "This is the second Pacific Festival. It is sponsored by the Mayor of San Francisco and the big business organisations there to foster trade, cultural exchanges, and tourism between the countries of the Pacific area."



This sports car was a present from Gina's father when she won a scholarship to Sydney University, where she is doing first-year Arts.

"Last year Oriental and South-east Asiatic countries sent representatives, and this year Australia was asked to send one, too."

"When the Festival representatives started looking here, they decided to find a girl who would fit in with the American idea of the Australian beach girl."

"It was my good luck that just at that time there were some pictures of me in a fashion magazine and they saw them. I had an interview and then went on a TV show with some other girls."

"The public had to write in and vote for the girl they would

ney's northern beaches, near the family's beach house."

In winter, there's golf, horse-riding, skating, and her great enthusiasm of the moment, skiing.

Added to all this, Gina is anything but a dumb blonde.

Car gift

She won a Commonwealth Scholarship to the University and is doing her first year of an Arts course, studying English, French, German, and Psychology.

As a reward for winning the scholarship, Mr. Eviston gave Gina a low-slung, baby-blue sports car: the car and Gina whizzing around the city make a head-swivelling combination.

Between lectures and during the vacations, Gina does modelling. "We have so much spare time at the University, it fits in very well," she said.

Her modelling experience will be a help when Gina appears in parades during the Festival. On the opening day, there will be a spectacular outdoor fashion show in San Francisco's Union Square.

The other girls—all Oriental beauties and all but one well-known movie actresses in their own countries—are taking national costumes.

"As we don't really have a national dress, I'm taking a wardrobe of all-Australian wool," Gina said.



Tall, blond, athletic Gina Eviston will represent Australia at San Francisco's Pacific Festival this month.

"And I suppose I'll need some of my own clothes for Hawaii, where it will be warmer than San Francisco."

"I'm mad about clothes. Don't make any myself—I'm quite hopeless at sewing. I think perhaps I like casual clothes best, but I love dressing up, too. Simple things, though definitely no frills."

The Festival girls have also been asked to be prepared to do native dances and sing national songs.

"I'm afraid that's a bit hard for Australians. I'd have to sing *Waltzing Matilda* and accompany myself on the didgeridoo," Gina laughed.

Studies acting

There will be radio and TV appearances, too, but Gina shouldn't suffer from stage fright. She has appeared in several TV commercials, and just after she left school at M.L.C., Burwood, last year, she had six weeks as assistant compere on a TV quiz for school-children.

And she has been studying acting on and off for years.

"I'd love to be on the stage," she confided. "That's my real ambition. I haven't been able to concentrate much with so many other things happening lately."

What else does Gina manage to squeeze into her busy life?

"Well, I'm not very domesticated," she said. "I'm an only child and I suppose I'm spoiled."

"I do cook occasionally for parties and things like that."

"I like giving small dinner parties for a few friends, and afterwards we listen to records—classics and cool jazz. My jazz favorites are Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan."

"And I read a lot," she said, though it's hard to imagine when she finds the time.

"Dates? Yes, there are three boys I go out with fairly regularly."

And that's an outline of the busy life of Gina, who is going to America to represent the typical Australian girl.

Strange part is that, when you come to think about it, Gina is just what most Australians imagine to be, the typical American girl!

THEY WERE DEBS' DELIGHTS—and didn't like it

By JUNE PAGE

● At last I've met a deb's delight. Not one, actually, but two. And I didn't have to comb Mayfair for them.

THERE they were at a party in a tiny Kings Cross flat.

"Ex-cavalry officers, played for M.C.C., rowed for Leander—generally in the bracket as deb-escorts. Out here to work and see Australia," whispered my hostess.

And she introduced Stephen France, dark and slim, and Keith Douglas-Mann, tall and fair.

Yes, they'd been out here for two months. Quite new, really, they said. Keith hitch-hiked from London Airport through the East by air, actually.

Hitch-hiked by air?

Keith smiled politely and changed the subject by remarking how brown Stephen looked after his sea voyage.

They'd both come to Sydney "on spec"—no jobs lined up from London, really.

But, of course, they had their training—Stephen in insurance in London, Keith in property investment and estate management. They are both doing similar work here.

Well, how had they met? Schoolfriends? No, it was over a potato-peeling machine at an Army camp in Yorkshire before they became officers—Stephen, at 18, was one of the youngest officers in the Eighth Hussars. Keith was an officer in the Royal Dragoons.

Other facts snatched from the cloud of party talk: Stephen had once written lyrics for a London revue; was 24; had been enrolled for the M.C.C. at the age of 10 and had played county and social cricket for a long time; tennis and squash at the invitation of Cambridge University, too; went to Haileybury to be educated and knew lots of people we'd all read about in English society magazines. So did Keith.

Crack oarsman

The tie Keith was wearing had pink hippopotami on it, which meant it was the official tie of the Leander Club—the principal rowing club in England, and he had rowed rigorously and vigorously in international stuff. He went to Westminster School and lived in London and was 27. He loved shooting and riding in the country, especially Suffolk and Norfolk, where he had been managing estates.

I really can't remember how all the debutante business cropped up, but suddenly our little world was dripping with dowager duchesses, champagne,

house-parties, and gay young things.

"Remember the Arundel Ball, when we had races on tin trays skidding down the lawn? . . . getting stuck in the lift with that load of elderly duchesses? . . . that girl's ridiculous hair? . . . a swimming party on Hampstead Heath? We sneaked through the fence. We knew the 'bobby' . . . the deb who went for a stroll in Birdcage Walk wearing nothing—or next-to-nothing."

"Yes, some deb do's were immense fun," said Keith.

"But sometimes debbery and all that is absolutely revolting," Stephen added. "It's a case really of keeping up with the Joneses—or, rather, the SIR Joneses."

"You see, strictly speaking, a deb is some young thing who is presented at Court," explained Keith.

"But since the Queen has stopped all that, it has developed into a sort of junket organised by husband-hunting mamas, who 'plan' the season while papa writes cheques furiously and pawns his car."

Costly affair

But does it really cost so much to be a deb?

Stephen and Keith nodded.

"Can cost up to £5000 to launch a deb. That's for the whole season—the ball in a hotel somewhere. They're usually terribly heavily mummy-controlled, and the grandmothers all play bridge upstairs."

"Then there's the house-party—in Shropshire, Rutland, or Bucks. House-parties are tremendously important, actually," said Stephen. "Scotland absolutely bristles with them during the season."

"You can't just have the house-party for a deb," added Keith. "It doesn't carry the same stamp as a London debut."

"But, Keith," said Stephen. "You must admit that a deb is at her most attractive at a house-party. More natural surrounded by bounding spaniels than teetering on her first pair of high heels at a London do."

But, you mean to say that you don't appreciate all those Paris deb dresses? That you don't appreciate THE debs of London?

"Well, how can one?" they asked despairingly. "After all, they're only 17 or 18. Quite sweet and unsophisticated."

"I usually make a note to look them up in about three years—they're much more interesting then," muttered Keith.

"Yes, you usually find all the



Englishmen Keith Douglas-Mann (left) and Stephen France disengaged themselves from the hectic "deb business" to come here.



Beautiful Henrietta Tiarks, debutante of the 1957 season. "She was one of the sensible ones," say the two ex-deb escorts.

men are far more interested in the ex-deb elder sister at the deb dance," agreed Stephen.

Well, what about the glorious ones like Henrietta Tiarks—THE deb of 1957?

"Yes. Lovely. But she's an exceptional girl," they said. "And another thing, too. Some of the more intelligent debs themselves actually get a bit fed up with it all and would rather be spending the money on training for a career."

And what about all the young debs who make the society marriages of the same year? Surely that £5000 isn't all fruitlessly splashed.

Few marriages

"Actually, there are very few marriages among debs—I suppose one in every forty. Anyway, it's not the done thing to 'go steady' with a deb. You've really had a pretty poor season if a deb doesn't have about at least six heartbreaks in three months," said Stephen, looking so, so cynical.

He then told about his debut

of being met by my host, I thought, and greeted with, 'Can I take your bag, sir.' It was the butler."

Keith confessed that, for a time, he had been off "The List" and on "The Black List."

The Black List? "Yes. You're not asked to anything. There are hundreds of things you can do to get on it. Mine was an absurd business. I was seen in the corridor at a house-party in my pyjamas and dressing-gown."

Was it possible for a debs' delight to be poor and yet considered suitable? I wanted to know.

"Good Lord, no," said Stephen. "I mean, a house-party would cost me at least £5—which goes a long way in England. There'd be the tipping for the servants and the head keeper, who'd organised the shoots. Then we'd pay for a round of black velvets—champagne and stout—at the local pub on Sunday morning. And after a ride we'd usually go out somewhere for dinner."

"The best debbery business were the times in the Army" (Keith and Stephen were both stationed in Germany), "and the debs and ex-debs would fly over for some regimental do. That was splendid."

There's a limit

"Honestly," said Keith, recharging the peanut-butter glasses in the Kings Cross flat, "the whole business is not amusing."

"Actually, you can't stand more than two seasons of it," said Stephen. "Can you imagine any normal person looking amused at the same conversation for the forty-eight-thousandth time?"

I couldn't. But then would they mind if I passed on this little debbery fairy-tale?

"Oh, no. We'll just have to grow beards and leave the country, that's all."

I lunched with ANNETTE

By ROSS CAMPBELL,
who has just visited Hollywood

● ANNETTE! It is a name of power in most houses where there is a television set.

MY own daughters, aged 12 and six, have pictures of Annette pasted inside the doors of their built-in cupboards.

So when, on a brief visit to Los Angeles, I was able to arrange a date for lunch with Annette, my excitement was considerable.

The prospect of meeting her was pleasant in itself. But apart from that, I knew it would do a great deal for me, prestige-wise, in the home circle.

Annette Funicello first became known when she had just turned 13, as the dark-eyed singing and dancing star of Walt Disney's TV Mickey Mouse Club. The Mouseketeers were all bright children, but Annette was the special darling of the viewers.

The Mickey Mouse Club, which has been disbanded, although its filmed programmes are still popular in Australia, did not ensure permanent fame for its talented young members. Some of them are already headed for obscurity.

Best-seller

But Annette has gone on to become a big personality in the hectic, booming world of U.S. teenage entertainment.

She has appeared in more grown-up TV roles (as a Spanish heroine in episodes of "Zorro"), and in a movie (the Disney comedy-fantasy "The Shaggy Dog"). Her singing records are big sellers. Hardly an issue of the American junior fan magazines appears without an article on "Annette's Advice to Teenagers," "Why Guys Want to Date Annette," and so on.

The place appointed by the Disney Studios for my lunch with her was, to my slight surprise, called the Ram's Head Restaurant. Founded by members of the Los Angeles Rams professional football team, it sounds like the kind of eating-house where huge athletes tear steaks apart. But it turned out to be an elegant establishment, with the extremely dim lighting that is usual in the smarter restaurants of California.

Annette will be 17 in October, and, as a biographical pamphlet issued by Walt Disney Productions puts it, she has burgeoned into the contours of womanhood. Having seen her only in TV, I was made nearly two years ago, I was not fully prepared for the chic young person who appeared through the gloom of the Ram's Head Restaurant. She was wearing a

bare-topped blue summer dress (it was a very hot day) which displayed her pretty Italian-style olive skin, and altogether she looked like a pocket-size Gina Lollobrigida.

It was clear at once that interviewing Annette would be no trouble. She talked easily and naturally, with a poise that is the result of much publicity experience.

She told me that in recent weeks, during the summer lull in TV production, she had been giving two or three interviews a day, each lasting one to two hours.

"A photographer from a magazine followed me about all day from 9 o'clock in the morning till 10.30 at night, taking pictures," she said. "He took some pictures of me in bed."

I asked if she would visit Australia, as her admirers hoped she would.

"I'd love to," she said. "But I've got oh, a lot of places lined up for personal appearances. I'm going to Puerto Rico soon, and then to some cities in America."

"What do you do on these trips?"

"I go to theatres and schools and record hops—that's a sort of teenage musical get-together—and I visit with children in hospitals. I like to do hospitals, because I like to make those kids feel good."

"Does your mother go with you on these tours?"

"Yes. One of your parents has to go with you; it's a State law." (She pronounced it "lah"). "Sometimes my father comes along—he likes it."

Annette's father, Joseph Funicello, runs a service station in Los Angeles.



Annette has "burgeoned into the contours of womanhood."



At Los Angeles' tony Ram's Head Restaurant Annette and Ross Campbell discuss teenage matters. Pictures by John Sheedy, of United Press — International.

She had a ring on the third finger of her left hand, and I told her that when a girl in Australia wears a ring there it means she is engaged to be married. Annette looked startled. "Oh, no, it's nothing like that!" she said. "My mother gave me the ring for my 16th birthday. It's black onyx with a diamond in the middle." She took it off and showed it to me, and I admired it.

Sporty car

Did she still go to school? "I went to school in the studio for five years. I have a private tutor now, Mrs. Seaman—she's wonderful. I'm learning history, English, Spanish, physiology, and driver's education."

The driver's education helps Annette to manage her Thunderbird, a sporty type of car often called a T-bird, much coveted by young Americans. The question whether teenagers should have their own cars is a lively issue in the U.S.A. Annette, whose earnings bring a T-bird well within her means, was allowed one when she turned 16.

Annette was eating a chicken salad and sipping ice-water, while I ate chicken salad and drank beer.

"Do you see much of your old Mickey Mouse Club friends?"

"Not very often. I see Jimmy now and then. Jimmy's so married, of course. I haven't seen Darlene for a long time. I don't know what Darlene's doing. She doesn't answer letters and she doesn't answer the phone."

The vivacious Darlene was a gifted performer. I wondered if her interrupted career was one of the heartbreaks behind the disbandment of the Mickey Mouse Club.

"Do you go out often with boys?" I asked it rather diffidently, but it was a familiar topic to Annette. She replied promptly: "I've been dating since I was 15. I only go out at weekends, and I have to be home by 12.30. I love simple dates—you know, casual clothes and going places on the spur of the moment."

"Do you approve of making-out?"

This was a new expression I had picked up since arriving in America. "Making-out" has taken the place of the old words "petting" and "necking."

Annette smiled. "I think making-out is all right if it's within the bounds of good taste," she said. "That's quite an important 'if'."

"Do your fans ever give you embarrassment—intruding on you at home, I mean?"

"Yes, sometimes they do. We don't say where I live, and my mother won't let photographs be taken showing the house. People used to look over the fence and they'd even come in. That's one reason we moved to the new house. There was a boy hitch-hiked 3000 miles to see me, and he came in the house when I was alone and I had to call the police."

We turned to the topic of shows, on which Annette talked with an insider's enthusiasm.

Her favorite movie was "Gone With the Wind." She much admired the director, George Stevens. "Isn't he fabulous? I loved 'Shane'." On TV her favorite actor was Roger Smith. She thought that he, too, was fabulous.

Lately she was on a TV show called Juke-Box Jury, she said. A panel of four sit in judgment on new records and vote whether it will be a hit or a miss. The artist who made the recording is present "on the hot seat."

"I was on the hot seat for my record 'Jo-Jo' and I got four hit votes—wasn't that nice?"

Enchanting girl

Referring to her popular new record, "Lonely Guitar," I asked if she played the guitar.

"No, I don't," said Annette. "The boys all play the guitar. It gives them something to do with their hands."

This struck me as a fresh and entirely convincing explanation of the current wave of guitar playing.

Some pictures were taken, and a (for me) delightful lunch came to an end. I was enchanted by Annette—by the way she blends the confidence of a show business professional with the natural charm of a girl of 17.

Now that I am home in Sydney again I am basking in a new sense of importance. Boys and girls in our district point me out as The Man Who Lunched With Annette.

JIMMY DARREN

Once he sang for nothing!

● Latest young movie star to jump on the recording band-waggon is good-looking, 24-year-old Jimmy Darren.

JIMMY is regarded as one of Columbia Pictures' bright hopes.

His two song hits from "Gidget," the teenage film in which he co-stars with peaches-and-cream Sandra Dee, will go out on local label in October.

The two numbers, the title song and "The Next Best Thing To Love," are still on the restricted list.

In his previous film roles, "The Brothers Rico," "Operation Mad Ball," and "Gunman's Walk," black-haired, brown-eyed Jimmy has been seen as a straight dramatic actor.

"But I've always wanted to be a singer," Jimmy says, "ever since I was a kid. I remember when I was about nine years old singing for my grandmother all the time. Her favorite was 'Besame Mucho'."

"Then a few years later I told my father about wanting to be a singer, and he contacted a friend who knew a friend, and before I knew it I was singing at Frank Palumbo's C-R Club in Philadelphia a few nights a week.

"Don't get me wrong, though, this wasn't for pay. It was one of those deals where the floor-show would begin, and the M.C. would say, 'We've got a surprise for you tonight, a guest star in our audience named Jimmy Ercolani.'"

"I never could understand why he just didn't say, 'There's a kid here tonight who'd like to sing for you people.'"

Changed his name

Born James Ercolani in Southern Philadelphia (where Mario Lanza and Eddie Fisher also came from), Jimmy was working as assistant stage manager for the Jose Greco Spanish dance troupe when Greco, impressed with what he called "a very special talent," persuaded Jimmy to change his last name to something easier.

During his schooldays Jim's father also encouraged him to take up trumpet, and he studied for three years.

"I was really getting fed up with the lessons, and I had this teacher who'd give me a poke

in the arm whenever I played a wrong note," Jimmy says.

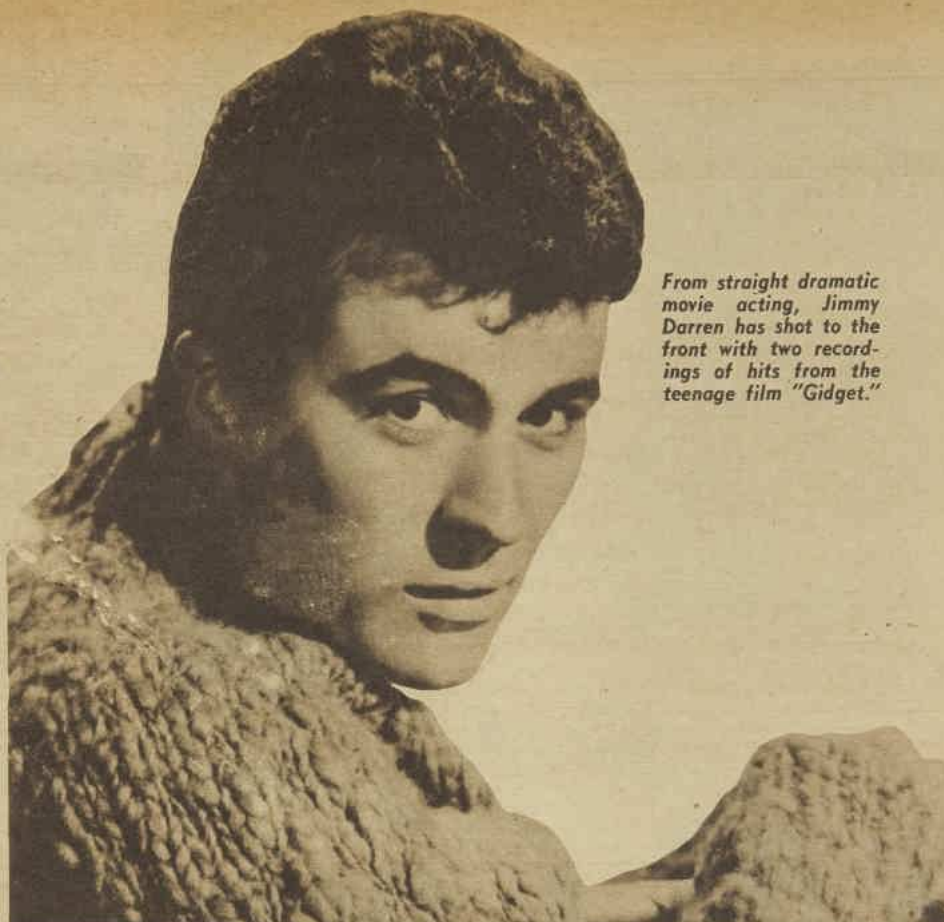
"So one night I just decided not to go to lessons any more. When the teacher saw I didn't show up he phoned my father, who came looking for me.

"My father found me in a candy store hiding under a pin-ball machine, and he really let me have it then and there."

Was terribly shy

At this time, Jimmy says, he was very shy. "If people said 'hullo' to me—I don't know why—but I used to be too embarrassed to say 'hullo' back. I'd just look at my shoes and wouldn't answer.

"Once in school I did this when a girl said 'hullo' to me, and then later, when I heard her saying to another girl, 'There goes that snob,' I felt just awful.



From straight dramatic movie acting, Jimmy Darren has shot to the front with two recordings of hits from the teenage film "Gidget."

"I guess, though, in other ways I must have been a pretty fresh kid."

Jimmy's career first started to go when he was standing in a New York office building waiting for a lift and was spotted by Joyce Selznick, talent

scout of Screen Gems, Columbia's TV subsidiary.

She took him to a company talent executive, and three days later young Mr. Darren had a contract. WITHOUT a screen test.

Since his separation from his

wife, Gloria, Darren has been dating the former Miss Denmark, Evy Norlund, and it's expected the two will marry when the Darren divorce is absolute.

Jimmy and Gloria have a two-year-old son, James.

LISTEN HERE!

FOLKSY: When he died on New Year's Day in 1953, folk-singer Hank Williams had written more than 100 melodies.

The best of them, with the accent on the wistful, touched the heartstrings of millions as persuasively as Hank touched the strings of his guitar.

In tribute to Hank, 21-year-old George Hamilton IV (he comes from an old North Carolina family of planters, and it's his real name) has made "Sing Me A Sad Song" (WG.BPN. 720).

George has matured since his concert tour of Australia early this year.

He has combined a sensitive feeling for the music with skilful orchestration by Don Costa, one of the best in the business.

The result (for example, "Lonesome Whistle," "Your Cheatin' Heart," "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry," "Gold, Gold Heart") is lugubrious.

But those who remember Hank and who enjoy a good weep will love it.

JAZZ: Four vintage tracks from Benny Goodman

(RCAEP-20206)—"Don't Be That Way," "One O'Clock Jump," "Loch Lomond," and "Life Goes to a Party."

These 1937-38 tracks are from the band that had stars such as trumpeters Harry James and Ziggy Elman, trombonist Vernon Brown, alto-saxophonist Hymie Schertzer, tenor-saxophonist Babe Rueusean, pianist



GEORGE HAMILTON IV
Nostalgic tribute

Jess Stacy, and drummer Gene Krupa.

"Don't Be That Way" and "Life Goes to a Party" are probably some of the last records that Krupa and James made with the Goodman band before setting themselves up as leaders.

Stacy has a long solo on "One O'Clock Jump" and plays wonderful orchestral piano in the last choruses of "Don't Be That Way."

Martha Tilton sings rather unimpressively on "Loch Lomond," one of those screwy jazzed-up Scottish airs.

These tracks don't represent the Goodman of the period at its best, but they are typical, honest, and swinging.

CLASSICAL: Only those without a vestige of musical feeling could fail to enjoy Schubert's "Trout Quintet" (Vox Stereo STAPL-108901).

The fount of melody, so light-heartedly Viennese, is inexhaustible.

Pianist Rolf Reinhardt and the Endres Quartet pursue the leaping, flashing trout with devoted agility. But sometimes—

doubtless the engineers are to blame—they seem to have laid down red and reel in favor of the brutally direct spear-gun.

POPS: Frankie Davidson (WG.SL.817) gives a lively cha-cha twist to "My Heart Is An Open Book," the Carl Dobkins' hit-parader. Flipside "I'll Be Satisfied" is no better and no worse than 99 out of any 100 rock-'n-rollers.

Mellow sound with plenty of beat make "Les Elgart On Tour" (Coronet KLP.779) a good proposition for people who like to dance or merely listen.

Of the dozen tracks I liked particularly "Indian Summer," "Whispering," "That Old Black Magic," and "How Deep Is The Ocean?"

For uninhibited bongo-bashing try "Bongo Rock" (WG.SL. 815). Really drivin' music from Billy Hyde, Bruce Clarke with his wild guitar, and The Rockers.

On the flipside Bruce and The Rockers make a very bumpy trip over "Forty Miles Of Bad Road." I feared for a while that the trumpeter had swallowed his instrument.



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5444. Figure-flattering playsuit (above) designed with the new shorter-length trousers and camisole-type top. Here, the suit is in flowery striped cotton, would look equally chic in striped or check gingham. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

5443. Gay two-piece beach ensemble (right) features a superbly tailored tunic top and brief shorts. The tunic has an oval neckline and above-elbow sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Blouse, 2yds. 36in. material; shorts 1½yds. 36in. material. Price for pattern, 4/-.



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5446. Summer trio
(left) with a fresh
young fashion point
of view. The bra top
and baby doll pants
mould the figure
prettily; the jacket
completes this attrac-
tive ensemble. Sizes
32 to 38in. bust.
Requires 4yds. 36in.
material. Price 4/6.



5446.



Our cover pattern

5445.



5445. All-purpose re-
sort jacket, ultra-fem-
inine and strategically
slimming. The design
is sleeveless with a
slash neckline. Sizes
32 to 38in. bust. Re-
quires 1½yds. 36in.
material and 1½yds.
36in. contrast. 3/9.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly - September 9, 1959

Today's Weekly - Page 9

By
Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Silly love letter

"SOME months ago (about seven) a friend and myself sent, as a practical joke, a love letter to a boy we both knew. It was very silly of us and now, though we didn't sign the letter, I feel very ashamed and sorry about it. I don't go together with this girl-friend any more. Would it be proper to write a letter of apology to the boy? I am 14 and he is 15."

"Ashamed," Vic.

Look, I think your instinct is right, but I don't think you should write to the boy and apologise. I don't think you were silly to write the love letter; I think you were cruel. You probably hurt the boy horribly, and the least said about it this long after the better.

He will have recovered now, so why stir it all up again? Be discreet. Let the matter lie the way it is and never, not ever, do anything like that again.

Advice unheeded

"YOU always advise girls to wait until their former boy-friends try to strike up the old friendship. I am writing to tell you that I almost made the mistake of taking the advice you had given to such a girl who asked for your advice. I broke off with a boy and after 10½ months I decided if he was not going to do something I would. I got in touch with him, and he suggested that we go out somewhere, which we did. It all worked out all right, and now I am going to be engaged to this boy very shortly. I would like to have this letter published so as girls will not make the mistake I could have and lost the one I love."

P.M., Vic.

It is always a treat to hear from a girl who is happily in love. I'm so glad everything has turned out so well.

But I will stick to my belief that it is the boy's prerogative and privilege to make the running in any heart affair. Circumstances do alter cases, and so does the depth of the feelings involved, but as a general rule in teenage romance, I say to girls who want to get in touch with old boy-friends, "Don't."

Romantic at 14...

"I AM a boy of 14. I consider myself mature enough to take girls out. I have often been asked if I am 17. I am attracted to girls and I think they are attracted to me. I wear adult clothing and am 5ft. 5in. tall. There are about five girls to whom I am attracted. Could you please tell me a way to ask them out? We have never been introduced. Please don't say that I am too young, because I know I'm not."

"Anxious," N.S.W.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

I do say you are too young, but what I think and you think doesn't really matter in this case. Society has already made the rule to which you must stick.

Morally and physically society is against boys of your age associating romantically with young girls. You must conform to society if you want to live happily in any community and grow into a well-balanced, happy adult. Skip the girl-talk until you are at least 16 or you'll be in bother.

... and at 12, too

"I AM a girl of 12, and I am fairly keen on a boy of the same age. I did not see him for a few months, and when I did he seemed to have changed. I think he might be shy, because if he is with other boys when he sees me he pretends that he does not and turns away. When there are no other boys with him he is quite different. He is a nice, well-mannered boy, but his behaviour is getting me down. I have tried to lose interest in him, but just as I have nearly succeeded I see him again, even if not to speak to. As he has told me that he likes me, do you think that it would be all right to ring him up occasionally, or just give him up?"

"Uncertain," Qld.

Children of 12 should keep a child's place, which is what this boy is trying to do. Your behaviour must be getting him down. Leave him alone. Forget him. Get back to your school books.

He's madly jealous

"I HAVE been going with a boy for over a year, and everything is wonderful—that is, except for one thing. That is his jealousy. He is jealous of my friends and at a party he got mad because his kid brother and I played a game together. The rest of the time



Question of posture

"COULD you please tell me something that would increase my bust measurement? Are there any exercises that would help?"

"Hoping," Vic.

Yes. Perfect posture is the secret of a pretty bust-line; it makes a small bust look bigger, a big one a better shape. The exercises below, done eight times morning and night, will help.



was miserable for me and we had a row when he took me home. He ended up saying he loves me so much that he can't stand others near me. Louise, I could understand this if it were only boys, but he resents my girl-friends, too, especially one really close friend. He says he doesn't need friends. He did have one close friend, but that boy has moved to another town, and since then, other than the boys he works with, he seems to have no real friends. He says all he needs is me, and seems to think that I should want only him. I love him, but this unreasonable jealousy is spoiling things between us."

"Possession," N.S.W.

Jealousy is the emotion that kills more friendships and more love than any other. It is a bitter thing that can't be changed or cut out of a person's nature.

Your boy-friend will always be the same. I'd get rid of him fast. Imagine what your life would be like if you married him. No friends, no gay outings, nothing but him, jealous probably of the milkman and the baker. Run for your life.

Not overweight

"WHENEVER I eat cakes or sweets my brothers tease me and call me 'fatty.' They say that I am the fattest girl in my form at school. Recently my mother has also begun to say that I am too fat and should cut down on cakes. I am 14, weigh 8st. 9lb., and I am 5ft. 5in. high. Could you please tell me if I do weigh too much? I have a 24-inch waist."

"Worried," W.A.

Actually you don't weigh much too much, only a pound or two. You are exceptionally tall for your age; in fact, tables show that 89 per cent. of girls in your age group would be shorter than you are and only 11 per cent. the same height or taller.

But I have no doubt that you would be much happier if you weighed 5lb. less. The fact that your brothers call you "fatty" points out to me that perhaps you are carrying a little excess weight in the wrong places. Cutting down on cakes and sugar would improve your health as well as your shape. An apple, a small glass of plain milk (not a milk-shake) or a piece of cheese is better for you and not so fattening as cake. Replace it with them.

I never recommend a diet for teenagers. I think they should learn to eat the food that will make them grow up healthy, beautiful, and in a nice shape.

Cake doesn't do this. It is one of a girl's greatest enemies, so are sweets. These are what dietitians call sugars and starches, and if you're prone to plumpness you'll have to battle against them. The earlier you begin the better, and you'll grow to like their replacements.

I think a growing girl is always better off with three meals a day and no nibbles. If you eat what you should every day—1½ pints of milk, 1 egg, 1 meat, poultry, fish, or cheese, 4 oz. of wholemeal bread, ½ cup cereal, 1 serving green or yellow vegetable, and any other vegetables desired in moderate servings, 1 serving citrus fruit, 1 pint of other fruit, 3 teaspoons butter or other fats you should do well and not put on weight.

If you eat this food and still need more, supplement it with more fruit, plain milk, or cheese instead of cakes and sweets. You'll be much happier.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



HAVE you been eating onions?

Going out? No deodorant tablets? Well, don't panic. Eat a coffee bean, chew it up well, and swallow. It works for garlic, too. In France, where food is highly flavored, many restaurants have a bowl of beans on the table. Buy yourself a few, so there are no social faux pas in your life.

Talking about social faux pas, there's nothing that kills, but kills a girl's social life like brassiere straps that are a bad color. With spring here straps may be seen more often. I don't mean simply soiled straps that advertise that their wearer is not fastidious but the straps of nylon bras that are clean but don't look it.

Nimble fingers with a needle and a length of new shoulder strapping whenever it's necessary solve the problem, makes you nicer to know. If you have a sleeveless dress or one with a wide neck, make bra straps to match, please. Debbie's special award goes to the girls who do this.

TIME TO START THAT SUNTAN

By CAROLYN EARLE

If you are thinking that a toasty suntan will do a lot for your looks this summer, just about now is the right time to start acquiring it.

SUNTANNING is a type of beauty treatment; handled with care, it can do wonderful things for your looks, improve the condition of your skin, and highlight your personality.

People have all sorts of pet theories on how to get a good suntan, but, unfortunately, there are no hard-and-fast rules for tanning which meet all needs.

From the beauty angle the commonsense idea is to start your tanning early in the season and expose the skin for just a few minutes at a time. When, after a few days, the skin has acquired a slight tan, this will act as a protection.

Then it is possible to stand longer exposure without burning, but it is wise to keep on

using a dependable ray-filter preparation the whole time.

"At first, eight minutes' exposure only" is a rule you've heard often, and probably dismissed as nonsense, wondering what you were meant to do with the rest of the day.

Actually, it makes good sense, since it refers to steady exposure to strong sunlight of skin areas which are normally covered.

On your first venture into the sun for a serious sunbath, divide your eight minutes into four two-minute spells, one each back, front, right side, and left side.

The drill is to change your position — keep turning like a sausage in a frying-pan, so that you get evenly warmed all over by the sun's rays and not scorched in some places and left white in others.

And, of-course, if you feel the

sun striking specially hot on any part of you, cover it up.

Suntanning is best done early, between breakfast and mid-morning, when you are freshly tubbed and not too full of food.

The skin's sensitivity will diminish as the sun builds up a deposit of pigment in it. This should take about three days. After that let sun oil and discretion protect you.

Some never tan

Incidentally, lack of pigment means lack of ability to tan, so if your skin is very fair, or if you know from experience that it blisters or turns blotchy, DON'T go on trying to get brown. You've nothing to gain and may even lose a good deal in health and charm.

Do remember that every type of skin needs special care; a slap of sun lotion just isn't enough, while a policy of simply lying out in the hot sun until it's time to go indoors can lead to bad burns.

Try following these basic rules to achieve a good color and a skin that feels comfortable and healthy.

SKIN THAT'S OILY can take most sun, starting with the prescribed small doses and building up gradually. Use a greaseless or alcohol-type lotion if your skin is naturally oily.

Your skin won't actually feel the effects of exposure until several hours afterwards, so if you're pale pink by evening cut down baking time slightly the following day to avoid a burn. Even angry red, if kept out of the sun for a day, will gradually turn to pale brown.

SKIN THAT'S NORMAL, the sort that stands up well to climatic changes, and, with reasonable care, takes on a good tan in summer, can be kept comfortable with frequent doses of oil-base sun preparations, though at the beach these are apt to collect a bit of sand.

If the weather looks cloudy, don't be fooled; summer clouds hide a load of ultra-violet rays which can do damage.

All skins should be protected all of the time and also before you go out in the sun; at two-hourly intervals after every



ON BEACH DAYS, remember to guard against sunburn with suitable clothes and cosmetics.

swim; whenever the skin feels drawn or dry. Pay special attention to bony areas where the skin is thinner, notably the nose, knees, and shoulders.

Sunburn treatment

Girls with short hairstyles should remember that the nape of the neck must be protected.

Any burns should be treated as such. Apply calamine lotion, zinc ointment, or a special preparation on your doctor's prescription. Drink plenty of water to counteract dehydration, and rest well away from the sun.

Make-up, to a certain extent, protects from the sun, but since sunshine in moderation is good for most skins, summer is a good opportunity to leave your face uncovered, wearing just lipstick and eye make-up.

There are many lotions and creams obtainable now which are made to do a special job for every type of skin. Make your choice according to your personal requirements and you can confidently expect to look attractive in the sun.

SKIN THAT'S DRY AND SENSITIVE usually also has a tendency to freckle. This sort of skin becomes parched and dehydrated under the sun. Even worse, it sometimes goes blotchy and red and may show signs of allergy.

If this is likely to happen to you, keep out of the sun as much as possible, and always wear a moisturised-type sun cream to soothe the skin.

The best solution for you is to try a suntan make-up occasionally. Fun to be a sunflower one day and a paleface the next, and much the wiser course when skin's a problem.

ATTENTION. OUTDOOR GIRLS!

Here are some summer grooming hints for the girls who spend as much time as they can out of doors.

- As your skin gradually darkens you will discover shades of lipstick and nail lacquers which are more becoming than those you use in winter. Soft corals and vibrant pink flatter beige and golden-tan; the new, clear light lipsticks look wonderful with deep suntan.
- Whether you prefer oil, cream, or lotion, be sure to apply and re-apply your suntan preparations often enough to protect your skin every minute you are under the sun.
- When your skin feels especially dry — and it's bound to happen sometimes — make some oatmeal bags and use them as washcloths. Put one spoonful of uncooked oatmeal in a small cheesecloth square, dip it in warm water, and apply to your skin for several minutes. A wonderful softener.
- Use good sunglasses outdoors to ward off eye strain and squint lines. Blue-green, greenish-yellow, and yellowish-green lenses are best.
- A soothing and mildly antiseptic calamine lotion now on the market makes an excellent sunburn balm. Also good dabbed on the feet morning and night to ease sand irritation.



Serve DOUGHNUTS with mugs of piping hot CHOC-MALLOW drink.

Just a Bite



Impress your guests with a savory SLASHED CHEESE LOAF.

● Here are some wonderful easy-to-follow recipes for something hasty, something tasty, ideal for the times when you feel like asking a few friends in for "just a bite."

YOU CAN make the biscuits one afternoon when the kitchen is free, and have them stored away.

Best to mix the drinks beforehand, too, and the hot snacks — the slashed loaf, grilled sandwiches or doughnuts — can be prepared and left all but cooked.

When you all breeze in after tennis or the movies, you'll amaze everyone by having these mouth-melters ready in a matter of minutes, with the minimum amount of fuss.

To Eat

SLASHED CHEESE LOAF

One long loaf French bread, 8oz. sliced Cheddar or Swiss cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or substitute, 1 chopped onion, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons paprika, 1 teaspoon celery seed.

Cut bread into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slices without cutting through bottom crust. Insert cheese between bread slices. Melt butter in frying-pan, add remaining ingredients. Cook over low heat, stirring occasionally, until onion is tender. Pour over loaf. Place loaf on baking-tray and bake in moderate oven 30 minutes or until thoroughly heated. Serve with a sharp knife and let guests cut their own slices.

GRILLED CHEESE SANDWICHES
Six slices processed cheese, 3 medium-sliced tomatoes, 12 slices bread, onion salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup

softened butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon sesame seeds.

Arrange cheese and tomato slices on six slices bread. Sprinkle with onion salt. Top with remaining bread slices. Combine butter with sesame seeds, mix well. Spread tops of sandwiches with half of sesame butter. Place sandwiches, buttered side down, on heated griddle. Spread with remaining sesame butter and brown on both sides.

DOUGHNUTS

If you are fortunate enough to own an electric doughnut-baker, then use your own pet recipe or any one of the variety of packaged cake-mixes on the market. If not, you'll need:

Two cups self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch nutmeg, grated lemon rind, 2oz. butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 2 eggs, milk, fat for frying, castor sugar.

Sift the flour, salt, and nutmeg, add lemon rind and sugar. Rub in butter and mix to soft dough with beaten eggs and $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk. Knead lightly on floured board and press out to barely $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness. Cut out with floured doughnut cutter or two cutters (one smaller than the other). Deep fry in fuming fat for 3 or 4 minutes. Drain on kitchen paper, dust with castor sugar, and serve freshly made.

COFFEE CREAMS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2oz. sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg-white, 1 scant cup milk. For filling: 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, 1 cup sugar.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter, add sugar. Beat egg-

white slightly, add milk. Fold into dry ingredients, making a stiff dough. Knead slightly on floured board, roll to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness. Prepare filling. Beat egg-yolk with coffee essence. Stir in sugar, spread over dough. Roll up, chill 1 hour, cut into rings about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Place on greased tray. Bake in hot oven about 15 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, store in airtight tin.

CHOCOLATE - ALMOND SLICES

Six ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4oz. sugar, 3oz. ground rice, 2oz. ground almonds, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 2 egg-yolks or 1 egg-yolk and 1 dessertspoon milk, apricot jam. For topping: 2oz. almonds (blanched and chopped), 1oz. chocolate.

Rub shortening into sifted flour and salt. Add sugar, ground rice, and almonds. Mix to a stiff dough with egg-yolks and almond essence. Knead lightly on floured board, divide into two. Roll each piece into oblong shapes nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Pinch edges, place on trays. Partly bake in slow oven 20 minutes. Spread each piece of pastry with jam, cover with grated chocolate and chopped nuts mixed together. Bake in slow oven further 15 to 20 minutes. Cool slightly, cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slices, leave on trays until cold.

HONEY-DROP COOKIES

Two ounces butter or substitute, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup honey, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 cups mixed fruit and nuts.

Cream shortening, gradually add honey. Add fruit and nuts, then sifted flour, baking-powder, and salt alternately with beaten egg and milk. Drop a spoonful at a time on to greased oven-tray. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler.

To Drink

CHOC-MALLOW DRINK

Two ounces chocolate, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, 4 cups milk, 1 dozen marshmallows.

Place coarsely grated chocolate, sugar, coffee essence, and spices in a saucepan. Stir in water and place over low heat until chocolate melts, simmer 2 minutes. Remove from heat, add heated milk and whisk thoroughly. Pour into mugs and drop in a few pieces of chopped marshmallows just before serving.

PERSONALITY PUNCH

Six tablespoons cocoa, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints hot milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints black coffee, 4 tablespoons sugar (or more according to taste), whipped cream if desired.

Blend cocoa smoothly with a little cold water and add to the hot milk. Add sugar and freshly made black coffee. Reheat just to boiling point, serve piping hot with a spoonful of whipped cream on top.

HOT TOMATO JUICE

Two large tins tomato juice, 1 large tin condensed chicken

broth (or 1 packet made with 2 cups water), 1 small onion, grated, 1 teaspoon horseradish, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, pinch pepper, 1 lemon, whole cloves.

Combine tomato juice, chicken broth, onion, horseradish, sauce, and pepper in a saucepan. Cut lemon into thin slices, stud each slice with a few cloves. Heat just to boiling. Serve with a slice of lemon floating in each mug.

FRUIT PUNCH

One quart water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, grated rind of 1 lemon and 1 orange, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup lemon juice, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups orange juice, orange slices, chopped mint.

Bring water, sugar, and grated fruit rinds to the boil. Boil 5 minutes; strain and cool. Add orange and lemon juice, chill. Serve each glass topped with an orange slice, pinch chopped mint, and ice cubes.

TOMATO-PINEAPPLE COCKTAIL

Three cups tomato juice, 3 cups pineapple juice, 3 teaspoons sugar, salt and pepper to taste, chopped mint.

Combine all ingredients except mint, chill. Fill into cocktail glasses, top with chopped mint.

PINEAPPLE GINGER ALE

Two tins pineapple juice (or 2 pints), 1 pint ginger ale, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely diced preserved ginger.

Combine pineapple juice and diced ginger. Chill. Add ginger ale just before serving. Drop one or two ice-cubes or a spoonful of whipped cream into each glass.

LET'S DO THE CHA CHA

● It's Princess Alexandra's favorite dance—
it's easy, it's fun, it's the CHA CHA.

If you can't do it you'd better learn, but fast, for you'll find yourself the last with the latest. Absolutely everybody's doing it, cha cha cha.

All the old songs are coming back in, this time with a cha-cha beat.

Progressive hosts and hostesses put on a cha cha at every party and dance now; and who wants to be left hugging the wall? It's better to get out on the floor and show the others how.

Turn on the radio—nearly every station is hep to the cha cha beat—and listen to the music.

The cha cha has a beat of five steps—the last three are the cha cha cha and are always the same.

The basic steps are danced half forward and half back, both dancers moving in the same direction.

Start off facing each other in a dance position with feet together.

BASIC STEPS



A. TAKE A STEP



B. MOVE WEIGHT BACK



C. SMALL STEP TO SIDE

First the **BACKWARD HALF OF THE BASIC** (the girl does this while the boy does the forward half.)

A.—Step back on right foot. B.—Replace weight forward on to left foot. C.—Small step to side with right foot (cha); half close left foot to right foot (cha); small step to right with right foot (cha).

Now the **FORWARD HALF OF THE BASIC**, which the girl does while her partner does the backward half. (In our illustrations of the basic steps, the boy is doing the forward half.)

A.—Step forward on left foot. B.—Replace weight back on right foot. C.—Small step to side with left foot (cha); half close right foot to left foot (cha); small step to left with left foot (cha).

You can see that you don't move round very much, dancing mainly on the same spot.

Crossover step

The Crossover variation is the easiest of all to learn, and looks pretty professional.

Do one complete basic—each going forward and back once. Now for the variation:

In the second half of the basic (while he's going back and she's dancing forward), the girl drops her hand from the boy's shoulder, he removes his hand from her waist, and they open out.

Holding inside hands they both face slightly out with feet almost in a straight line.

They both step forward on the inside foot—the girl on her right and the boy on his left; replace weight back on outside foot—girl's left, boy's right; and step cha, cha, cha, turning in to face each other, changing hands at the same time.

Now they're facing in the opposite direction, holding inside hands again (this time the girl's left hand and the boy's right).

Step forward on inside foot, replace weight back on outside foot; and dance cha cha cha to face partner, change hands, and face in opposite direction.

At this stage you can go back to the basic or keep on doing the variation.

"Fan" variation

For really keen dancers, here's another variation, the Fan, which is a little trickier.

The boy dances the forward basic, the girl the backward basic; the boy begins the backward basic, while the girl steps forward on her left foot; then steps to the right with her right foot and turns her body slightly to the left (now his left hand and her right hand are joined, having dropped the other two at the end of the first half of the basic); she dances cha cha cha with him and faces side on to him.

The boy keeps on repeating the forward and back basic steps, while the girl crosses right foot behind left; steps forward on left foot; and steps forward cha cha cha to face partner.



MASTER the basic steps, then try this variation, the "Fan," which is a little more difficult.

Then she turns under the boy's upraised arm, first on left, then on right foot, and dances cha cha cha to face him again and go back to dance position.

They repeat the forward and back basic and go through the Fan variation again.

(We had our cha cha lesson at Segars Dorchester, Sydney.)

Here are two more BRAIN TWIZZLERS

THIS is a little story about a farmer's daughter.

She was seen about sundown one evening by two city slickers who were driving along the highway towards town.

Being city slickers, they immediately saw the possibility of a wager, so one bet that the bucket of milk, which the girl was carrying away from the cows, was more than half full, while the other bet that it was less than half full.

They stopped and hailed the girl. She stopped, and they explained the wager to her, and she set the bucket down.

Then the argument



started because the level of the milk was close enough to the half-full point to be debatable.

Finally one of the men thought of a way to measure it at least satisfactorily for their wager without any measuring stick or other instrument. Could you have thought of a way?

IT seems to be a fact that the great majority of racketeers are ignorant, though often clever, men.

However, there was one who strained his mind sufficiently to save himself after he had incurred the wrath of his boss. During the gangland "ride" days this man had failed to carry out orders, and the boss intended to put him out of the way.

The man had done clever work, and as a reward the boss offered to let him choose the manner of his death. The one harassing requirement was that he decide within five minutes.

At the end of four min-



utes the man stated his decision, and it was a manner of dying that forestalled a violent death and gave him new hope. It surprised the boss so that it struck his sense of humor and he stuck to his word.

What do you think the man chose, and what would you have chosen?

The answers to last week's Twizzlers are:

- The four parts of 45 which give 10 when treated as specified are 8, 12, 5, and 20.
- The radius BC is five inches. After all, BD must be the same length as EF, which is five inches, and BD is a radius of the circle, the same as BC.

LOVE STORY

MARRY-GO-ROUND

I was a dancer in the chorus of "Marry-Go-Round," which was supposed to be a colossal, sizzling top musical but really was an all-time floperoo. Part of the trouble was Theresa Gray, the singing star of the show . . . some of it was Rex Fergus, the musical director . . .

PUT THE TWO OF THEM TOGETHER AND YOU HAD... TROUBLE!



I'M GLAD I'M A GIRL (says CAROL TATTERSFIELD)

● Jilted. I felt quite jilted. Why DIDN'T Brian ring when he said he would?

WHY should I be sitting at home—miserable and mopey on a Saturday night, just because a stupid chap said he'd ring up and he hasn't? I WISH I was a boy.

Thoughts of the injustice of it all—of the having to sit back and wait were swirling up and up and up. So I just crumpled up and cried, my mind a complete and bitter blank. Crumbs, it did you good to cry. Such release. Silly old Brian. Now if I'd jilted him and accepted another invitation tonight he'd be pretty hurt, but he couldn't cry and feel better. Only girls can.

I was enjoying this. It was suddenly quite good to be a girl. I was glad—even if my grandparents had been disappointed and Mum and Dad had had to change the first-born's name from the named Charles to an unpremeditated Carol.

Having to wear blue clothes instead of pink as a baby hadn't killed me with mortification.

School was pretty ghastly though for a girl. But then school must have been ghastly if I'd been a boy.

And there's one thing—Mum and Dad didn't really care if I didn't get my exams. After all, it wasn't a matter of life and death to pass, the way it was for Jim and David, my younger brothers.

It was enough just to help in the house—and that was fun—learning to cook, learning how to meet people and be entertaining. Those little things were far too frivolous for the boys to take much notice of. Everything is serious for them—character building.

But perhaps, with all that single-mindedness in their youth, boys couldn't really absorb as much as a girl could.

She has a much wider view of everything around, 'cause she can just stop and drift and stare, without pressing on too earnestly.

Being a girl you didn't seem to have to make so many big decisions. You could be more natural and act just as you felt. You're a girl. The weaker sex. Mind you, there was a certain amount of responsibility in your life.

Nice responsibility, though. Things like keeping your household running smoothly, keeping your husband happy—if I ever got one—and rearing children. Not dry old responsibility like buying houses, insurance policies, and always having to earn money.

I can keep all my money for myself. I pay Mum board, of course, but the rest I can spend on clothes. Yum. Wouldn't it be awful to be a boy and miss out on designing your clothes and painting your nails and changing your hair style.

Hub! I wasn't having much fun at the moment, just sitting here musing while ALL the other girls were out on a Saturday night.

Lordy! Was that the telephone? Well, I'd let it ring a bit longer, so that Brian'd think I'd gone out—or just think I didn't care.

"Hello, Carol," said Brian. "What are you doing? I've got seats for that picture you wanted to see. We'll just make it by half-time."

"Actually, I've got a super book. I was just going to bed," I said, wondering what on earth I'd wear to the pictures.

"Come on! I'll be round in a quarter of an hour," said Brian.

"O.K.," I said (nonchalantly, I hope).

I know; I'd wear that marvellous new jumper. Oh, I WAS glad I'm a girl.

... But this GUY'S GLAD HE'S A LAD

● I'm glad I'm a BOY (and I hope my girls are, too!)

I KNOW we're always smugly told that (a) It's a Woman's World, (b) Women Wear the Pants, and (c) Women are Really the Stronger Sex.

But for all this sort of proper gender propaganda, I'll stay as sweet as I am, thank you.

For it's truly not as simple as (a) (b) (c).

Why am I buoyant about my boyhood? Well, I'll tell you... by answering some of the points in favor of girlhood mentioned by my charming opposite number on this page.

First, she boasts that girls' ability to cry gives them the laugh-on boys.

I don't see (red) eye to eye with her on that. No, sir! I can think of few things worse than having hot, salty tears streaking my after-shave lotion (or whatever I'd smear if I was a dear!).

And, as for it being a nerve-soother, from what I've seen it's exactly the opposite. A girl has a boo-hoo, and what happens? She gets in a bigger mess of nerves than ever when she tries to do a quick repair job!

Anyway, crying—the way girls do it—is phonier than a trunk-line call. Anything that can be turned on at will, like their weeping, is, must be.

Learning cooking is put up as another reason why a boy might wish that the Adam in him could be given the old EVE-ho!

Well, all I can say is that if the burnt offerings some girls have made for me with their own dainty hands are any indication, then learning to cook must be a gruesome business!

Then girls are supposed to have a "wider view" of things. This is really

just a way of saying that girls have trouble keeping their grasshopper minds on a set subject. Remember the old saying, "Jill of all trades, master of none."

Housekeeping and rearing children are put up as two other things that boys miss out on.

Well, they make me REALLY glad I'm a lad!

For housekeeping is purely menial work beneath blokes' ability and dignity. The reason girls take it on is because it is one of the few jobs they can handle.

And their vaunted delight in children (bearing and caring) is more tongue-in-cheek swaddle-twaddle.

It's just another instance of girls trying to convince themselves that a job no boy would have on, even if he could, is a glamorous career.

"Wouldn't it be awful to miss out on designing clothes, painting nails, and changing hairstyles?" crows my cute colleague.

No. Emphatically. Crumbs, I think it's yummy that I don't have seasonal ups-and-downs with my trouser cuffs like girls do with their hems, and the hours every week a girl spends painting her nails I can spend painting the town.

And even though my hair mightn't make the fashion headlines, at least my friends RECOGNISE me after I've been to the hairdresser!

So, I'm glad I'm a boy.

Partly for all the reasons I've mentioned, but mainly because it means I can go out with girls!

For even though I wouldn't like to be one I think they're terrific...

—Robin Adair

Points of Etiquette

● Are you a "yes-girl"? Do you agree with any suggestion—as long as it's made by somebody else?

WHEN HE says: "What'll we do tonight?" do you always say: "I don't mind."

Well don't. Wake up to yourself—or he soon will.

Nothing will bore a bloke more than a girl (no matter how pretty)

who apparently can't open her mouth.

Forget all that jazz about agreeing with ALL his ideas—this really doesn't flatter him a bit.

He'll like you to say: "There's a beaut picture on at the local. Let's go there," instead of his

suggesting it and you agreeing with a quiet little, "All right."

When he asks for your opinion, have one of your own to offer.

And unless he's got too many opinions of his own, he'll have an even better opinion of you.



JOHNNIE RAY

● Johnnie Ray — the Prince of Wails, Mr. Emotion, the "Cry" baby — is due in Australia for another series of Big Shows.

HE said once, "No other country has given me the reception that Australia has; audiences here are much warmer than they are in the States.

"People here seem to think I belong to them and that's fine. I'll keep on coming back as long as the Australian people want me."

So Johnnie's due in on his fourth visit. And Australia's never seen a showman quite like him.

He has astonishing magnetism. His voice was once described as a "bath plug giving an imitation of Ezio Pinza." He's pale, thin, and boyish.

He makes jokes (not very good) and he uses up a remarkable amount of energy leaping round the stage crying and singing and yelling and crooning into the microphone.

But the audiences love it.

Johnnie's explanation? "Perhaps it's because I like them. If you like people and you show it, they are quick to respond — everybody wants to be liked."

Johnnie's career began when he was 17. He sang at church socials.

Then he went on an amateur radio show in Portland (Jane Powell was on the same programme) — and that made him decide to go to Hollywood.

There he worked as a drug-store attendant, a bell-hop, a singing waiter. Finally, Bernie Lang (who later became his manager) heard him singing in a small nightclub. That was in 1951.

Bernie persuaded Johnnie to make a couple of records.

The first one was "Whisky and Gin." The second was the fabulous "Cry." It sold in millions and Johnnie wept on from record to record.

Now, according to Australian fan-club president Joan Hull, Johnnie has largely abandoned this style that first brought him fame and (a respectable) fortune.

"You don't hear him now on the hit parades because all the kids are buying rock-'n-roll," she said.

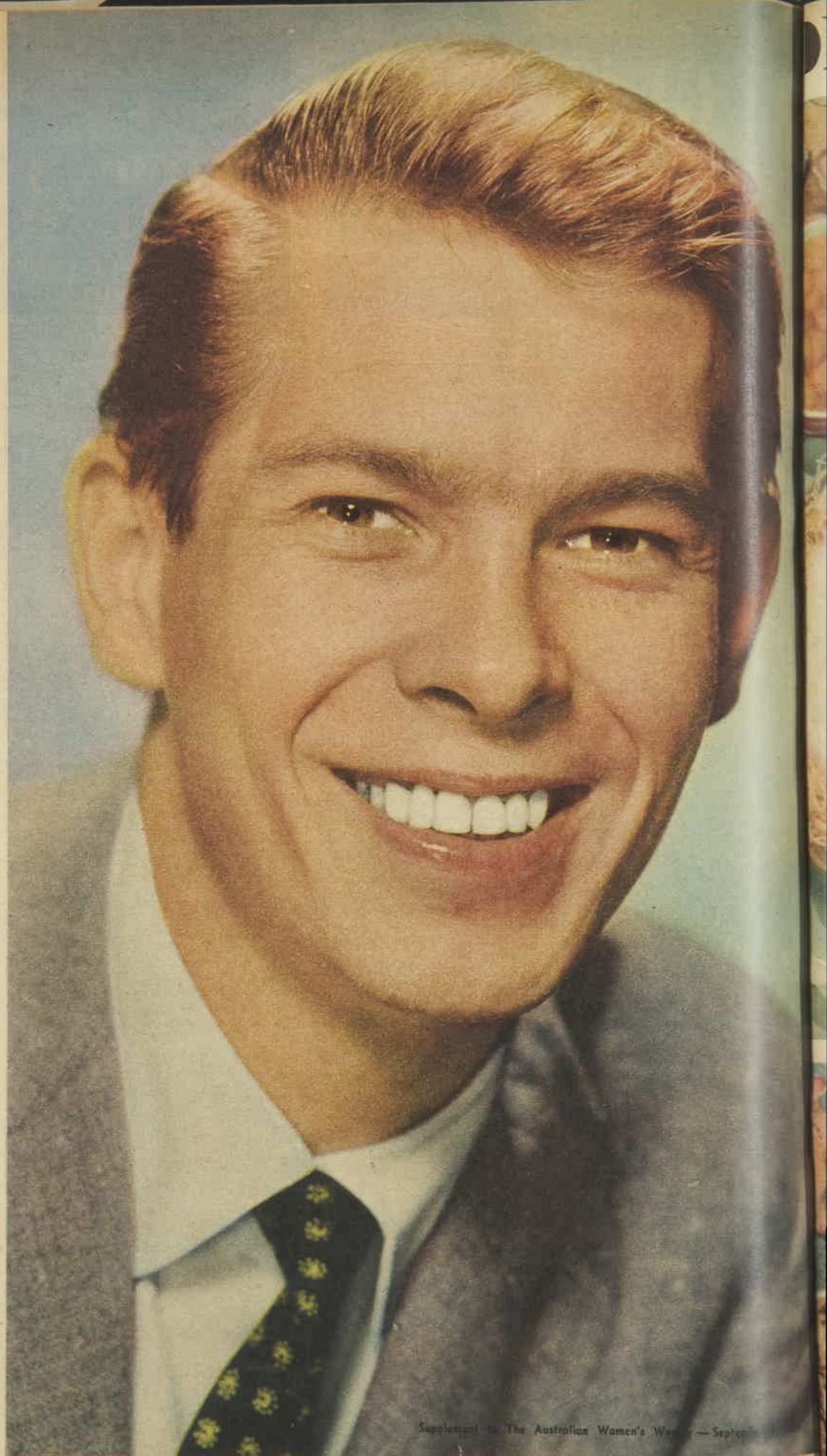
"Johnnie can sing rock-'n-roll — he was the first to record a rock-'n-roll record — but he prefers singing other songs.

"Now he just gets up and does straight singing — except for 'Such a Night' and 'Cry.' But he isn't really crying these days; it's just perspiration dripping off him.

"He's doing very well in night-clubs. He's just finished a big show in the Latin Quarter."

She sighed. "It'll be wonderful to see him again," she said.

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Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — September

DINNERS . . .



HUNG YUN CHAR, or sweet-almond tea, makes a perfect finish to this meal of *Gwah Jay Chow Kno Yuk* — beef slices cooked with chokos.

DOONG GOO MUN BARK GWOH

(Braised Mushrooms and Lotus Buds)

Dried mushrooms, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lotus buds (tinned), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pork, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon sugar, 3 tablespoons soy sauce, cornflour, little brandy.

Soak mushrooms in hot water 20 minutes, rinse and soak further 10 minutes in clean water. Cube pork, season with soy sauce, sugar, brandy, salt and pepper; place in saucepan with water to cover. Add mushrooms and the water they were soaked in. Simmer until mushrooms are soft, add lotus buds. (Make sure the water does not evaporate, and keep adding a little water until all ingredients are cooked). Make gravy with this water by blending cornflour with little warm water and soy sauce. Add to water, simmer until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour over mushrooms. Do not serve pork, which is used only to give flavor to the dish.

KNO YUK SATEE

(Steak on Skewers)

Half pound lean steak, 1 tablespoon oil, 2 tablespoons soy sauce, 1 tablespoon sesame seeds, 1 clove garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. green ginger minced finely or 1 small onion minced.

Cut steak into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cubes, soak in oil, soy sauce, minced ginger or onion, and crushed garlic. Roast sesame seeds in dry pan (they will jump everywhere). Add to steak and soak for 1 hour. Remove meat, thread on skewers. Place under hot grill and cook until meat is tender, turning skewers frequently. Season with salt and pepper before serving.

CHAR SUE

(Roast Tenderloin of Pork)

Pork tenderloin, 2 teaspoons sugar, 2 teaspoons honey, 3 teaspoons soy sauce, salt, 1 teaspoon Chinese spice.

Combine sugar, honey, soy sauce, salt, and Chinese spice. Rub on pork and let stand 1 to 2 hours. Place on tripod in baking-dish, roast in moderate oven until tender or cook over charcoal fire, allowing approximately 30 minutes per pound of pork.

SIEU ARP

(Roast Duck)

One young duck (about 3 to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soy sauce, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 2 teaspoons brown sugar, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 teaspoon Chinese spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. green ginger, few green onions cut in $\frac{1}{4}$ in. lengths, vegetable oil.

Mix soy sauce, cinnamon, brown sugar, garlic, and spice in bowl. With the piece of ginger, rub the mixture all over outside and inside of duck. Let stand 20 minutes. Roast in moderate oven about 1 hour, basting with little oil each 15 minutes. Serve cut in sections. Make sauce with juice left in pan and chopped green onions.

JEE YUK CHOW WUN YEE is made of pork and celery pieces combined with dried fungi and served with simple basic-style fried rice.



HUNG YUN CHAR

(Almond Tea)

Half-cup ground almonds, 1 tablespoon cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk, 3 cups water.

Combine ground almonds, cornflour, and sugar in saucepan. Add milk and water very gradually. Bring to boil, stirring constantly; simmer 10 minutes. Serve hot.

HUNG YUN BEANG

(Almond Cookies)

Three cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. shortening, 1 teaspoon salt, almonds, red coloring.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Cream shortening with sugar until fluffy; add beaten egg and almond essence gradually. Add sifted dry ingredients to creamed mixture

and mix to a firm dough. Roll into balls with floured hands and place $\frac{1}{2}$ in. apart on greased tray. Place almond on top of each cookie, glaze with slightly beaten egg (or indent top with end of chopstick dipped in red coloring). Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

JEI MAR BEANG

(Sesame Cookies)

Two cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. softened margarine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, sesame seeds, extra 1 egg.

Sift flour and baking powder, make hollow in centre, mix in sugar, then egg and margarine. Knead into a dough. Divide mixture in halves, form in rolls $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter. Cut off $\frac{1}{2}$ in. pieces, flatten, glaze with egg-yolk. Cover with sesame seeds, brush tops with egg-white. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes.



DUK BIT CHOW FARN is the popular fried rice, shown above with a garnish of Chinese parsley and cooked prawns. See recipe.

amous Mrs.

Ella-Mei Wong
says:—

"For the best results in your Chinese cooking you must use only a genuine maize cornflour!"



and the only genuine
maize cornflours that
are specially triple-
refined for smoother
cooking and
guaranteed free
from wheat are:



in all other States



in N.S.W.

in Queensland

Recipes based on chicken, duck

Chinese Cookery

● Flavor combinations are an important item in Chinese cookery. Only those foods that complement each other are used in one dish.

GAI YUN JARP SUEY (Giblet Chop Suey)

Half pound mixed giblets, 3 or 4 celery sticks, 1 onion (cut in rings), 1 red pepper, 4 dried mushrooms, 2 teaspoons soy sauce, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon ginger juice, 1 teaspoon sugar, vegetable oil, 1 tablespoon cornflour.

Soak mushrooms in hot water 20 minutes. Rinse and squeeze dry. Soak giblets in salt water for 15 minutes, wash and drain. Slice and season with soy sauce, ginger juice, sugar, salt, pepper. Let stand 15 minutes. Heat pan, add little oil, saute onion. When soft, add celery, red pepper (cut in squares), mushrooms (cut in quarters); saute 1 minute. Remove and keep hot. Clean pan, reheat, add oil and pinch salt; when hot add giblets and brown. Combine with onion, celery, red pepper, and mushrooms; mix well. Make paste with cornflour and warm water, add to mixture. Cook 3 or 4 minutes, stir frequently. Serve with rice.

SEE YO GAI (Soy Sauce Chicken)

One young chicken about 3lb., ½ cup soy sauce, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1½ cups water, 1 teaspoon honey, 1 knob green ginger, 1 clove garlic.

Put soy sauce, honey, sugar, garlic, ginger, water in large saucepan and bring to boil, lower heat. Add whole chicken and simmer 30 to 40 minutes. Remove chicken and cut in pieces, arrange on platter. Serve with a mixture of mustard and sesame oil.

YEE MAI GAI (Roast Chicken with Barley Stuffing)

One chicken about 3½lb., 6 water chestnuts (chopped), 1 rasher bacon, ½ cup barley, salt, pepper, lin. green ginger, 3 tablespoons vegetable oil, 1 onion (chopped), 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 teaspoon salt.

Wash and cook barley for 10 minutes in boiling water; strain. Heat 1 tablespoon oil in pan, add onion, chopped liver and gizzard from chicken, chopped bacon, barley and chestnuts. Mix soy sauce with salt and green ginger, rub over chicken. Stuff chicken with prepared mixture, fasten with skewers. Roast in moderate oven for 1½ hours. Baste every ½ hour with oil.

LOOT JEE ARP (Chestnut Duck)

One duck about 3lb., 3 to 4 dried mushrooms, 10 water chestnuts, lin. green ginger, 1 clove garlic, 2 tablespoons soy sauce, salt, pepper, pieces of green onions chopped in ½ in. lengths, vegetable oil.

Soak mushrooms for 20 minutes in hot water, clean, and squeeze dry. Chop duck in segments and mix with green ginger, garlic, soy sauce, salt, and pepper. Stand 30 minutes. Put 2 tablespoons oil in deep pan, when hot add mushrooms;

cook lightly. Add duck and brown. Add sliced chestnuts and water, simmer 40 minutes. Before serving add onions.

GAJ JOOK

(Rice Congee with Chicken)

Two and a half cups rice, 1 chicken, 2½ cups water, 5 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon flavor improver, pepper, soy sauce, 1 lettuce (shredded).

Bring rice and water to boil in large saucepan, add whole chicken and flavor improver, simmer 1½ hours. Remove chicken and take meat from bones, shred finely. Return shredded meat to saucepan, season with salt, pepper, and soy sauce; reheat. Mix well and serve with shredded lettuce.

(More poultry recipes on page 45)

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7/9

R257

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More meat recipes

● Chinese cooks very rarely prepare food by boiling it. Instead the food is roasted, stewed, braised, or fried quickly at a high temperature.

JEE YUK CHOW CHOY SUM

(Pork and Broccoli)

Half pound pork, 1 stalk broccoli, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 3 tablespoons oil, 1 teaspoon ginger juice.

Slice pork, season with soy sauce, sugar, ginger juice, salt and pepper. Cut flowerets of broccoli crosswise. Peel broccoli stalk and slice crosswise. Parboil 5 minutes; drain. Heat pan, add oil and saute broccoli until nearly cooked. Clean pan, heat; add 2 tablespoons oil; add pork and seasonings; saute until cooked. Add broccoli and thicken sauce with cornflour and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup warm water. Mix well and cook further 1 minute.

SEE YOO YUR SEE

(Soy Steak Supreme)

One pound minced steak, 2 tablespoons soy sauce, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons wine or sherry, 1 teaspoon ginger juice, salt and pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons oil or lard, 1 onion (chopped finely), 1 clove garlic, 1 cup cooked green peas and juice.

Stand minced steak in mixture of soy sauce, sugar, wine, ginger juice, salt and pepper for 15 minutes. Heat pan, add half the oil and garlic; brown well, remove garlic. Add onion and cook until soft; remove to plate. Heat remaining oil, add steak, cook until meat changes color, add prepared onion, cooked peas and pea juice. Mix well, cover and simmer 5 minutes.

SATEE JEE YUK

(Sate with Pork)

Half pound pork, pinch cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated nuts or peanut butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch chilli powder, soy sauce, oil.

Make paste of grated nuts, salt, chilli powder, and cinnamon. Moisten with soy sauce. Cube pork into 1in. squares, rub with paste, and pound in with rolling-pin. Stand 15 minutes. Cook under griller, baste with oil.

YEUNG YUK CHOW HOE TOE

(Veal with Walnuts)

Half pound veal, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup walnuts (blanched), 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 clove garlic, 1 inch ginger (crushed), salt, pepper, 2 sticks celery.

Heat pan, add oil, garlic, and ginger, brown well, remove. Saute celery, which has been cut crosswise, for 1 minute; remove. Saute walnuts and a little salt for 1 minute; remove. Clean pan, reheat, add oil, pinch salt, and veal. When nearly cooked, add celery and walnuts, mix well. Serve with sauce.

Sauce: One tablespoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon wine or sherry, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon oyster sauce, 1 cup water.

Blend cornflour with water and add oyster sauce, wine, salt, and pepper. Simmer, stirring frequently.

KNO YUK BEANG JENG LOO SUN

(Steamed Steak and Asparagus Tips)

Half pound minced steak, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar, salt, pepper, 1 inch green ginger (crushed), 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 small tin asparagus spears, 1 teaspoon oil.

Place minced steak in a bowl, soak in mixture of soy sauce, sugar, salt, pepper, crushed ginger, and cornflour. Let stand 20 minutes. Heat enough water in a pan so it comes halfway up the side of the bowl. When water is boiling, place in bowl of steak and pour the oil on top. Place lid on saucepan and steam both about 20 minutes. Add 2 tablespoons asparagus liquid and the asparagus spears.

JENG KNO YUK

(Steamed Meat Slices)

Half pound steak, 1 large tomato (sliced), 1 green pepper (sliced), 1in. ginger, 1 clove garlic, 2 teaspoons sugar, salt, pepper, 2 teaspoons soy sauce, little cornflour.

Slice steak and mix with salt, pepper, soy sauce, cornflour; place in shallow bowl. Shred ginger finely, crush garlic, add both to bowl. Cover bowl, place in boiling water and steam 15 minutes or until meat is tender. Add tomatoes and green pepper slices; simmer further 15 minutes.

DON DARN

(Steamed Eggs with Steak)

Four eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced steak, 1 small onion, milk, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 teaspoons oil, 1 teaspoon sesame oil.

Beat eggs, measure and combine with same amount of milk. Season with salt and pepper. Heat pan, add oil and lightly fry onion, add steak and season with sugar, salt, pepper, and soy sauce. Cook until meat changes color. Combine with eggs and milk; steam about 20 minutes. Add sesame oil and soy sauce.

FAW TOY MUN SEE JAY

(Bacon and Potato Purée)

Half pound, bacon (chopped), 1lb. potatoes, 1 cup tomato purée or sliced tomatoes, salt and pepper to taste, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon oil or butter.

Cut onion in sections, cook gently in oil or butter. Add bacon, cook 1 minute. Slice potatoes in rounds, brown in same pan. Add tomato purée, salt, and pepper, simmer 20 minutes until potatoes are soft. If using tomatoes, slice and add a little sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water and simmer. Garnish with chopped green onions and serve over hot rice.

Chinese Cookery



ANOTHER VERSION of the popular Chinese dish Chow Mein—this one features pork. See Gai Chow Mein recipe on page 40.

KNO YUK CHOW YEAH CHOY

(Beef Shreds and Cabbage)

Half pound beef, cabbage, 1in. ginger, salt, pepper, 1 clove garlic, 2 teaspoons soy sauce, 2 teaspoons cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock, oil or lard, 2 teaspoons sugar.

Shred beef, mix with salt, pepper, and soy sauce; let stand 15 minutes. Heat pan, add little oil, garlic, and gin-

ger; brown lightly. Add cabbage which has been washed and shredded, sprinkle with salt and sugar. Add a little water and put lid on pan for 2 to 3 minutes (do not stir). Remove lid and saute cabbage on plate. Clean pan. Heat, add little oil and water, hot add beef; brown well. Turn cabbage. Blend cornflour with stock, add to pan and cook further 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Serve hot.

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PRIZE RECIPES

Almond flavored, macaroon-topped cookies win the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

VARY the flavor of the prize-winning biscuits by using apricot, peach, or plum jam instead of raspberry. Sherry can also replace the rum used in this recipe if desired.

Budget-minded housewives will appreciate the consolation prize recipe, rolled stuffed beef, which uses one of the least expensive cuts of beef to make an appetizing dinner dish.

Spoon measurements are level.

ALMOND ROUGHS

Six ounces plain flour, pinch salt, ½ oz. butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg-yolk, ½ cup water.

Topping: Two ounces ground almonds, 2oz. coconut, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg-white, 1 teaspoon rum, 1 dessertspoon milk, raspberry jam.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in shortening; add sugar. Beat egg-yolk with water, add dry ingredients, mix to a firm dough. Knead lightly on floured board, roll out to 1-in. thickness. Cut into rounds with 1½ in. pastry-cutter. Place on greased oven-tray. Prepare topping.

Combine ground almonds, coconut, and sugar. Beat egg-white slightly, add rum and milk. Add to almond mixture; mix well. Spoon on to biscuit rounds, making a slight depression in centre of each, dot with a little jam. Bake in moderate

oven 15 minutes. Remove from trays, cool on cake-cooler.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. O. Lawson, Town Hall, Launceston, Tas.

ROLLED STUFFED BEEF

Two small shins yearling beef, ½ cup vinegar, 2 sheep's kidneys, 2 rashers bacon (rind removed), 1 finely chopped onion, ½ teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 tablespoon chopped celery or chopped parsley, 1½ cups breadcrumbs, ½ diced apple, salt and pepper to taste, 1 egg, fat or oil for frying, 1 cup hot water.

Ask butcher to cut meat from shins in one piece. Trim off any excess fat or gristle. Arrange meat on flat dish, pour vinegar over and allow to stand 1 hour, turning occasionally. Lift out, pat dry with kitchen paper. Prepare stuffing. Skin and chop kidneys, chop bacon, place in bowl. Add onion, herbs, celery, breadcrumbs, apple, and season with salt and pepper; bind with beaten egg. Spread half the mixture over each shin, roll up, secure with string or coarse cotton. Brown on all sides in heated oil. Lift out, arrange in deep ovenware dish. Add hot water; cover and bake in moderate oven 2 hours or until meat is tender. Remove from dish, untie and serve with creamed potatoes, green peas, and carrots.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Thomson, 18 Wigram Road, Austinmer, N.S.W.



ALMOND ROUGHS make a dainty and tempting treat at either morning or afternoon teas. See recipe on this page.

Baby's bath can be fun

By Sister Mary Jacob, Our Mothercraft Nurse

BATH-TIME should also be exercise time for baby, when he can develop strong limbs by kicking and splashing.

He soon outgrows the baby's plastic or enamel bath of the usual size, and it is then no longer comfortable.

As soon as his muscles have become strong enough to allow him to hold up his head and shoulders himself, he should be bathed in the big family bath, which is well filled with tepid water.

There are many advantages in using a deep bath for baby after he is aged from three to four months. His body is completely covered by the water, so there is less risk of a chill. The mother supports his body, but his limbs are free (although supported by the water), and he can strike out lustily.

A floating ball or other toy placed just out of his reach, so he will stretch out arms and legs in an endeavor to reach it, will provide wonderful exercise for his muscles as well as fun.

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Gemey complexion tones match wonderfully with Holograf Pearl Mist nylons.

CHINESE POULTRY DISHES, continued from page 42

DAH BIN LOO

(Chinese Chafing Dish)

One chicken (2 to 3lb.), salt, 1 bundle long rice, 2 or 3 types of vegetables (such as Chinese cabbage, celery, lettuce, green onions), 1 raw egg per person, 1 tablespoon soy sauce.

Place long rice in boiling water until soft, drain and set aside. Cook chicken in water with soy sauce and salt to taste. Lift out, cool chicken slightly, slice thin pieces from the breast. Return chicken to stock, set slices aside. Cut vegetables into 1 in. lengths, set aside.

Pour required amount of chicken stock into chafing-dish bowl. Arrange long rice, chicken slices, and vegetables in separate sections on large plat-

ter. Place chafing-dish and platter in centre of table. Break an egg into each of required number of bowls, set bowl in front of each person.

Method of eating: Each person selects pieces of food and holds it with chopsticks in the boiling chicken stock until it is cooked or heated. The food is then transferred to individual bowls, where it is dipped in the raw egg to cool slightly before being eaten with another set of chopsticks.

Separate bowls of plain boiled rice, sliced ginger, soy sauce, chutney, and pickles are placed on the table as extra accompaniments if desired.

Wafer-thin slices of steak or fish can be served with the chicken or can replace it as a variation.

CHENG YOOK GAI

(Chicken and Jade)

One chicken about 3lb., 1 bunch broccoli, 1 tablespoon cornflour, salt, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 in. green ginger, 2 slices cooked ham.

Cut up broccoli tops, peel and slice stalks in oblong pieces. Cook in boiling water with salt and sugar added. Bring chicken to boil with green ginger and simmer 20 minutes, drain. Reserve stock. Slice chicken finely and arrange on platter with pieces of ham and surround with broccoli. Thicken reserved stock with blended cornflour, add soy sauce and salt. Pour over chicken.

25 back-to-school lunch and playtime specials from KRAFT

Easy-to-follow sandwich ideas with flavour kiddies love... nourishment they need



School-bell special sandwich . . . golden slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese, topped with sliced tomato and onion.



"Young Aussie" Ideal Lunch . . . three slices of buttered wholemeal bread, 1 oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, ½ pint milk, and an apple or orange.

Keep these suggestions handy
they'll help you right through the term.

Interesting lunch-box ideas that are "different"

- A cooked chop with a tomato, a 1-oz. portion of Kraft Cheddar Cheese and a few buttered crackers.
- A hard-boiled egg, lettuce and slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese. A peanut butter sandwich and an apple.
- A packet of peanuts, a few sultanas, a 1-oz. portion of Kraft Cheddar Cheese and a buttered scone.
- Wash lettuce and pack in a plastic container with a few carrot sticks. Wrap separately a buttered bread roll and a 1-oz. portion Kraft Cheddar Cheese.
- Pack diced Kraft Cheddar Cheese, a few celery sticks and a bacon sandwich.



For a change . . . pack bread and butter sandwiches, a 1-oz. portion of Kraft Cheddar Cheese and a 1-oz. portion of Kraft Cheese and Bacon.



"Bunwich" . . . cover lower half of buttered roll with Kraft Mayonnaise, a lettuce leaf, and slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese and hard-boiled egg. Season to taste, and replace top of roll.



Colourful cheese 'n' carrot sandwich . . . filled deliciously with grated carrot, covered with crisp lettuce, and topped with golden slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese.



Savoury celery . . . combine 4 oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded, with 1 dessertspoon milk. Season to taste. Fill 2 celery stalks and cut into 2-inch lengths. Pack a Vegemite sandwich, too.

Quick-and-easy sandwich fillings

- Slices Kraft Cheddar Cheese and asparagus.
- Shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese and cooked mashed pumpkin.
- Slices Kraft Cheddar Cheese and peanut butter.
- Slices Kraft Cheddar Cheese, Kraft Mayonnaise, tuna and lettuce.
- Slices Kraft Cheddar Cheese, cucumber and chopped mint.
- Slices Kraft Cheddar Cheese, chopped celery and onion.
- Slices Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded cabbage and Kraft Mayonnaise.
- Slices Kraft Cheddar Cheese, Kraft Wham and pickle.
- Slices Kraft Cheddar Cheese, radish and beetroot.

Tasty fillings to make up the night before

- Combine 2 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded, 1 dessertspoon Kraft Sandwich Relish, 2 tablespoons drained, flaked tuna and pinch salt and cayenne pepper.
- Combine 2 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded, ½ cup finely chopped pork sausage, 1 dessertspoon Kraft Mayonnaise, pinch salt and pepper.
- Combine 2 hard-boiled eggs, chopped, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded, 1 dessertspoon Vegemite mixed with 1 dessertspoon milk and pinch salt and cayenne pepper.
- Combine 2 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded, 1 dessertspoon chopped spring onion, 1 rasher cooked, crumbled bacon and pinch cayenne pepper.
- Combine: 2 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded; 2 tablespoons Kraft Wham; and a little tomato sauce.

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The plan can be bought at any of our Home Planning Centres. See panel at right.

Because building costs vary considerably in the different States, readers are invited to consult their local Home Planning Centre for information on the estimated cost of building this home in their district.

As a general guide the cost would be approximately £3150 to £3350 in timber or fibro and £4675 in brick.

Although there is a wide range of standard plans on sale at the Centres, many readers have definite ideas of their own and prefer a plan specially drawn for them. The fee for this special service is £1/1/- per square, based on total area, with a minimum fee of £10/10/-. A deposit of £7 is requested on the order.

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Readers can use any of our designs as the basis for their own individually prepared plans. You can select features of several designs, add ideas of your own, and we will advise and prepare the new drawings for you.

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows good appearance of Home Plan No. 685.

Our Centres

THE plan shown on this page can be bought for £9/9/- per full set (five copies of plan and three copies of the specification) from any of our Home Planning Centres.

Addresses of the Centres, which have been established in conjunction with leading stores, are:

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Fridays and Saturdays only.

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WHAT SCIENCE SAYS: Specialists conclude very many hair troubles stem from the incomplete cleanliness of hair and scalp. Dust, grime and dandruff form a deposit which tends to block hair follicles and can prevent the flow of natural scalp oils. In extreme cases the deposit is visible (as dandruff), though it's often in the hair without being seen!

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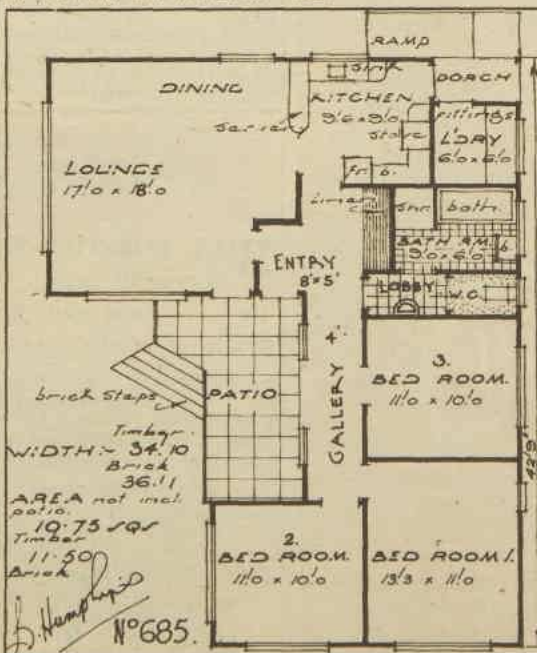
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LIB18

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 9, 1959



FLOOR PLAN is practical. A room-divider instead of a wall encloses the kitchen and doubles as a servery bar. Bathroom adjoins separate unit containing lavatory and additional hand-basin.



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Continuing . . .

THE DEADLY TRAVELLERS

(from page 18)

Then the two of you should get on very well."

"Indeed we will," Kate said cheerfully.

She got up to go. The limp hand came out again. But this time, to her surprise, it clung to hers with surprising strength. It was cold and a little damp. It was, strangely enough, like the hand of a person who was afraid.

Mrs. Peebles had to be told, of course. Apart from her grudging but fairly accurate delivery of telephone messages, she liked to know what Kate was up to. Since all Kate's visitors had to come through the front door and negotiate the stairs to the basement they had to endure the sharp surveillance of Mrs. Peebles, and this was another source of interest for that lady, who was frank and uninhibited in her comments.

Of William, surprisingly enough, she approved, which was rather boring. Kate felt that a few wispish comments from Mrs. Peebles would have made her fly hotly to William's defence, and perhaps have made her fall in love with him.

As it was, they disagreed about almost everything, from the latest play to the color of William's tie. William was slow in his movements and untidy and forgetful, and appallingly frank about either Kate's work, her appearance, or her behaviour. Perhaps it was this quality of outspokenness that drew Mrs. Peebles and William together. Whatever it was, Kate suddenly felt enormously relieved at the thought of escaping, for a brief time, from both of them.

MRS. PEEBLES was sharp, small, and spry. At the sound of the front door closing she appeared immediately.

"Oh, it's you, Miss Tempest," she said. "Only one message. From Mr. Howard. He said to tell you to keep tomorrow night free because he had tickets for the theatre."

"He'll have to take someone else," Kate said pleasantly. "I'll be half-way to Rome."

"Rome! Whatever do you want to go there for?"

"Just a job. I'll be away about three days, so if anyone rings—"

"Oh, yes, scribbling away at that telephone when I should be doing my work. Then you'd better ring Mr. Howard."

"Later," said Kate, going towards the stairs.

"He'll be round."

"Not if I know it. I have to pack and have an early night."

The early night was not possible, for, as predicted by Mrs. Peebles, William did come round. He was a tall young man and heavily built. Kate's one armchair sagged perilously beneath his weight, and, although she had a reasonable amount of floor space, his comfortably sprawled legs formed a constant hurdle, as she tried to do her packing and cope with his barrage of questions.

● To prevent the cap of a glue or nail-polish container sticking, coat the screw threads inside the cap with soap.

"It's fishy," he said.

"Don't be absurd. What's fishy about bringing a seven-year-old child to England?"

"She sounds like a spoilt brat."

"She probably is, but for twenty guineas pin money I'd travel third class to Greece and back. And they're giving me time in Rome to rest. I'll be dashing madly about, of course. I want to get a good face for my new illustration."

"For the hero? An Italian?" William said sceptically. William edited a small highly literary topical magazine himself, and was often irritatingly facetious about Kate's endeavors in the romantic fields.

"No, for the villain. Someone madly wicked and irresistible. I'll probably fall in love with him."

"Don't do that," said William mildly, tapping out his pipe.

"Why not?"

"You wouldn't be happy."

"I suppose you think I'm more likely to be happy with someone like you, cluttering up my flat, criticising me, wearing foul ties, needing a haircut— incidentally, you do need a haircut! Please go so that I can concentrate on what I'm doing."

"All right. I can see when I'm not wanted. Want me to come to Victoria in the morning."

"For pity's sake, no!"

"Then I'll meet you when

you come back. Send me a postcard or something."

"I'll have the child then, and goodness knows what."

"If the 'what' is an Italian count, I can always punch him on the jaw."

"Don't be absurd! Only three days and travelling all the time. And with my face—"

"Even with your face. Snub nose, crooked mouth. You're an ugly adorable little devil."

He didn't take her in his arms in a civilised way, he swooped over her like a great tree whose branches suddenly engulfed her. Kate struggled impatiently and ineffectually, then submitted. Really, it was too boring. Why did William have to be so masterly?

Francesca. The name conjured up the picture of some dark thin flashing-eyed temperamental child, full of charm and animation.

Kate was frankly taken aback when she met the real Francesca. Just as she had been taken aback at the sight of the street and the house where she had been instructed to pick up the child.

Her mind flashed back to Francesca's mother, lying languidly on a couch in a luxurious room, and to the excellent arrangements made for her own trip to Rome, the good hotel at which she had spent the night, and the ample money she had been allowed.

Francesca, obviously, was a valued and much-desired child, and her parents not lacking in means. Why, therefore, was she living in such a squalid house? Even temporarily.

And why was she in the charge of such a dirty dow-at-heel woman as the one who came to the door in response to Kate's knock?

It was late autumn, but still hot in Rome. Kate had undressed her suit and her hair was ruffled from her nervous gesture of pushing it back when she was agitated. She thought the taxi driver had brought her to the wrong street. She looked at the row of shabby paint-peeling houses in astonishment and hesitated to get out and knock on the door of number 16.

When the woman, whose quick smile seemed to hide uneasiness, opened the door, she was even more sure she had made a mistake. Yesterday, exhausted by her long journey and yet determined to make the

To page 50

IRON-ON TRANSFER AND PATTERN

BLUE CORNFLOWERS are the motif of this week's Iron-on Transfer No. FP201E. They have been used effectively on the child's pinafore dress illustrated at right.

No embroidery is needed on these colorful transfers. They are merely ironed on to the fabric for a permanent decoration. Use them on household linens or to trim adults' and children's clothes. The price of one sheet of motifs is 2/6.

A pattern for the child's pinafore dress and blouse is also available in sizes to fit 4, 6, 8, and 10-year-olds. Price 2/-.

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Page 49

"I always have 'Savlon'
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Continuing . . .

THE DEADLY TRAVELLERS

from page 48

most of her brief visit to one of her most favorite of cities, she had rushed from the Colosseum to Hadrian's Arch, and then to the Borghese Gardens, and late in the evening had done a tour of the fountains.

Tiredness and excitement had given her a queer feeling of being transported to the past. This morning, when her journey to get Francesca had taken her so near to the Appian Way, the mood had persisted, and she was temporarily haunted by a heavy sense of decay beneath the splendor, and of death.

But the woman in the shabby little house, strangely enough, was expecting her. Apparently she had come to the right place.

She called in a shrill high voice, "Francesca-cal!" and took Kate inside. The dark little room in which Kate stood smelt strongly of garlic. She wondered hazily, with yesterday's tiredness still hanging over her, whether this woman was now married to Francesca's father — but surely the elegant and expensive Rosita had never come from surroundings like this.

The woman was explaining something in a gabble of Italian when the little girl came slowly in.

Kate had another surprise, for this stout, heavy child, with the heavy-lidded, sullen eyes, was utterly unlike the Francesca she had imagined. It seemed, however, that within the fat little chest of the sulky and silent child there must dwell the phantom of Kate's imagined Francesca, for she had chosen to wear, of all things, a white organdie dress, elaborately starched and ironed, and in her straight dark hair was a huge stiff bow.

She was a little girl going to a party where, despite all her parents' attempts to make her decorative and appealing,

she would remain clumsy, silent, and hurt.

She was pathetic.

Kate realised it at once, and went quickly towards her.

"Francesca! Hullo!" Her voice was warm and gay. "My name is Kate, and I'm taking you to your mother. But first, of course, we have the train journey, and a visit to the Eiffel Tower, and lots of good things to eat."

The child surveyed her stolidly and mutely. The woman shook her head.

"She does not understand. She speaks very little English. And you, signorina?"

"No Italian," said Kate, laughing. "Never mind, we'll get along. Is she ready? Does she have to say goodbye to anyone?"

"No, no. That is all done. Her papa yesterday, when he brought her here. I was her nurse, you understand? He did not wish the last farewells."

AS the woman made the motion of wiping her eyes, Kate had a moment of sympathy for the absent, emotional father who perhaps was the more deserving parent. For it was a little difficult to imagine this child fitting into the London drawing-room of her attractive mother.

She felt uneasy and a little sad as she said, "Then we're all ready, Francesca. Your bags?"

"Just this small one," said the woman, handing Kate a rather battered and cheap-looking suitcase. Then she swooped over the child to give her a hug. The child stiffened and backed away. The woman hugged her, nevertheless, then had to straighten the

preposterous blue bow and the unsuitable dress.

She shrugged her shoulders. "She would wear that dress, signorina. I know it is foolish, but when Francesca insists . . ." She shrugged her shoulders again.

Looking at the stubborn, unmoved face, Kate could very well understand what she meant. There might, she feared, be more than one silent battle before the two of them reached London. This probably explained the generous fee she was to receive.

"The taxi's waiting," she said, "We'd better go. Thank you, signorina . . ."

They were stepping out into the brilliant sunlight when suddenly the woman gave a shrill cry and called to them to wait. She darted away, saying something that sounded like "bambino," but when she appeared a moment later she had only a quite small doll in her hands.

It was not a particularly attractive one. Its blond hair had become stringy, and its silk dress was slightly grubby. It didn't even look as if it had been an expensive doll, the kind one would have imagined parents like Francesca's would have lavished on her. But apparently it was her much cherished one, for Kate remembered now that Rosita had said she would never go to bed without it.

Nevertheless, such was her stolidity that when the woman thrust it into her arms she held it almost indifferently, and, indeed, for two pins would have dropped it on the doorstep. However, she was still holding it as she climbed into the taxi, and it was there, too, that she found her tongue, and called in almost as penetrating a voice as the woman's:

"Arrivederci, Gianetta."

In the train the two of them faced each other warily across

To page 51

EMBARRASSING HAIR GONE



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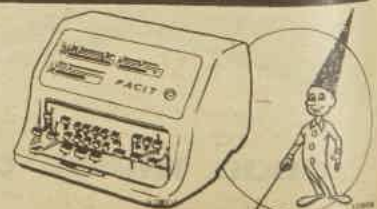
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Page 50

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the narrow space of their first-class compartment.

"Is this your first trip to England, Francesca?"

Since her sudden boisterous goodbye, Francesca had remained stubbornly silent in the taxi, behaving, when Kate spoke to her, as if she were stone-deaf.

But now she suddenly broke her silence and said flatly: "No sign inglese."

Oh, dear! thought Kate. Was that true? Or were those heavy-lidded eyes that made the child look like a junior Mona Lisa hiding secrets? Surely, with Gianetta, her nurse, speaking English fairly fluently and her mother speaking it very well indeed, she would have learnt at least a few words. Kate decided this was more than probable, and before the journey was over she would have caught her out. In the meantime, she would chat pleasantly, whenever necessary, and pretend that it was of no importance whether or not she were answered.

"We'll be having lunch shortly. Do you like eating on a train? I still think it's one of the most exciting things to do. Next to sleeping on one, of course. When you wake up tomorrow morning you'll be practically in Paris, practically at the foot of the Eiffel Tower."

Francesca's eyes suddenly flew wide open and a gleam of excitement showed momentarily in them. This was no proof that she had understood anything except the last two words, but it did show that she set great store on her visit to the Eiffel Tower. She began to spread her dress carefully about her so that it would remain fresh and uncrushed for so important an occasion. No doubt it was for that purpose that she had insisted to the disapproving Gianetta that she would wear her party dress.

Going up the Eiffel Tower represented a party to her. Probably it was the only real thing that emerged out of the confusion of her separated parents and her loss of security. Encouraged by this success, Kate persevered with the conversation.

Continuing . . .

THE DEADLY TRAVELLERS

from page 50

"What's your doll's name?"

The Mona Lisa look came back. Kate picked up the doll lying rather forlornly on the seat and pointed to it.

"Pepita," said Francesca sulkily, then suddenly snatched the doll from Kate and clasped it possessively.

"That's a Spanish name."

It didn't seem to matter. The doll, with its ragged blond

"She says she likes ravioli, signorina."

"And there's no ravioli?"

"Only spaghetti, signorina."

The waiter shook his head regretfully, and Francesca stolidly but expertly wound enormous quantities of spaghetti into her mouth. She was a philosophical child. She made

jostling, excited, noisy mob that was Milan railway station. She was a plump, incongruous little figure in her now crushed white organdie and nodding blue bow. At least, Kate thought, those foolish clothes made her too conspicuous to get lost.

But with her lumbering docility, that was like that of an elderly and faithful dog, it did not seem probable that such an emergency would arise.

The man with his hat still pulled too low over his eyes changed trains at Milan, too. While Kate fussed about finding their compartment and getting Francesca safely on board, he, however, had time to make a telephone call.

Although, since it was a trunk call, it seemed at the last minute that it wouldn't come through in time, and he was tensing and untensing his long, nervous fingers in impatience and anxiety when at last the clerk called to him.

"Your Swiss call, signor."

Then it took some time to make himself understood. After all, it wasn't an ordinary call inviting himself to stay overnight because he happened to be passing through Basle. It was something very different. But at last he thought all was well.

He paid for the call and walked away, reflecting on the split-second timing required, the crazy improbability of the whole thing.

Then a thought came into his head and his eyes narrowed and grew grim. This had to succeed.

Once more he had to run for the train. It very nearly left without him. Cursing the way Continental trains deliberately sneaked out of stations as if in order to leave passengers stranded, he sprinted after

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



locks, was obviously the only other object of Francesca's affections. The Eiffel Tower and a shabby doll, and a white organdie party dress and a festive blue bow in her hair. All at once, strangely, Kate wanted to cry.

The train rocketed on through the dry autumn countryside towards Milan. Kate tried out her few Italian words on the waiters in the restaurant car. Her charge remained silent except when at one stage she made a long excited speech to one of the waiters.

The man grinned. Kate asked, "What was all that?"

the best of what she could get. No doubt her short life had already taught her that lesson.

No one came to share their compartment. Francesca had dozed after lunch, her doll clasped firmly on her spaghetti-filled stomach. Now she was wide awake.

"We change trains here to cross the frontier," Kate explained at Milan. "Then we change again at Basle, and there you'll have a bed for the rest of the night."

She didn't know whether the child understood, but she came docilely to climb off the train and follow Kate through the

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Brilliant! Gay! Seductive!

After all-

● Something should be done to make all men more perceptive and less capricious in their choice of dates and brides. Something should be done to make the less secure ones more happily aggressive, so that they will compete for their wives.

SOMETHING should be done to show the seemingly self-sufficient and arrogant men that they, too, have needs. They should be made to realise that however important they think they are now, they could be so much more important if they had a woman help-mate.

Unfortunately, these wishes are as impractical when I make them as when they are made by some discouraged young woman.

Some day—with your help—we will be able to raise little boys so that they are better husband material and better marriage prospectors.

But, "some day" isn't here. Right now, being married is probably going to require some extra effort—unfair extra effort—on the part of the woman who wants to be married.

These articles have pointed out that this extra effort means somehow acquiring more self-assurance

—self-assurance enough to allow other people to appear to be right when they are not; self-assurance enough to be charmingly poised in a group when you used to tremble inside; self-assurance to speak easily with a stranger even without a formal introduction.

Another way of saying it is that this extra effort involves putting your own self-needs aside temporarily while meeting the other person's. In the long run, self-assurance and selflessness are the same thing.

Not long ago, a young woman sat in my office. She was 29, and unmarried.

"I know why," she said softly. "If I had been a boy, I wouldn't have asked me either."

And then, with remarkable insight, Jean went on to catalogue some of the characteristics which had kept her from being popular.

She was critical, she was moody, she was over-aggressive, but, most of all, she was unwilling to set aside her own desire for recognition long enough to fulfil the needs of the young men she knew.

She had to be right. She demanded that people listen to her. They did; and then quietly walked away.

As we talked together, most of these fine women came to

ing alone was better anyway. Hadn't some of her friends' marriages turned out unhappily?

"But, now," she said, "I recognise that I have a life without real meaning. We weren't intended to live that way. I have a life without sex, without children, without love."

This story is going to have a happy ending. Jean had come to see me because she wanted to really do something, to work hard to make herself the kind of lovable person that men—and one man in particular—would desire. She is soon going to be married.

But within the same week that Jean came in I saw other young women who, though their troubles seemed different

see, through their own insights, the nature of the problem. They faced the fact that regardless of how right or wrong or fair or unfair it is if it is they who want to be married, it is they who are going to have to put their own needs aside temporarily.

In most cases, they really knew what they had to do before they came. The important help they needed was encouragement in deciding the question: Is he worth it?

This may be the most important question for you, too.

Actually, it involves the answer to two further questions, "What will it require of myself?" and "What will be the rewards I get?"

The major requirement is the hard work of getting the self to change a little, even if you aren't sure it needs to.

Specifically, here is a four-point programme.

1: First, take a good firm grip on yourself and do the things for you that you know can be and ought to be done.

This could involve taking a good vacation or giving up your job. It could involve leaving home and taking a place of your own.

More probably it will have to do with the way you look or act.

Almost everyone can do something to improve her appearance.

Risk your capital on yourself—you'll never have a better business risk. If there is a way to improve your physical appearance—dentistry, hair styling, or even minor plastic surgery—do it.

If you are overweight, or underweight, make up your mind that the thing you want most of all in this world is to be closer to the stereotype of "just right."

When you really believe it yourself, you can do it.

If your disposition is bad from staying up late, stop staying up late.

If you worry less when you work hard—work hard.

There are probably many other ways, obvious ways, in which you could improve yourself. Often they are so apparent that you haven't done anything about them because they seem so simple.

Whatever you know you need to do, do it now. It is amazing how easy it is to procrastinate away your happiness and then to justify it on the basis of some comparatively

THERE'S A MAN FOR EVERY WOMAN

Part 6

Concluding the series by
DR. RICHARD H. KLEMER

at first, also had let their lack of self-assurance, or their own personality needs, interfere with their friendships.

Sylvia was painfully shy. She protected herself by avoiding others, especially men. Her need for self-protection had first to be met by the other person, or she would have nothing to do with him.

Betty had been a beautiful young woman. She was well-educated and extremely intelligent. She passed by many opportunities in her twenties and thirties.

Now at 40 she was looking for a superior man who could earn the right to dominate her. But they were infinitely fewer now. And Betty was more exacting. She wasn't interested in those who didn't come up to her "standards." And she couldn't change her standards. She wasn't flexible.

And there were more.

Some could only be classified as normal young women with normal emotional needs who found themselves trapped by a social introduction system which, while changing, was still absolutely inflexible as far as their personalities were concerned.

Some had problems of personality or appearance.

As we talked together, most of these fine women came to



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...ial immediate goal like
...ing money.
... Study yourself.

...egin to ask some very
...ching questions about the
...on you think of as you.

...What do people like about
...and what don't they like?
...hen are you very successful
...your social relationships
...when do you fail? Why?

...Of course, there may be
...ne things about yourself
...at you don't see at first;
...ere may be some reasons
...hy you fail which you can't
...et from self-study alone.

...Later, perhaps, you will
...unt to get someone to help
...u with your self-analysis.

...And when you are studying
...is inner you, keep in mind
...at maybe what it really
...eds is a fair break. It surely
...n't a matter of being more
...oughtful of others. Maybe
...u need to be more thought-
...nd of yourself.

...Maybe you aren't being
...areful enough. Maybe you
...n't being concerned about
...yourself enough.

...There are some people who
...re single because of felt "ob-
...ligations" to care for other
...people that are robbing them
...of their essential birthrights.

...Obligations are relative, and
...I'll let the pun stand. You
...may feel a terrific obligation
...to care for your mother or
...your cousin's child. But,
...actually, is your obligation any
...greater than the one you have
...to your own as yet unborn
...child?

...And what about yourself?
...Are you not obliged to make
...yourself a happy person by
...living the life you need and
...want just as much as you are
...obliged to care for others?

Talk it over

3. Counselling with some-
...body else can help you marshal
...all your own resources
...to get that extra self-assur-
...ance.

...Talking things over is as
...old as language itself. It is
...probably the most useful dis-
...covery man ever made.

...Actually, in a sense you
...often counsel yourself. Some-
...where within you, one voice
...says to another, "I'll do this,"
...and the other voice says, "No,
...don't do that; it would be
...better if you did such and
...such." Often, if your prob-
...lem is a minor one, this self-
...counselling is all that is
...needed.

...But if you have a problem
...that is very complex or emo-
...tionally charged, or if there
...are some guilt feelings con-
...nected with it, you are better
...off talking it over with some-
...one else.

...In the very process of
...telling your story, you often
...see things that you have not
...seen before.

...But there are often disad-
...vantages in talking over per-
...sonal difficulties with friends.
...They may not be able to keep
...your confidence. They may
...be bored with hearing your
...troubles when they have



troubles of their own. Or
...they may not be any better
...prepared to deal with your
...problems than you are.

So it is better to find a pro-
...fessional person in whom you
...have trust—psychologist, psy-
...chiatrist, marriage counsellor,
...physician, or clergyman. Each
...of these people may view the
...problem in a slightly different
...way.

But, provided he is sincere
...and has a genuine interest in
...you, any one of them can be
...helpful in getting you started
...toward self-improvement.

There are many possible
...benefits. But perhaps in the
...end the most important thing
...that can come to you as a re-
...sult of your re-examination of
...yourself in counselling will be
...a new understanding, a new
...resolution, a new resolve,
...a new self-confidence that can
...make you a better person, re-
...gardless of whether you ever
...marry or not.

Many people are living
...only a part of their lives, not
...because they want for intelli-
...gence, or ability, or good
...looks, or even a well-balanced
...personality.

They lack the one essential
...ingredient which is almost in-
...definable and indescribable—
..."spirit"—the strong inner
...resoluteness and courage to
...do what they want to do de-
...spite the possibility of failure
...and punishment.

The people who fail in
...human relationships are the
...ones who think they might.

4. Get out and mix with
...people. Practise relating to
...others and meeting their
...needs to the extent of the re-
...lationship you wish to de-
...velop. Make it easy for them

—especially the shy ones—to
...get to know you.

Remember, you have to feel
...it; if you start developing
...closer relationships it will be
...because you have genuinely
...changed—and they are re-
...acting to that change.

Remember, too, you have a
...social responsibility not to en-
...courage a deeper relationship
...than you are prepared to con-
...tinue.

When you are sure of your-
...self, go where men are in the
...evening and on weekends. It's
...the new you that will win
...him.

But even the new you can't
...do it in your old living-room
...—in the beginning, that is.
...When you find him, study
...him, study his background,
...study his group, then meet his
...emotional needs.

As a result of the practice
...you get helping timid fellows,
...you will develop the smooth
...interestability that attracts
...the self-assured men of the
...world.

Deep feeling

After you really get to know
...them, you may not want to
...turn away from the less
...dominant ones, because they
...sometimes have a depth of
...feeling that will surprise you.

But if the one man you
...can't do without is the super-
...salesman type, the man who
...has everything, it is the real
...increase in your charm which
...comes as a result of your prac-
...tice in relating to other men
...that will help you.

Self-improvement, self-
...study, talking it over, and
...practice—that is the four-point
...programme.

But the whole question isn't
...yet answered.

Is he worth it?

If these are the costs, what
...are the returns?

It doesn't sound like enough
...when you just say you will get
...satisfaction, love, and some
...special rewards beyond either.
...But these are the things that
...can give new meaning and
...new direction to your life.

I stood on a railroad plat-
...form in the little village of
...Kawagoe in Japan one night
...talking to a young Japanese
...civil engineer who spoke Eng-
...lish. Nearby was a group of
...Japanese women. They were
...used to bowing before men
...and carrying heavy loads.

These things abused my
...sense of what was right and
...just for women, and I said so
...to the engineer.

"Why don't you ask them
...about it," he said.

I did. He translated my
...question, which was a little
...more complex than "why do
...you act that way?" There was
...much discussion in Japanese.
...In typical Oriental fashion I
...got a polite question back:

"What other way is there to
...act?"

I explained a little about
...Western women—education,
...jobs, and so forth.

There was much more dis-
...cussion among the Japanese
...women and then back came
...another question:

"But how do they get satis-
...faction?"

That was a good question.
...Satisfaction usually comes
...from doing what is expected
...of you better than anyone ex-
...pected you could.

How do some women get
...satisfaction in these days when

To page 55

Ordinary aspirin-

THE MAIN INGREDIENT OF MOST PAIN RELIEVERS

can cause stomach upset

ORDINARY ASPIRIN—the main
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...pain relievers—does not readily
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...particles. Medical experience shows
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...heartburn in others.



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...undissolved aspirin particles remain to
...irritate and upset your stomach. Disprin is
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...more quickly into the bloodstream
...to bring faster relief. That's why
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...It can easily be given as a drink
...and is most helpful when infants
...are teething.



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Persil washes whiter

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 9, 1959

THERE'S A MAN FOR EVERY WOMAN

from page 53

hard for a woman to tell what is expected at all, or even to do all that is expected of her?

True, some women have found their worthiness in marriage, children, "accomplishments," taking care of others, leadership, careers, and creative arts.

But there are others, many of whom have wound up unhappy, frustrated, or even psychotic, because they haven't found real satisfaction.

Almost one-third of the unmarried women in a recent study said that they had nothing in their lives to make them feel useful or important.

I learned after I had been in Japan longer that, while some Japanese women had amazingly severe burdens placed on them, they find rewards, satisfaction, and love in some Western women can envy since they will never be enough to get them.

It is true, however, that middle and upper social level women in English-speaking cultures are conditioned to expect great deal more of their men than Japanese men.

In addition to being an excellent homemaker, mother, and psychiatrist, she is expected to be a walking encyclopedia, a glamor girl, and a brilliant conversationalist among other things.

So most people agree that we should have women who are self-respecting, intellectual, and status equals of our men despite the differences in their roles.

But that doesn't alter the fact you can best serve yourself and interest him by meeting his basic emotional needs.

Meeting emotional needs isn't only a recipe for finding a mate. It is the essential ingredient in beginning and continuing every happy and exciting relationship between people.

And there is often a great similarity between the factors which cause singleness and the factors which cause marriage failure.

For just as in those meetings between single people which do not mature into friendship or romance, in most unhappy marriages there is usually one spouse who makes very little—effort to meet the real emotional needs of his partner.

I have a little talk I make

other department of the hospital with one exception—it had a great big "Keep Out" sign on the door.

Down the length of the large main room were neat rows of cots filled with men who had that dreaded Army scourge—spinal meningitis.

In the far corner of the room, screened off from the rest, were two beds. These were special, for they contained two young men who not only had meningitis, but pneumonia as well.

One of the two men was 18 years old; the other was 26. The older man had been in the Army less than a month and was separated by a thousand miles from the wife he loved.

The younger lad had volunteered for flight training, and he, too, was new to the Army and a long way from home.

Assigned to care for these

two young men walk out of that hospital completely well again—returned to duty without deformity. She had done her job well and she had every reason to be proud.

But even today, that young nurse—now grown to maturity—doesn't know the full product of setting her own needs aside.

Ten years later those two ex-soldiers met in Atlanta. As they talked together, it soon became apparent that neither one of them could remember as much as the designation of the company to which they were attached. Neither one of them could remember the name of a single man.

But each of them, without prompting from the other, remembered the name of the nurse.

The younger man is now a professor of music at a large Southern university and is using the arm which she massaged so carefully to bring music to concert audiences and students. The older one is using her as an example.

Several years ago, while travelling, business brought me near to this hospital, so I went in and asked after that nurse. A young woman disappeared into the inner office. She was back in a few minutes. "We don't know where she is," the young woman told me. "she's married now."

She didn't have to tell me that. I knew she would be.

Statistically, there is a single man for every single woman. There is one for you. Look inward, and then reach out.

(Copyright, Richard H. Klemer, 1959)

Supplies of "A Man For Every Woman," published by Macmillan and Co., have been delayed. The book from which this series of articles was taken will soon be on sale in Australia.

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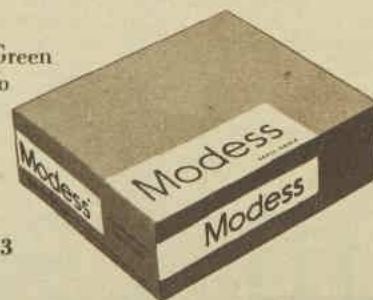
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JOHNSON & JOHNSON—THE MOST TRUSTED NAME IN SURGICAL DRESSINGS

Continuing . . . THE DEADLY TRAVELLERS

from page 51

it and just hauled himself on board . . .

Kate left Francesca for a few minutes to go and wash and try to revive herself. Her enthusiasm and expended energy had caught up on her, and now she was very tired. She hoped Francesca would sleep when she finally got her bedded down in the Paris train, because she herself was going to sleep like a log.

Her face, pale with fatigue, looked back at her from the blurred mirror. Only a trickle of water came from the tap into the not particularly inviting basin. She would have to make do with a little coolness on her temples and a freshening of her lipstick. After all, did it matter, with only Francesca's hooded eyes to look at her? Certainly she would have dinner in the restaurant car at Basle. But even then, all alone, with Francesca safely tucked in bed, travel stains could not matter less.

Francesca was sitting bolt upright when she returned to the compartment.

"Man," she said succinctly.

"A man?" Kate looked at the other unoccupied seats. They had been lucky so far, having a compartment to themselves.

"That's all right," she said. "Other people can sit in here if they wish to."

The child's eyes looked burningly at her, and she spoke in her rapid, incomprehensible Italian.

"Did he talk to you?" Kate said. The child did not seem frightened, only wide awake and interested. Someone apparently had had a conversation with her in her own language, and it had cheered her up. Perhaps this stranger would come back and talk in English, too.

In the meantime the barrier of their different languages was between them again. Francesca, rocking her doll in her arms, had found someone she had liked. Perhaps, taking after her mother, she responded more to men than to women. At least, it had made her find her tongue, for she said something else, ending with "Londre."

"London?" said Kate sharply. "Did he ask if you were going to London?"

"Londre," said Francesca again, and held up two fingers.

"Two," said Kate, puzzled. "Twice?"

But did she mean the stranger had been to London twice, or that Francesca herself had?

Surely this rather comic-opera journey with the doll, the organdie dress, and the Eiffel Tower looming ahead, as a lure, had not happened previously!

At Basle there was slight pandemonium, for a party of schoolgirls from the ages of seven to twelve boarded the train, and there seemed to be confusion about their seats.

There was a great deal of arguing and chattering going on, and the two mistresses in charge of them, after talking emphatically to an ever-growing group of railway officials, at last shrugged their shoulders fatalistically and herded the children on board.

Kate, with her passport and baggage and her small travelling companion, safely passed by the Customs, found their two-berth sleeping compartment, and went into it thankfully. Francesca by this time was

more than three parts asleep. Kate produced the bread and the cheese she had bought at Milan, anticipating the child's inability to stay awake for late dinner in the restaurant car, but even these Francesca was too tired to cope with. She gnawed at the bread for a little, then yawned widely and clambered into her bunk.

"Oh, not in your dress!" exclaimed Kate. "If you sleep in that it will be quite ruined."

But her endeavors to make the sleep-drunk child sit up and be divested of the now sadly crushed organdie were useless. She did not intend to have her dress removed. Either she was genuinely asleep or she was foxing, and Kate was even less able to cope with her stubbornness than the absent Gianetta had been.

Actually, she didn't think Francesca was foxing, for her doll, Pepita, lay forgotten beside her, and she had the gnawed piece of bread still clutched in her hand. She was just worn out, poor little thing. After all, although she hadn't responded to any friendliness, neither had she complained. There had been no tears or whimpering, which represented rather astonishing self-control for a seven-year-old. One had to remember that.

But that dress was going to be a travesty by morning. Kate opened the shabby little suitcase to see what Gianetta would have considered Francesca's requirements on the journey. To her relief she found a blouse and skirt and a light tweed coat. Somehow the blouse and skirt would have to be forced on to the child in the morning, or, as a last resort, the coat could cover the crumpled dress.

So all would be well. The worst part of the journey was over. By morning they would be in Paris and by evening in London. Kate pulled the blanket high round Francesca's sleeping face and switched off the light over her bunk. Now she could relax with some food and a glass of wine in the restaurant car and then get some much-needed sleep herself.

IT was quite a journey to reach the restaurant car, and she was thankful the train had not yet left the station. For she had to step over little clumps of the schoolgirls, who, apparently just as weary as Francesca, had bedded down in the corridors, anxiously supervised by the two harassed mistresses.

One of the mistresses, a young girl with a round freckled hot face, said indignantly to Kate, "There's been a mistake over our reservations, so we have no seats at all. Can you imagine? And we've been travelling all day. The children are worn out."

"They look it," said Kate sympathetically. "Can't you find any empty seats?"

"Oh, we've parked a few of them here and there. There are thirty of them, and only two of us to look after them." She pushed the damp hair off her forehead and sighed. "Oh, well, as long as no one falls over them. Kids sleep anywhere. But I do think these Continental trains are the end!"

Kate picked her way down the narrow corridors, over the children, over stacked luggage, past standing passengers, and the bitterly harassed official,

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PRODUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

To page 58

Hanging baskets

● Plant-containers made of metal buckets or shallow cups appear likely to replace old-fashioned hanging baskets in the gardens. Baskets are of limited use anyway, and require overhead supports.

THE Parks and Recreations Department of the Council of the City of Sydney last summer held an attractive display of plants in metal containers.

The display included tripods and other metal supports holding artistically designed cups, buckets, scoops, quarter and half spherical dishes, and cone-shaped containers, filled with petunias, annual phlox, iresines, kochias, and other plants. Containers were painted in colors that blended with nearby flowerbeds, and were illuminated by floodlights at night. It was an unusual display—much admired by tourists and Sydneysiders alike.

Skilled work

Such tripods and their accessories are the work of skilled smiths or factory workers.

But any man who possesses the right tools, and who can cut, bend, thread, and weld light pipe—usually half-inch gauge—could probably make one.

Soil for shallow containers exposed to the sun practically all day should be filled with good fibrous loam that will hold the moisture almost indefinitely and feed the plants at the same time.

A suitable mixture would be: Two parts good sandy loam, one part leaf mould, one part old rotted cow manure, one part peat moss or finely sieved sphagnum moss, and enough sand to keep the lot open.

The ordinary wire basket sold by garden accessory sellers is probably best for a home-made tripod. They are strongly made, well balanced, and usually hang straight when filled with soil and plants.

"Makeshifts," such as old saucers, dishes, and felt hats are rarely decorative and invariably look what they are. Like jam, fruit, and petrol tin containers, they do not deceive anybody.

Two or three pounds' weight of moistened sphagnum moss will make an ideal lining material for wire or perforated-zinc sheeting "baskets." Squeeze almost dry to facilitate handling, and line the baskets to a thickness of 1½ in.

Then fill the container with the soil mixture previously mentioned, moisten, and set out the plants.

Scarlet flowers

For year-round color, *Verbena chamaedryoides* is one of the showiest plants, and its brilliant scarlet flowers appear from month to month and from year to year with ordinary care.

The upright, fibrous-rooted begonia will flower almost continuously in frost-free areas, and are obtainable in snow white, several shades of pink, and bright red.

They are liable to frost damage, but revel in hot, open, exposed positions.

Most mesembryanthemums



● Fire chief and rose-of-heaven petunias, *Phlox drummondii*, *Kochia tricophylla*, *Cineraria maritima*, and *Iresine sanderi*, in one of many unusual flower containers displayed by the Parks and Recreations Department of the Council of the City of Sydney in Hyde Park, Sydney, last summer.

will flourish in good composty soil in the hottest parts of the garden. Varieties recommended are *M. Chamberlainii*, *chrystalinum*, *Dorothy Russell*, *speciosum*, *violacea*, and *aurantiaca*. They will bloom from spring into winter.

Bedding petunias, which always make a fine display in pots or baskets provided they are exposed to the sun and watered during heat waves, are half-hardy and should be sown in spring for flowering during summer and autumn.

Phlox drummondii (nana compacta) is the annual dwarf of this family, and makes a

gorgeous show of color during hot months.

The plants will survive the mild coastal winters of most States, and will then bloom for about six weeks. Spring sowings of more seed will supply a succession of blooms until winter.

For an open display during winter, try pansies, violas, Iceland poppies, calendulas, mignonette (needs limed soil), lobelia, *Ajuga reptans*, primulas, primroses, polyanthus; or use early spring flowering bulbs such as crocus, ixias, hyacinths, grape hyacinths, sparaxis, babianas, freesias, anemones, and ranunculi.

Where hanging baskets of the old type are required, follow the directions given for lining shallow containers with sphagnum moss. Half-baskets, which fit on walls or fences, can be used according to season in the same way.

In autumn, for instance, half-baskets planted with nemesis make a fine show on a sunny fence or wall.

Innumerable other plants may be used for planting. Anything, in fact, that will transplant can be used, or even those like *nemophila*, which do not transplant, can be sown direct in soil in baskets and left to grow.

Baskets are much used for shady spots, too. In such places they should contain pendulous tuberous-rooted begonias, achimenes, gesneras, ferns of all kinds, coleus, gloxinias (in warm areas), *Fuchsia procumbens*, *Corydalis lutea*, *helleberrus*, *Fragaria indica* (wild strawberry), *Heeria elegans*, or *Lotus peltorhynchus*, which needs a deep basket.

Permanence

For permanent plantings in baskets, try agathes (blue dwarf daisy), *Tweedia coerulca* (another blue-flowering dwarf plant), the golden perennial alyssum, dwarf lavenders, *Equilegia alpina*, *Cerastium tomentosum*, *Crassula coccinea* (red flowers), *Heuchera sanguinea* (coral bells), *Jasione* (dwarf scabious), *Melissa variegata* (an aromatic plant with profuse variegation), many geraniums and pelargoniums, and verbenas.

If tripod supports are to be placed under cover in bush-houses, patios, or pergolas, try native orchids such as *den-drobium* and *sarcophilus*, and shade-loving bulbous or cormous plants such as *calocasia*, *marantia*, *caladium*, *vriesia*, *rex begonias*, callas, lilies of the valley (in season), *schizanthus* (poor man's orchids).

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Continuing . . .

THE DEADLY TRAVELLERS

[from page 56]

past crowded compartments packed with weary tourists.

Twenty guineas, she was beginning to think, was not such a generous fee after all. Someone struggling on to the train dug the sharp corner of a suitcase into her shin, and behind her the sorely tried official said in tones of the greatest entreaty to an importuning woman: "S'il vous plait, madame . . ."

Then a man, leaning against the window, suddenly smiled at Kate.

His eyes were dark and intense.

"Some scrimmage," he said. She assented wearily. Then suddenly she laughed back at him. It was funny, after all, and they were both English being amused at the ways of foreigners.

The fragmentary encounter cheered her up. Also a savory smell indicated the nearness of the restaurant car. She came into its comparative emptiness and quiet, and, shown to a seat by a courteous waiter, she sat down and relaxed with pleasure.

She had only glimpsed the man's face. But she was quick at faces. It had been dark and narrow, and, although he did not seem old, surprisingly deeply lined. In repose, she guessed, it would be aloof and withdrawn, but his smile brought it to life.

She fumbled in her bag for her pencil, and began sketching on the menu the waiter had given her.

Soup was brought, and when she looked up the young man was sitting opposite her.

He smiled. "Do you mind?"

"Not at all."

The train was moving now. Suddenly she was aware of the strain the day had been, and the deep relief she felt now that the journey was so far accomplished. The lights swayed a little to the rocking of the train, and it seemed to her that the face of the man sitting opposite her swayed a

little, too, blurring and becoming clear again. She was very tired indeed.

"You're travelling to England?"

"Yes. By ferry tomorrow."

"So am I. We may see each other again."

Was he going to be the "romantic interest" of her trip? But it was a little too late in



the journey to have this happen, and there was all day tomorrow to be occupied with shepherding the silent Francesca about Paris. Besides, it was a pity she was so tired.

"You've been on holiday?" went on his pleasant, polite voice.

"No, on a job. Well, a sort of job. It gave me an excuse to get to Rome again."

"Tell me your favorite part of Rome."

"The Colosseum, I think. On a sunny, windy day, when the wildflowers are blooming in the cracks of the walls."

"And you don't hear the lions roaring any more."

She nodded. "Just silence and peace."

"Everything's the same in a thousand years. It doesn't really matter much if you missed your chariot in A.D. 80 or your train in this year of grace."

His eyes were dark and sparkling, but his mouth had a definite line, and there was a certain grimness to the deeply scored lines in his cheeks. He could be anything, anybody, a philosopher or a buccaneer.

"That's a rather dangerous philosophy," Kate said.

"Is it? Would you care to share a bottle of wine with me?"

"Thank you. I'll probably go to sleep, but I suppose that will all be the same in a thousand years, too."

"Even Helen fell asleep." His eyes on her were frankly admiring. More wide awake she might have felt a little embarrassed. Now it was mildly pleasant to toss the conversational ball to such an entertaining stranger.

"My name's Lucian Cray," he said.

"I'm Kate Tempest. Not so romantic."

"Romantic?"

"Yours is a little, isn't it? Actually it sounds like a stage name. You don't mind my saying so?"

"Not in the least. After all, Shakespeare could have known you and called you Miranda."

She laughed. "Don't be absurd. Not with my nose!"

The waiter had come with the wine list. They both discovered they preferred the same wine, and somehow this seemed another bond between them. Another one? Kate puckered her brows. What was the other bond? That somehow she knew intuitively Rome affected him in the same way as it did her.

She realised that he had taken the menu from her and was studying her sketch.

"Do I look such a happy individual?"

"That wasn't intended to you to see."

"Clever. If this is a habit of yours, you could become a menace."

"I know. But faces fascinate me. If I don't put them on paper they seem to stay on my mind."

"So that's what you're doing in Rome, looking at faces of gladiators?"

"And the ones Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci used to discover. They're there, you know. If you go to the via Vittoria Veneto they pass by, the beggars and the misers, the corrupt and the crafty. If you changed the clothes you'd find the same sees in the temple and the Caesars and the Judas, the hungry and the lonely and the good."

He poured the wine into his glass.

"I've travelled for most three days," she said. "I'm beginning to talk nonsense."

"On the contrary. I've you'd go on."

"No, my job is drawing and talking. Have you been on holiday?"

"I had to see some people in Rome," he said, with what seemed to her deliberate vagueness. "Ah, well, Paris, London, then London. Perhaps I'll see you in London."

"Aren't we getting on a bit fast?"

He smiled with that naive, disconcerting look of his. His eyes were brilliant and bent only on her, but there was a certain coldness, almost a calculated look to them.

"Yesterday the Roman gladiators were only just round the corner, today the twenty-first century looms over us. Is that fast? My dear Kate!"

She began to laugh. The wine and her tiredness and the movement of the train made her feel as if she were on a merry-go-round, a very fast one, whirling her towards some inevitable destiny. She began to laugh, too, touching her hand, and suddenly she

To page 61

Mother's Love and Lactogen...

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Lactogen ensure baby's future health.

Lactogen--the balanced milk formula

PREPARED IN TWO MINUTES!



1. Pour required quantity of warm (previously boiled) water into clean jug.
2. Sprinkle measured amount of powder on top of water.
3. Stir briskly with a clean fork.

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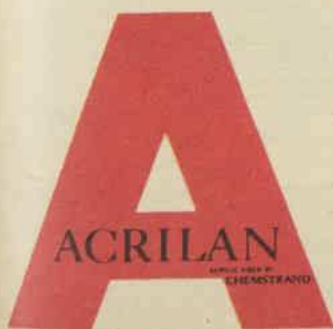
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 9, 1959

ACRILAN[®]

is here!



toss away your old ideas about sweaters!



Wonderful news! **ACRILAN**, the marvellous acrylic fibre by Chemstrand famous in America, England and Europe, is now in Australia! When knitteds are made from **ACRILAN**, they stay kitten soft... look brand new **always!** Washable? Completely. Fast-drying? In hours. Blocking and measuring? Forget them.

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There's no other fibre like ACRILAN (it makes fabrics look and feel luxurious).



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 9, 1959

Page 59

This is

ipana
TOOTH PASTE

ipana
TOOTH PASTE

Another fine product
of BRISTOL-MYERS



Check-Up Month

**READ THESE
SHOCKING FACTS
ABOUT AUSTRALIAN TEETH**

Australian teeth are among the world's worst . . . Over 98% of Australian children are affected by tooth decay . . . On the average they'll need false teeth by the age of 30-35 years. These are the shocking facts which motivate Ipana Check-up Month. This campaign is launched to help check the incidence of tooth decay in Australia. Undoubtedly, the greatest single day-to-day defence is Ipana-brushing immediately after meals whenever possible. Fortunately, even children like using Ipana—its taste is so distinctly pleasant. And remember, Ipana, as well as killing decay germs, destroys bacteria which cause bad breath in the mouth.

SAVE 3/4 on "FAMILY-SIZE" IPANA (as compared with medium-size tubes)



CHECK WITH YOUR DENTIST



Arrange check-ups for members of the family whose teeth have not been examined during the past six months. Organise now for all to have 6-monthly checks in future.

CHECK YOUR BRUSHING METHOD

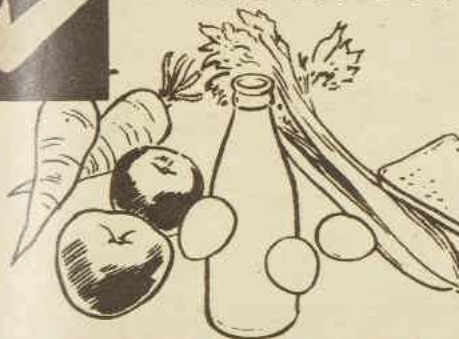
Brush the outsides. Sweep DOWN on the UPPER teeth.

Brush chewing surfaces back and forth.

Sweep UP on the outsides and insides of LOWER teeth.

Change position of brush as shown for front teeth.

CHECK YOUR DIET



Plenty of milk, for rich calcium supply, should be included, particularly for children and adolescents; also some crisp food: raw carrot, apples, firm toast, for hard chewing.

CHECK YOUR TOOTH PASTE



Remember Ipana contains WD-9 which gives it twice the decay-germ killing power of any other leading tooth paste. Ipana-brushing destroys decay germs and neutralises acid-forming enzymes that attack the teeth.

... not a whisper of bad breath if you use

ipana

... sold only by Chemists

BM9-66

Continuing . . .

THE DEADLY TRAVELLERS

from page 58

was lightheartedly, unquestioningly happy.

She left him at last. She had to get some sleep in order to cope with Francesca the next day. But she knew she would see him again, perhaps at breakfast, perhaps on the Channel boat, perhaps in London . . . He still hadn't told her anything more about himself except that slightly unlikely name. But that didn't matter. She would find out. There was plenty of time.

People and luggage still cluttered the corridors of the train. Kate made her way back to her compartment, carefully picking her way among the piled bags, the weary passengers, and, in her own carriage, two knots of sleeping schoolchildren.

The jolting of the train bumped her against a man standing near the door of her compartment. He turned to say "Pardon!" He was smoking a large cigar. He looked at her with bold dark eyes. She frowned a little, knowing she would have to pass him again, with her sponge bag, on her way to wash—if one could pick one's way over sleeping bodies to the toilet.

But she was wrong. When she came out again he had gone. She had to stand in the rocking corridor in a dispirited little queue for fifteen minutes and was thankful all the time that Francesca was fast asleep. She had not stirred when Kate had entered the compartment. There was the unmoving plump hump of her beneath the bedclothes in the shadow. She'd probably wake frightfully early, and sleep-dazed and out of temper. Kate would have to cope with her objections to wearing anything but the crumpled white organdie.

Well, no use in anticipating trouble. Live in the moment—in this particular moment of watching the miserly trickle of water coming from the tap, and seeing in the swaying speckled mirror not her own face but that of her dinner companion, dark-eyed, sombre. Lucian Gray. It was not a name one would forget. Or a face . . .

In spite of her extreme tiredness, she did not sleep well. She dozed and woke with a start every time the train jolted to a stop. Somewhere behind these drawn blinds and this stuffy little room a world existed. One heard it in the shouted names of the stations, ringing through the abruptly still night. Then the more mundane chattering of late travellers, the slamming of doors, the sliding forward and the increasing rhythm of the wheels again, lulling her to uneasy sleep until the next jolt came, and the voices from another world shouted.

Once there was scuffling outside her door, and one of the schoolgirls whimpering. The soothing voice of the mistress calmed her. Kate considered offering help, then selfishly decided against it. Thank goodness her own charge was much too stolid and placid for upsets. She slept like a log.

But the night passed in this uneasy half-conscious dozing, and when the first light crept through the edges of the drawn blinds her head was still tight with exhaustion and her eyes felt full of grit. She sat up to reach for her hair brush, and at that moment the pandemonium started outside her door.

It was those wretched schoolchildren again. There were their concerted voices, all speaking at once, and above them that of one of the mistresses, who was obviously begging for quiet.

"Now, if you'll all just stop talking for a moment and listen to me. Mary, you say Annabelle was beside you when you went to sleep."

"I thought she was, Miss Rickerby, but Helen says she saw her go to look out of the windows at the other end of the corridor."

"But she came back, Miss Rickerby, because I saw her fixing her coat to put her head on."

The mistress was obviously getting a little panicky.



"Mother says that it isn't safe there, and you're either to come away or else give me the sandwiches."

"Didn't I tell you all to stay here and not move?"

"But sometimes we had to go."

"Oh, I understand that. Annabelle isn't there now, is she?"

"No, we told you. There's a man in there shaving. He's taking simply ages."

"Never mind him. We must first find Annabelle. Miss Jones has Laura and Jennifer and Caroline, and there are four in the compartment at the end of the corridor where some kind people let them sleep on the floor. How many of you here?"

"Eleven."

"So Annabelle is missing. Then she must be in one of the compartments. I'm afraid we'll have to knock politely at doors and ask people."

At this stage Kate climbed out of her bunk, and, pulling on her sweater and skirt, opened the door.

"Are you in trouble? Can I help?"

The young mistress, whose round freckled face was hot and flushed again, looked up quickly.

"One of my charges seems to be missing, but she can't be far away. It's all right, really."

"You poor thing," said Kate sympathetically. "I have only one to look after, and that's responsibility enough."

"It would have been all right if our reservations hadn't been muddled. Still, we're through the night, aren't we, children? When we find Annabelle and we've all had some breakfast we'll be as right as rain."

"What does Annabelle look like?"

"She has red hair—"

"And freckles," echoed the children.

Kate smiled. "She should be conspicuous enough. I'm sorry I haven't got her under my bunk. Shall I help you look?"

"Oh, no, thank you. We can manage very well. She wouldn't possibly have left this carriage. Actually she's rather a timid child. I thought she was dead asleep when I saw her last."

She must be in one of the compartments. I'll just take a quick look. I'll give you a shout when I've found her, if you like."

"Yes, do."

Temporarily giving up ideas of a wash, Kate went back into her compartment and shut the door. Francesca would wake any minute, but one might as well let her sleep as long as possible. It was only six o'clock. She would leave the blinds drawn and rest a little longer herself. That poor girl with all those children to look after. No wonder one of them had gone astray.

But she couldn't be far away. Children didn't disappear off trains unless someone deliberately pushed them off.

And now it was tomorrow and there was Francesca, and the Eiffel Tower, and later the ferry to Folkestone, and perhaps a glimpse of Lucian Gray somewhere in the crowd, perhaps that flashing smile of his across a multitude of heads.

Kate dreamed pleasantly as the light grew and through the chink of the blind she could see the stubble and the faded tawny look of the gentle French fields. Gray clusters of houses, leaf-stripped trees, white horses browsing on the autumn grass, and occasional fairy-tale turrets, or the glimpse of a white chateau among groves of beeches.

But a little later her reverie was broken by an apologetic tap on her door.

"Who is it?"

The young mistress, even hotter of face, slid the door back and put her head in.

"I'm so sorry, but there absolutely isn't a sign of Annabelle. Do you mind awfully if I look in here? I'm sure she wouldn't hide herself away uninvited, but just in case . . ."

Kate slipped over the side of her berth.

"Of course. Look where you like. But there's only Francesca here. She's still asleep. You can see."

"Oh, I'm so sorry—honestly I'm at my wit's end . . ."

"It's time Francesca woke up, anyway," said Kate, and pulled the blinds up with a clatter. "There, now you can see for yourself that I've no readhead . . ."

But her words died on her lips. For the sound and the light had woken the child in the bunk, and she turned sleepily, lifting her tawny head, opening pale green eyes, and showing clearly her face with its comic mask of sandy freckles!

The child was not Francesca at all. She was the missing Annabelle, who, recognising her hot-and-bothered schoolteacher, began to smile, revealing two missing front teeth. Smiling an idiot's grin, Kate thought frantically, as she began to realise the dreadful implications.

It was not the red-haired Annabelle who was missing. It was Francesca!

The girl was an idiot, Kate thought furiously. For she seemed to have no idea how she had come to sleep the night comfortably in a first-class compartment while her schoolmates huddled miserably in the corridor. She said she had gone to sleep beside Mary and just woken up here. That was all.

"What was your little girl like?" the schoolmistress asked sympathetically.

The past tense, thought Kate, with renewed anger. As if Francesca were dead!

"She's dressed in a white organdie dress, and she has a large blue bow in her hair."

To page 63

LOOK what's NEW from White Wings

Baked puddings that
make their own sauce!



Butterscotch

Tender feathery cake over luscious butterscotch sauce as rich as country cream! Perfect served alone — delightful served with fruit or cream.



Chocolate

Double chocolate bliss, mellow chocolate cake riding high on satiny fudge sauce! *Wonderful* alone — but try it with a scoop of ice-cream, too.

NEW! White Wings sponge pudding mix

You never *saw* anything like them — magical mouth-melting puddings that form their own sauce as they bake.

You never *tasted* anything like them — cake as light as home-made butter-sponge, sitting pretty over lashings of rich sauce!

You never *served* anything like them — second-helping sweets that add a party touch to meals, yet save you so much time, so much trouble. You can be sure they're good — they're White Wings.

JOAN WINFIELD
of White Wings Test Kitchens

"Sponge Pudding Mixes that make their own sauce are wonderful and a completely new idea", says Joan Winfield. "They taste rich and elaborate — require little preparation — just add one egg and beat. Do try them soon — they're at your grocer's."



happy feet happy days

You'll get greater comfort for those aching, tired feet if you use Zam-Buk nightly. Just bathe the feet in warm water, dry thoroughly and rub in Zam-Buk. The emollient, antiseptic and healing oils go deep into the skin and quickly end those aches and pains, heal blisters and sore heels and soften corns.

For skin dryness, rashes, roughness, cuts, bruises, burns, etc., there's nothing to equal Zam-Buk.

ZAM-BUK MEDICINAL CREAM is a non-greasy treatment just as good for foot troubles, muscular pains, strains and is excellent for the hands and face. 23

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Are YOU tormented by back-ache, rheumatic pains? Don't let backache "Kidney" Pills can bring you prompt relief. Rheumatic pain, headaches, puffiness under the eyes, disturbed nights, leg pains, are often a sign of sluggish kidneys failing to carry out their vital job of removing waste matter from the blood. To follow the lead of sufferers all over the world. At the first sign of kidney upset get **DOAN'S**. Doan's should bring you swift, blessed relief, and set those lazy kidneys back to work again.

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New idea for Junior's Breakfast!



Start the day right is a golden rule that sometimes becomes slightly tarnished in a busy household. Particularly when that little-man-of-the-house is demanding food—but quick! Heinz New Breakfast Cereal with Milk and Honey is a completely new ready-to-serve way of supplying a balanced breakfast food rich in protein, minerals and other body-building qualities. The principal sweetening ingredient is honey, achieving a flavour that makes even you wish you were pint-sized. This brand new Heinz red-labelled variety is now featured in your favourite Heinz Baby Foods Department.

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Do you talk Baby Talk to your baby? If you don't sometimes—you're exceptional parents! Just remember that baby learns to speak the way he's spoken to—hearing only baby talk makes his job harder.

To divert a toddler who's upset, produce a favourite toy he hasn't seen for a while. Tuck away a cuddly old favourite occasionally, produce it when a storm's brewing and he'll greet it as an old friend, forget his cares.

Free Accident Insurance for every baby under 12 months is available with Heinz Infant Accident Insurance Plan. This Plan entitles you to claim up to £100 for medical expenses incurred due to accidents in or out of the home. There is nothing to pay, no obligation. For details and registration form simply write to "Infant Accident Insurance", P.O. Box 57, Dandenong, Victoria.



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— the good they do now lasts a lifetime.

BABY FOODS



Continuing . . .

THE DEADLY TRAVELLERS

from page 61

She's Italian and speaks almost no English."

She was aware of the young mistress, smug now that she had the full count of her pupils, eyeing her with the faintest scepticism. Perhaps it did sound an unlikely description of a child on a long journey, but that wasn't her fault. Anyway, she had Francesca's modest suitcase, with the more conventional clothes in it, to prove that everyone wasn't quite mad.

She dived under the bunk to produce it. But it wasn't there. At least, not where she had put it. It must be in the rack—or somewhere. In her exhaustion last night she had moved it, and forgotten.

"What are you looking for?" asked the other girl.

"Francesca's suitcase. I thought I put it under the bunk. It must be here somewhere."

In a panic she was dragging the blankets off the bed, lifting the mattress.

But there was nowhere in a small railway compartment that a suitcase could be completely concealed. The fact was too obvious to deny.

Neither Francesca nor her belongings were here. They had simply vanished into thin air. "How very odd!" murmured the young mistress, the scepticism in her eyes. In the narrow doorway she was now surrounded by curious, peeping children.

● If the inside of a mince tart or pie is coated first with beaten white of egg and left for 15 minutes before filling with mixture, the pastry will not become sodden.

"She must be on the train somewhere," Kate said.

"Well, she shouldn't be hard to find in those clothes. But she's not in this carriage, because I'd have noticed her when I looked for Annabelle. Would you like me to help you?"

"Oh, if you would!"

"Of course I will. The children will help."

"Her name's Francesca, and I'm taking her to London to her mother. She doesn't even belong to me, you see. That makes it more awful. I left her in the bunk fast asleep when I went to have dinner last night, and when I came back she hadn't moved. At least—" That must have been when the strange thing had happened, when the sandy-haired Annabelle had got into Francesca's bunk and Francesca had gone off—or been taken off. Because she could swear no one had come into the compartment during the rest of the night.

"It's a pity Annabelle doesn't remember anything," the other girl said. "But she always was a sleepyhead. I'll get Miss Jenkins to help, too. Surely with all of us we'll soon find her."

The children thought it was a game. They surged through the train like a small tornado, shouting, "Francesca!" and bursting unceremoniously into compartments, aqualid in the growing light, with tossed bedding, luggage, and half-awake, unshaven, tousle-headed travellers.

Kate, following in their wake, asked politely but urgently if anyone had seen the little girl in the white organdie dress. Everywhere she was met with blank faces. No, no one had seen such a child. A white organdie dress! But that one would remember. What had happened? Had the child been kidnapped? But that would be impossible on a train. She must be somewhere.

An irate guard, trying to stop the avalanche of children, demanded to know what was happening, and Kate explained first in English, and then, seeing he was only half understanding, in her careful French, what the trouble was.

"You say the child was in the bed when you woke this morning?"

"But not the same child, I'm trying to tell you."

His eyes popped slightly. He was short and rotund, and looked quite stupid.

"M'selle, children do not change overnight."

"You don't believe me! But it's true! Someone must have changed them over. One of the schoolchildren, a completely strange child, was in the bunk."

"Ah-ha! A joke, m'selle. You have a friend on this train who likes to play jokes?"

"I don't have any friends on this train," Kate snapped impatiently. "And it isn't a joke. Or if it is, it's a monstrous one."

"You have the little girl's bags, perhaps?"

"No, they're gone, too."

The little round popping eyes surveyed her with what was now becoming familiar scepticism.

"M'selle, you are sure you began the journey with a child? You did not just imagine a little girl in a white dress with a blue ribbon in her hair?"

There was a hand on Kate's shoulder.

"Kate! Is there some trouble?"

It was Lucian. Kate almost flung herself into his arms.

"Yes, there is. I've lost Francesca."

His forehead creased with concern. But even his concern, she could see at once, was not serious. Or was she getting into the state where she suspected everyone?

"You didn't tell me anything about a Francesca last night. Who is she? Your poodle?"

"No, she's not a poodle. She's a child. Seven years old, and dressed in white organdie, with a large blue bow in her hair." She went over the familiar description wearily and waited for the inevitable reaction.

But she was grateful to see that he didn't think the description so improbable. He said quite seriously, "A child of seven wouldn't get off the train by herself, unless she fell off, and that's even more unlikely. Have you looked right through the train?"

"Almost."

"Then let me help you with the rest. Which way?"

"This. It's awfully good of you. I must find her before we get to Paris because there, in the crowds, it wouldn't be so difficult for someone to whisk her away."

"Why should anyone do that?"

"She's the child of divorced parents, and they're fighting over her. I was bringing her to England."

"Ah! Spies!"

"Lucian, don't joke! It's serious."

"I'm not joking." He put his hand back to take hers. She found the pressure of his cool, strong fingers immensely reassuring. In that moment, in the middle and worry and exhaustion, she fell very briefly in love with him.

SUDDENLY she was remembering the man whom she had bumped into in the corridor the previous night, standing near her compartment and turning to give her that long, insolent look.

Perhaps he was the person who had substituted Annabelle for Francesca, and then, with enormous confidence, lingered to see whether she would notice the change-over when she went to bed.

But why would he do it? And if he had done, he must have Francesca on the train somewhere. Unless he had left at one of the stops during the night, when the phantom voices had called, and everything had seemed to be happening in a dream.

The children came bursting back to say that there was absolutely no sign of any little girl in a white dress on the train. They had looked everywhere, even in the toilets and the guard's van.

One of the mistresses followed, nodding her confirmation.

"Kate—you did have this

child with you?" Lucian asked.

The schoolmistress had looked sceptical, the little French guard, stout and stupid, had looked sceptical, the passengers with their dull, sleepy eyes had shaken their heads with a polite lack of belief. Now, as the last straw, Lucian, who might at least have been the one to help her, looked disbelieving also.

"Do you think I was drunk and imagining things? Of course I had her with me."

"You didn't mention her at dinner last night. I thought you were travelling alone."

"I'd put her to bed. She was fast asleep. I didn't tell you everything last night. Should I have?" Her brows were raised haughtily. She was no longer in love with him. She hated him. He must know she was frantically worried, and yet he chose to think she was inventing a fantastic story about travelling with a child and losing her.

"You have her luggage, perhaps, her passport?" he said gently.

"No, I haven't. That's disappeared, too. Believe it or not!"

Curious passengers were listening now. She seemed to have eyes staring at her from all directions. She thought she would lose her difficult self-control and begin to scream.

"Find her for me!" she begged in a whisper. "Ask me questions afterwards."

Suddenly Kate saw the man whom she had bumped into the previous night. He was still looking at her with his sly, dark gaze, but when she burst out accusingly, "Have you seen a little girl in a white dress?" he shook his head and said in bewilderment, in a broad, Bradford voice, "Ee, have you lost one?"

No one with a voice like that should look so sinister. It was so unexpected that it was wildly funny. Kate thought she must be going mad. Then the train seemed to spin dizzily, and she had to grip the window ledge.

To page 69



"Do-it-yourself" hands need NIVEA

MOISTURISING care

The hands of the "do-it-yourself" girl of today need very special care. Household chores are hard on the hands, causing loss of natural oils and moisture that are so essential to a fresh healthy skin. These lost oils and moisture are replaced by regular use of Nivea. Nivea contains Eucerite which absorbs moisture and carries it deep into the skin tissues where it can do the most good, keeping your hands soft, gentle and healthy. For lovely hands always, use Nivea daily.



In tins, giant economy tins, tubes and Skin Oil in bottles.

SKIN needs NIVEA

the moisturising cream

Have you enjoyed NIVEA beauty SOAP?



DRAFT EES
Coe, Crosby,
and Mineo are
wanted for an
all-soldier TV
show — but it
gets them out
of running an
obstacle course
under live fire.

GUYS, GAGS, GORGEOUS GALS

Entertainment 

● It's girls and gags all the way when Sal Mineo, Barry Coe, and Gary Crosby join the Army in 20th Century-Fox's "A Private's Affair," a romantic comedy in color, with the accent on youth.

FINALE to the
show comes
unrehearsed
when their
girls, Terry
Moore, Bar-
bara Eden, and
Christine
Carere, rush
on to the stage.





JIVE-TALKING musician Sal Mineo finds, in Terry Moore, the sort of "class" he has always admired.



PLAYBOY HEIR to an Oregon cattle empire, Gary Crosby joined the Army — and also W.A.C. Sergeant Barbara Eden.

COLLEGE graduate Barry Coe meets Christine Carere, mother's choice for reluctant Sal — and next thing it's love.



Take DeWitt's Pills for quick relief from

BACKACHE and FIBROSITIS

THE cause of certain types of muscular pain is faulty kidneys. When the kidneys become inactive, your system is clogged with toxins and body waste. Then you suffer fibrositis, backache and stabbing muscular pain!

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—and give you visual evidence of this within 24 hours. Don't suffer a day longer. Buy a bottle of DeWitt's Pills from your chemist or storekeeper.

Economy Size (100 pills) 8/-
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Mrs. H.C., Wonthaggi, Victoria, writes:—
"I still derive tremendous benefit from your great health-giving relievers of pain and distressing backache. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills do everything they claim to do."
(The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office.)



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For Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Joint and Muscle Pains

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with Shining, Flashing Beauty for your Hair

First, brush your hair thoroughly to remove all dust. Squeeze one quarter of an inch of Vitapointe into the palm of your hand.

Spread the Vitapointe as a thin film over the palm by rubbing gently with your forefinger. Make sure the Vitapointe is all softened.

Dip your hairbrush in the Vitapointe by dabbing lightly. Take up very little. Do not draw the brush across your palm.

Now brush your hair thoroughly all over, paying particular attention to the ends, from time to time re-dipping the brush in the Vitapointe. Brush in all directions to spread the Vitapointe.

Finally, with comb, arrange the hair in the set you desire. It will stay "put" perfectly, shine with health and natural beauty; indeed look as if you'd just stepped out of your hairdressers.

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You're a Western sissy if you don't wear a mo

by NAN MUSGROVE

● Television's Western heroes come large, very large, and extra large, in ruffled cuffs or tight, sweaty shirts. They wear all kinds of haircuts, but only three wear moustaches—John Russell, Richard Boone, and Ward Bond.

RUSSELL is "The Lawman" (Channel 9, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.), Boone, suave Paladin of "Have Gun, Will Travel," and Bond, Major Seth Adams, the strong leader of "Wagon Train" (Channel 7, Thursdays, 8.30 p.m.).

Russell, who always reminds me fleetingly of Clark Gable in his young days, is known best of all as "Lawman's" ruthless Marshal Troop. He's the only one of the moustache-wearers who'll talk about why he wears one.

"I wear a moustache in 'Lawman' for the sake of authenticity," Russell said recently.

"I'm an ardent reader of American history. Law enforcement men of the old frontier days wore moustaches, and generally beards as well. None of them were clean-shaven. In fact, if a man didn't wear at least a moustache he was considered a sissy."

"It's my contention there is just no room for clean-shaven Western heroes, particularly if they're officers of the law."

"Even I don't go all the way on the beard angle, as I should for the sake of authenticity. I settle for a moustache because on TV it would be kind of hard to see what a man's face really looks like with a beard."

"I have nothing against the other Western heroes."

"If Hugh O'Brian of 'Wyatt Earp' figures sideburns are enough to convince viewers he is a genuine carbon copy of the real character, that is his business."

"If James Arness of 'Gunsmoke' thinks he can walk around clean-shaven when lawmen of the 1800s didn't, that again is his business."

"I'll admit it hasn't hurt their popularity any, but to me it's a matter of principle. All I'm worried about is 'The Lawman.' I'm going to stick to a moustache."

Peter Brown, Marshal Troop's sidekick in "Lawman," is a good-looking boy of 24, clean-shaven. Glad to find a flaw in Russell's authenticity, we pointed this out.

"Glad you noticed that," Russell said. "But you see Pete is only a lad. In the old days if you didn't want to you didn't sport a moustache or beard until you were deep in your twenties. It was considered all right for a young man to be clean-shaven if he wanted to be."

If you want to see a younger, clean-shaven Russell, flick the switch to Channel 7 and have a look at "Soldier of Fortune" (Tuesdays, 7 p.m.).

Looking even more like Clark Gable than ever, Russell rushes from country to country. He's a professional adventurer but not a cad, and he adventures on rescuing people from bad natives, wild animals, and desperate situations all over the world.

Richard Boone, who wears a heavy handlebar moustache, is holidaying at present and "Have Gun" is off the Australian TV screen till the New Year.

Poor Boone had his £A23,000 house burned down and lost not only all his furniture but also his valuable art collection. At present he's busy building a new home, buying a new collection, and resting-up from "Have Gun."

THE fancy or cute name department is quite a thing these days in Hollywood.

According to handsome Roger Smith, who plays



JOHN RUSSELL as Marshal Troop of "The Lawman" (Channel 9, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.), shown above with moustache, which he says is necessary for authentic Western heroes, with one of "The Lawman's" regular characters, Sig. Ruman.

TV's restaurant talk is interesting. The other night I was delighted to hear a girl in a bus-depot restaurant order a "catch-the-bus steak." I'm always looking for a get-back-to-work-on-time lunch.

Another bit of good talk came from that fascinating character Frank Lovejoy, McGraw of "Meet McGraw" (Channel 9, Tuesdays, 10.00 p.m.), my favorite adult private eye so far.

McGraw was quizzing a girl about a man, which sounds rather like seeing a man about a dog, and asked her how she met him.

She explained that she sat at the same table in a coffee shop and he began to talk to her.

"What sort of conversation did you have," he said, "just coffee conversation?" "Oh, yes," she said, which seemed to clear the whole matter up. But not for me. Just what is coffee conversation? Milk? Sugar?

"ON SAFARI," Armand and Michaela Denis' documentary wildlife films, makes some of the best TV. The new series (to be seen soon on Channel 2), filmed in Africa, have been amazing wild-animal real-life films.

A recent episode seen in Sydney featured the Denis' visit to Queen Elizabeth National Park, notable for the hippopotami found there. Numbers of hippos fighting, frolicking, and wallowing in the water were shown, photographed by the Denis' from their jeep.

Armand Denis can't say "r," and his references in his commentary to a "gloop" of hippopotami heightened the whole film. There could surely be no better collective noun for a number of hippos than a "gloop."

SUMMERTIME programming is arriving next Sunday, September 6, at Channel 9, anticipating the start of those wonderful sunny



PETER BROWN, Russell's deputy in "Lawman," is clean-shaven, but authentic because he's only 24.

summer Sundays that keep people out late.

Reorganising so that everyone won't miss his favorite programme—"Small World"—has given the Sunday programmes a completely new look at Channel 9.

"Small World" has been moved from 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. immediately following "Meet the Press." At 5 p.m. in its place there is another new show that sounds as if it may be something extra—"Danger Is My Business."

It is described as a series of "factual dramas" that tell the stories of occupations that are dangerous, or at least look dangerous. You'll be fascinated to learn that the very first episode is the story of the work of Australian lifesavers, starring the Deewy Club.

Other occupations featured in the series are test pilots, snake-farmers, salvage-divers, matadors, movie stuntmen, and lion-tamers. It sounds like thrills ahead.

"Danger Is My Business" is the brainchild of Lieutenant-Colonel John D. Craig, of the U.S. Air Force, retired, who hosts and narrates the show. It has won a film Oscar and been nominated for an "Emmy," the TV Oscar.

TELEVISION PARADE

Efrem Zimbalist's detective partner in Channel 7's mystery winner, "77 Sunset Strip" (Fridays, 8.30 p.m.), it's a device to avoid getting lost in the crowd.

"To distinguish themselves from the rest," Roger said, "many actors adopt off-beat names. They, or their agents, think that if you don't have a name like 'Rock,' 'Tab,' or 'Lance' you may as well forget about working. You'll get lost in the crowd."

"Well, that ain't necessarily so."

Roger Smith (it's his real name) is perhaps the commonest name on TV, but as Zimbalist's partner he is far from lost.

Aside from playing Jeff Spencer in "77 Sunset Strip," Roger has had leading roles in five motion pictures, the most recent being "Auntie Mame."

"And now I'm doing like my other TV co-star Edd ('Kookie') Byrnes. I'm cutting rock-n-roll records."

"It wasn't always like this, though," Roger said. "To be truthful, I often thought of getting rid of my common name."

"When I finally got my contract, the studio turned thumbs down when I suggested I change my name."

The Smith boy is not lost with his common old name. It's known round the TV world these days.

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SURF GIVES YOU THE WORLD'S CLEANEST, WHITEST WASH

Young actresses at "dead end"

● The fate of Millie Perkins and Haya Harareet, two unknowns boosted to one-picture stardom as the result of widely publicised searches, is enough to discourage any ambitious young actress from being "found."

MILLIE is the New York teenage model who was chosen for "The Diary of Anne Frank," and Haya is the young Israeli actress who stars with Charlton Heston in the multi-million dollar "Ben Hur."

Both, having long since made their pictures, are retained "on salary," but without any follow-up film in sight. Their studios claim they need the girls for personal appearance tours to boost their respective movies.

No rival companies have so far made bids for Millie, but Haya had a chance to go on loan-out to another studio.

But her bosses, M.G.M., wanting to keep her name associated only with their expensive epic - spectacular, turned the request down flat.

★ ★ ★

BUSY Brad Dillman gets the coveted role in Fox's remake of "Stage Door," and then plays a dual role for Darryl F. Zanuck in "Crack in the Mirror," with Juliette Greco.

NEW RELEASES

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★★ ROOM AT THE TOP

Drama, with Laurence Harvey, Heather Sears, Simone Signoret. State, Sydney.

SPLENDID direction from Jack Clayton, excellent photography, and sincere acting make this an outstanding film.

Based on John Braine's novel, it tells the story of a fiercely ambitious young provincial (Harvey), who is determined to raise himself above his working-class background.

He sees marriage with the daughter (Heather Sears) of the town's wealthiest industrialist as the short cut to everything he wants. But while he is waiting to win her he enters into a love affair

with a middle-aged married woman (Simone Signoret).

For all the film's soundness and sincerity, it is Signoret's beautiful, mature performance in this role that makes it a really memorable experience.

In the central role Harvey transcends his usual polished, romantic charm to show the hard, tough core demanded by the character.

A couple of crudely made censor cuts once or twice break the narrative's flow.

The atmosphere of a provincial manufacturing town, including its social values and standards of judgment, is excellently maintained.

The only characters who did not ring true were the girl's wealthy admirer and the older woman's husband.

In a word . . . **ABSORBING.**



RUMORS of feuding between Katie Hepburn and Lis Taylor, both making "Suddenly Last Summer" in England, led to this gag picture, staged on the set for the London Press. In the background are Monty Clift (left) and director Joseph Mankiewicz.

★ THE MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD WOMEN

Romantic drama, with Leslie Caron, Henry Fonda. In color. Century, Sydney.

THE hand of Hollywood lies heavily upon this disappointing film, in which both the love scenes and the tears of the heroine are too numerous to mention.

A shade less beguiling than

her former gamin self, the new, mature Leslie Caron is still a great charmer.

She is cast as a young actress who marries a famous Hollywood producer (Fonda) and suffers years of neglect while he devotes his attention to building her into a great star — with himself as her producer.

Fonda's role is an interestingly written one, and he gives it an intense, highly personal interpretation.

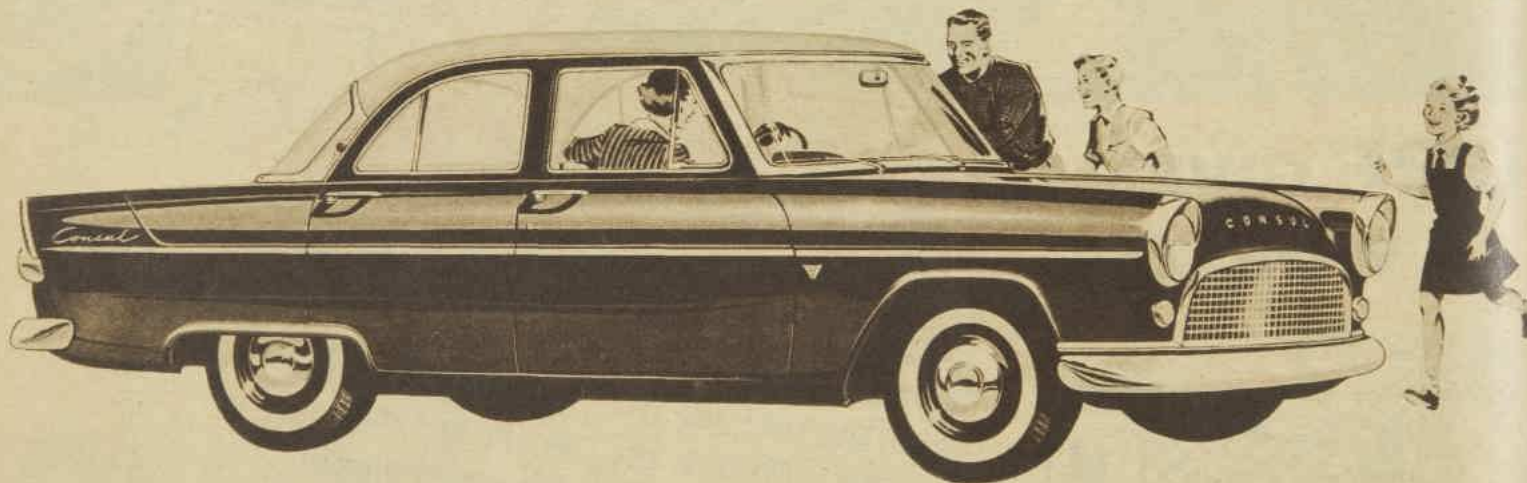
Despite some patches of pungent dialogue and Fonda's

ability to add a certain distinction to any film in which he appears, this is never anything but second-rate. Glance is laid on with a trowel.

In his first American film, Italian actor Danova handles capably the role of the idealistic soldier to whom Leslie turns for love.

Myron McCormick, an actor I do not usually admire, gives a nice, sustained, and dry performance as a character whom he acidly refers to as Fonda's "chief of staff." In a word . . . **ARTIFICIAL.**

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Continuing . . .

THE DEADLY TRAVELLERS

from page 63

Lucian's hand was on her elbow.

"Are you all right, Kate? You'd better come and have some coffee."

"I can't. Not without Francesca. She needs coffee, too."

"We'll be at the Gare du Nord in half an hour. Ten minutes for coffee isn't going to affect Francesca one way or the other, but it is going to stop you from fainting."

"Lucian, what am I to do?" she implored.

"Have coffee and we'll talk."

It was useless to talk, of course. She could only repeat how she had put Francesca safely to bed in the lower bunk the night before, and then had had that moment of utter horror and disbelief on seeing the strange child's face in the morning.

"Freckles! Missing teeth! And she hasn't a word of explanation."

"She wouldn't have climbed in that bunk if it hadn't been empty."

"You mean she deliberately got in herself?"

"I should think so. Half asleep. Looking for somewhere to be comfortable. Naturally she isn't going to admit she remembers."

"But, Lucian—" She gave him a long look over her coffee cup. "You still don't believe me, do you? You think it's I who have been dreaming up these things."

"Have you Francesca's railway ticket?"

"She wanted to keep it herself with her passport. She's an experienced traveller. Everything was in her suitcase." Kate pushed away her coffee cup and stood up. "What on earth am I going to tell her mother and Mrs. Dix?"

"We're coming into the outskirts of Paris," Lucian said.

Kate took an anguished look at the slate-grey roofs, the amber chestnut trees, the slowly awaking streets. Clasp her

doll, determined and silent. Francesca was to have made her promised ascent of the Eiffel Tower . . .

Kate stood up decisively. "The moment we arrive I'm getting the police."

Women always show more taste in adorning others than themselves; and the reason is that their persons are like their hearts—they read another's better than they can their own.
— J. P. Richter

It was impossible, in the fuss and bustle of arrival, to see whether anyone anywhere was trying to smuggle a fat, complacent child off the train. Although she hung out the window to get a good view of the moving people, the shouting porters, the babble of several languages made her feel only baffled and confused. The train was almost empty now. It seemed useless to search the empty compartments littered only with orange skin and cigarette butts.

If Francesca were there she would be making her presence known—if she could still speak . . .

IN a sudden flash of illumination, Kate was remembering the child's efforts last night to tell her that a strange man had talked to her. Someone interested in her, someone who had told her something that pleased her.

Had he been making an irresistible bribe to her? Had he asked her to get off the train when he came for her?

Because now Kate was convinced the change-over of the children had been made while she was having dinner with Lucian.

Francesca must have been taken off the train at the last minute before it left Basse, but her abductor naturally would not want Kate to discover her absence until morning. So the sleep-drunk Annabelle, luckily to his hand, had been substituted . . .

"Kate," came Lucian's voice, "there's no use in waiting here."

Kate turned slowly. "What am I to do?" she asked again.

"Call the police if you like. But I doubt if you'll convince them a child existed. I suggest you should first put a call through to London and get your instructions from there."

"Yes. I'd better telephone Mrs. Dix. But however am I to tell her . . .?" She felt dazed now, with worry and exhaustion. She was temporarily content to have him lead her.

"Put your coat on. Where are your bags?"

"There's only one. Francesca's . . ." Her voice trembled. She made herself say carefully, "You're very good to me, although you don't really believe there is a Francesca. I've got some gloves somewhere — oh, look!" Her cry was chiefly one of surprise, as if she, too, had been becoming convinced that Francesca did not exist. "Here's Francesca's doll. It's got pushed behind the mattress. There you are! That proves she was here!"

Triumphantly she held up the slightly shabby doll, pathetic and somehow without personality now that it lacked an owner.

"You have to believe me now," she said.

"Any child can have a doll," he murmured. "But, Kate, dear, I've never disbelieved you."

To page 70



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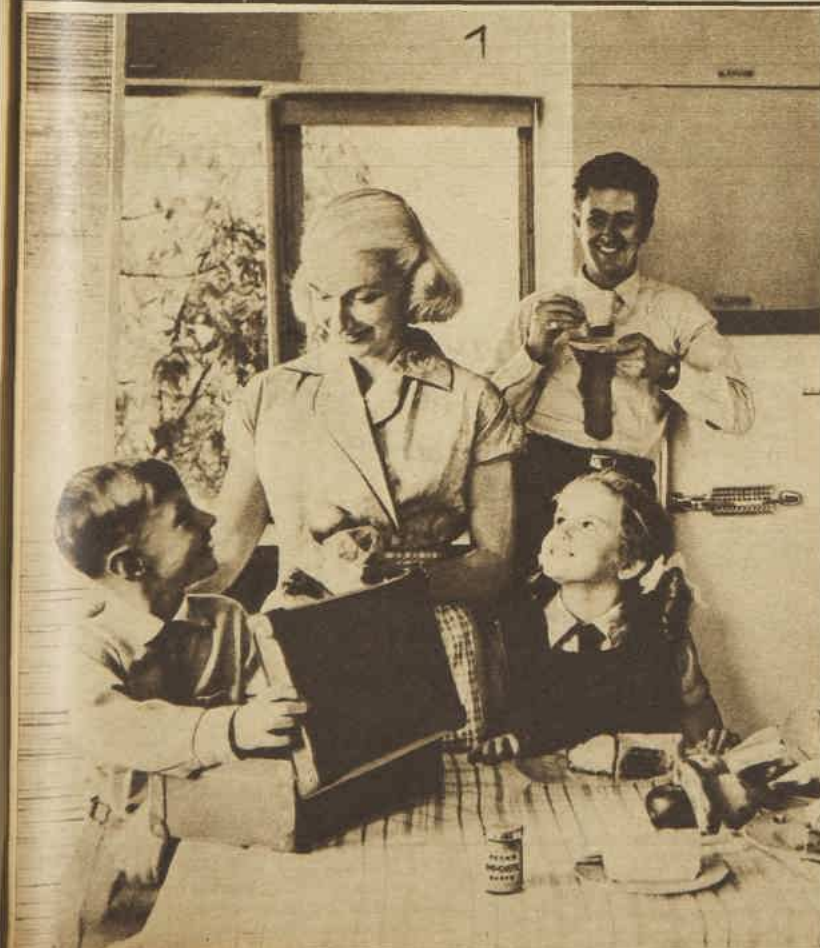
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Continuing...

THE DEADLY TRAVELLERS

from page 69

Come along, let's get off this ghastly train."

Francesca lured somewhere on a false bribe, without her promised trip to the Eiffel Tower, without her precious doll. A little girl determinedly dressed for a party that seemed to be fast becoming a tragedy. Kate resolutely swallowed the lump in her throat and followed Lucian.

They had to wait for the London call to come through. Lucian had arranged it. He had somehow got several talkative and gesticulating railway officials persuaded of the urgency of it, and had also the tired and irritable guard, who had first heard Kate's report of the child's disappearance, to bear witness.

They all stood and watched as Kate at last got through and heard Mrs. Dix's voice, which seemed to come from infinitely far away. Yet even in that wispy sound she could hear the breathless eagerness of the "Yes! Yes! Who is it, please?" and she realised the forlorn and fantastic hope that was running through Mrs. Dix's mind. Even after fifteen years of silence any telephone call from abroad revived her tenacious optimism. This, perhaps this, was the one to tell her that her husband had come back from the dead...

It was cruel to shatter that expectancy, and even in this emergency Kate hesitated.

"It's Kate here, Mrs. Dix."

"Kate? Kate?" The disembodied voice had lost its liveliness. It sounded groping and lost, as if the transition from hope to reality was too much for its owner.

"Kate Tempest, Mrs. Dix. I went to Rome to get Francesca."

"Oh, yes. I remember. The Italian child. What about it? Where are you speaking from? Has something gone wrong?"

"Terribly wrong, I'm afraid. Francesca's missing. Lost. She disappeared off the train. And no one has seen her."

EVERYONE in the dreary brown room was watching her, Lucian, the telephone operator, and the officials who had argued and protested that the whole thing was imaginary, unnecessary. Relatives had picked up the child at Basle — if there had been a child —

Pouf, anyone could leave a shabby toy on a train...

"Missing! Oh, goodness me!" The flurried voice told Kate that Mrs. Dix was groping in a convenient chocolate box for sustenance.

The disappointment that the call from abroad was not from her long-lost husband after all and now this news that Kate's mission had gone so badly astray would throw her off balance.

"Shall I call the police in? That's what I must know."

"Those foreign police — so excitable — just to find a child who's run away. Can't you look for her?"

"You don't understand, Mrs. Dix. She's been missing all night. We think she was taken from the train at Basle."

"We?"

"The gentlemen here," Kate said, looking placatingly at the avidly listening gentlemen.

"The railway officials and an Englishman who has been very kind."

There were sundry strange noises coming through the receiver that may have been Mrs. Dix clucking in alarm or merely munching a chocolate. But when she spoke again her voice was surprisingly decisive.

"Not the police yet, dear. Must get in touch with Rome, with her father. Oh, dear!

what a bore! And we thought you so reliable. Miss Squires said—dear! dear! Not those dreadful foreign police, making an international incident out of it. Wait there till I call you back. What's your number?"

"Can I get a call here?" Kate whispered frantically.

Better be kind at home
than burn incense in
for places.

— Mencius

This was the signal for a great deal more arguing to go on, but finally it was agreed that if it came in a reasonable time it would be permitted. It was the best that could be done. Sitting in the stuffy office waiting for the telephone to ring, catching the hostile glances of French officials who thought her infinitely careless, to say the least, to lose a child on a journey—if there had been a child—Kate realised what the note beneath Mrs. Dix's breathlessness and alarm had been. Not disappointment. Fear.

Or had she imagined that, too? Had she imagined every-

thing, even the small doll, Pepita, packed in her capacious handbag?

But the second call, which came, was complete climax. Mrs. Dix's voice, bleated over with reassurance.

"Kate, dear, not to worry. Everything's all right. Francesca's home."

"In Rome?" Kate gasped.

"Yes, with her father. Very bad and quite unusual. When she had gone suddenly decided he should bear it, or perhaps it was against Rosita, of course. He telephoned some friends. Basle and had Francesca off the train. At a moment when you were not observing of course."

"But how extraordinary!" Kate gasped.

"Isn't it?" Mrs. Dix was full of cheerfulness. "Nothing better than a bit of giving you all this worry. Kate. Rosita is so hearted, naturally. She wants you to stay in Paris for a just in case we have any other instructions for you to the Hotel Imperial in Rue St. Honore. And rest. You must be worn out. We'll call you there if we see you. And fly home in the morning. Miss Squires arrange for your air ticket to be sent to the hotel."

To page 71

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



Geraldine

"GERALDINE" — Pretty summer one-piece designed with a cool sleeveless bodice, top, fitted midriff, and full skirt. We show two views of the dress. The material is an embossed striped cotton. The color choice includes aqua, lemon, pale blue, and pink, all printed with a white-embossed stripe.

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● NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 71. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Mr. Dix, are you sure
Rosita's all right?"

"I can only tell you what
a rogue has told me. And
he's unashamedly. He thinks
I'm very clever, in fact. But
I should repeat, which
Rosita thinks you
will stay until tomorrow."

"I've messed it up so badly."
My dear, no one could have
expected this. You said
there was an Englishman?"

Dix's voice lifted naugh-
tily. "And you're in Paris. Go
have fun."

Kate put the telephone down
sulkily. She gathered that
someone listening had got the
gist of the conversation, for
there were wretched smiles and
nudging shoulders.

"What did I tell you?" said
the now affable guard. "She
was out of the window, pouff!"

It was only Lucian who was
smiling. He was looking
at her with a long, curious,
thoughtful look, neither sur-
prised nor relieved at the
allusion to the small drama, but
rather as if when he had per-
suaded her to ring London he
had known exactly what the
result would be. And almost
as if it amused him a little.

But why should it be amus-
ing? She herself felt remark-
ably far from mirth. For
out from the pathos of it,
Francesca, lonely and bewil-
dered, snatched away from her
promised party, deprived of
her favorite doll, and bundled
back to Rome like so much
merchandise, probably to the
rather grim Gianetta and the
squalid little house off the via
Appia, there had been that
strange note of fear in Mrs.
Dix's voice.

Even during her second call,
when she had bubbled over
with cheerfulness, Kate had
faintly and uneasily sensed the
upbraidment. What, in the
boiling and abortive episode,
would make her afraid?

The gentle click of the door
opening aroused Kate late in
the afternoon.

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Continuing . . .

THE DEADLY TRAVELLERS

from page 70

"Who is it?" she asked
sleepily, not fully aware of
where she was, or why she had
been asleep when afternoon sun-
shine was still filtering through
the windows.

There was no answer.

She sat up, blinking and
looking at the closed door. But
she was sure it had opened.
That was what had woken her.
Had someone come to the wrong
room?



Or had someone been walk-
ing about softly in here, and
left hastily when she stirred?

Fully awake, Kate sprang
out of bed and hurried to the
door. The corridor was empty.
Somewhere she could hear
voices speaking in rapid French,
and on the ground floor she
heard the lift gates shut. These
were normal enough sounds in
a hotel and nothing to get
perturbed about.

Funny, she had been sure
something had aroused her.
Perhaps it had been the door
of the next room opening and
closing. Anyway, here was the
day almost gone, and she had
not yet had more than the
glimpse of Paris that she had
got on the brief taxi journey
from the Gare du Nord to the

hotel. Lucian had brought her
here. He had told her to get
some rest, and if his business
permitted he would telephone
her before eight o'clock that
evening. He had been very kind.
He had seen her through that
nightmare hour when she had
been searching uselessly for
Francesca. But there was no
reason why he should go on

being responsible for her. She
had realised that, in the slightly
withdrawn quality of his voice
when he said goodbye to her.

Well, he had thought the
whole thing a hoax, anyway.
He still did not seem to com-
pletely believe that there had
ever been a child, in spite of
her conversation with Mrs. Dix,
and in spite of the doll.

Kate shrugged as philosophi-
cally as possible. After all, it
could be Lucian who had been
the ghost. He was even more
transitory than Francesca. The
only record she had of him was
the sketch she had done on the
menu card, and that was not
particularly good. She took it
out of her handbag to look at
it again. His remarks about it
were right, she thought, as she

looked at the incomplete lines.
He did look haggard and grim,
like someone engaged in a los-
ing battle, or a lost cause. She
would tear this up and forget
it. And him.

But this she could not quite
bring herself to do. She left it
lying on the dressing-table, and
picked up the telephone to ask
for a bath. Her exhaustion still
clung to her, and it made her
feel strangely sad and gloomy.
She had made such a mess of
her mission to Rome, and the
thought of Francesca, an
innocent seven-year-old, caught
up in quarrels that were not
hers, depressed her.

She lingered longer in the
bath than she had meant to.
When she returned to her room
she wondered if Lucian had
been trying to get her on the
telephone. But it was foolish to
stay in on the chance of a call
from a virtual stranger who
by now was probably too busy
with his own affairs to worry
about her. She would go out
for a brief sightseeing tour
while the daylight lasted.

But it was a pity . . . His
face remained persistently in
her mind. That sketch—where
was it? She thought she had
left it on her dressing-table.
She was positive she had. But
it was not there.

But nothing else had been
touched. The bed was left
rumpled from her long sleep.
Her things were flung care-
lessly about. With a small stir-
ring of uneasiness she remem-
bered the real or fancied open-
ing of her door as she awoke
from sleep. Had someone
wanted to come in then, but
finding her there gone away?
It would be difficult to know
whether or not anyone had
searched her suitcase, for its
contents were already untidy
enough. Her handbag she had
prudently taken up to the bath-
room with her, so her money
and passport were safe. Only
the menu card, quite valueless,
was missing . . .

To be continued

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Continuing . . . YOUNG MAN ON THE SHELF

from page 19

had nothing else to do, and the daily help replacing his landlady was an uninspiring cook.

His Aunt Emily lived with his Aunt Susan in one of those long, low Tudor houses apparently built when Englishmen were a race of pygmies. Rorie was six feet four, and when staying at Snatchers went around in a sort of crouch he found it difficult to rid himself of afterwards. He was apt to go about London pavements that way, and London pavements, whatever they lack, have plenty of headroom.

He read the letter again, and saw his aunt had P.T.O. at the bottom of the page and added a postscript he had overlooked. "You will recall Marta, who grew up with you. She is with us again."

He racked his brains, but got nothing save the snatch of a song: "Marta, rambling rose of the wildwood." Still, it was something to know he was going to meet, for a change, someone around his own age at his aunt's house, where the company, like the furniture, was mostly genuine antique.

For it had begun to dawn on Rorie why it is confirmed bachelors suddenly and desperately marry—and he had a forlorn hope that perhaps Fate was throwing him a lifeline.

Little Rackingsford was one of those guilty-looking villages that appear to have a secret to keep. Front gates were always tightly shut, lace curtains draped forbiddingly over casement windows. Occasionally an elderly lady could be seen assailing slugs in her garden. Occasionally someone would emerge from Mr. Pilbeam's shop and looking this way and that, as if suspecting an ambush or a mad dog, bolt for home.

Snatchers stood some way out of the village, aloof as his aunt, darkened all about with woeful yew trees. The daffodils wilted in long grass, but two beds of tulips were a mad splash of color and gave Rorie a feeling of life going on about him. Aunts Emily and Susan were

exactly as he had left them three years previously. Like the yew trees, they seemed to go on forever. After cracking his head twice on the beams (for he had not yet dropped back into his old Tudor crouch), he joined them for tea in the drawing-room, all keyed up in this business of Marta, and wondering where she came in.

The drawing-room was fuller than ever of great bowls of dried flowers, so that he felt he was finding his way to the tea-table through a dusty forest. Aunt Emily was very good at drying flowers. But she overdid the tins. Almost at once he noted that there was no extra cup, nor throughout tea did his aunts allude to Marta.

Rorie felt the old depression beginning to seep up in his heart that came to him with the conviction that no plan of his ever did go quite right and never would, when his Aunt Susan came to the rescue, saying brightly: "We must take him to Marta..."

IT wasn't until they reached the paddock beyond the tennis court that Rorie grasped the situation. There was Marta leaning against the gate in a somnolent fashion, a long straw sticking out of her mouth. He remembered her all right.

She had never been a pretty horse, and time had done nothing for her. Nor had she a lovable nature. She had always been one for creeping up behind a boy and nipping him in the pants.

"She hasn't changed much, has she?" said Aunt Emily.

"No," said Rorie bleakly.

"She's twenty-five, would you believe it. And so fortunate we happened to hear of her when we did, for I am sure that horrid man who wanted to buy her had every intention of making her into sausages. Stroke her, dear. She won't bite."

She didn't bite, but she looked as if she thought of it.

"We decided it would be cheaper than a new mower, dear. After Runnett got so temperamental and threw the pistons off the old one down the well we either had to buy a new machine or make another arrangement."

"Is Runnett gone?" asked Rorie sadly. Everything was failing him. Runnett had been the only male thing besides himself in this too, too feminine society. Like all gardeners, he was a ruminant. He always had time to lean up against an empty beehive and talk about this and that. His time was other people's money.

"Really a better plan all round," his aunt ran on. "For Marta is most useful in copse and paddock, though to be sure she cannot do the front lawn, for which we employ Carver's boy."

"For the rest we have taken on a land girl. She also turned up most opportunely. Besides doing the vegetables and flowers she helps in the house, a thing we could never persuade Runnett to do. A nice, sensible girl, and what green fingers."

Rorie saw her in his mind's eye and lost all interest. He made up his mind to go by bus to the nearest town first thing in the morning to send himself an urgent telegram recalling himself to London.

He had a bitter, hollow feeling, and a conviction of the futility of all human effort, and just as he feared, after dinner Aunt Emily showed her pictures.

Once in a moment of generosity he had made her a present of a cine camera he no longer wanted, for he thought it would be a nice hobby for her. Little guessing how he would come to rue the day.

For now, every time he came home, she had a veritable magazine of films saved up for him. The lights were turned on end, and he had to sit, like a trapped bird all among the dead foliage, making suitable comments.

Aunt Emily was one of those unfortunate photographers whom nothing goes quite right. Even if she took the picture correctly she was prone to put it into the projector wrong so that she got some startling effects.

He had already seen Aunt Susan whizzing rapidly backwards down the Se Canal on a camel, and his Aunt Emily apparently standing on top of a Pyramid with a pistol—due to one lot of pictures being taken on top of another.

He thought the odd beam of light he had in his head that night came from Aunt Emily's pictures, plus the number of times he had cracked his head on the beams. He was wrong.

He awoke next morning after quaint and feverish dreams. Aunt Susan took a look at him, and gave a shiver.

"Mumps!" He heard her shocked footsteps retreating down and down the long passage towards the telephone. Later the door came.

The doctor had acquired a permanent Tudor crouch, and came in practically double, as he had lived in the district since boyhood. He was a young man about Rorie's age, and he straightened up and laughed and laughed.

"A really good case of it. Both sides," he said gravely. "Your aunts are scared all for neither of them have let it. Nor has Mrs. Patcham's cook."

Rorie mumbled "Hospital". The doctor laughed louder and longer.

"My dear chap, no hospital would touch you. Put that right out of your mind. You'll just have to sit—or rather lie—it out in patience. Mercurially the land girl has had it and she will look after you."

Rorie fell asleep.

When he awoke it was obvious someone had been in. His room looked different. Sort of pulled together and straightened, and there was a bowl of tulips in the window. She had

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None but the best of gifts for Father...

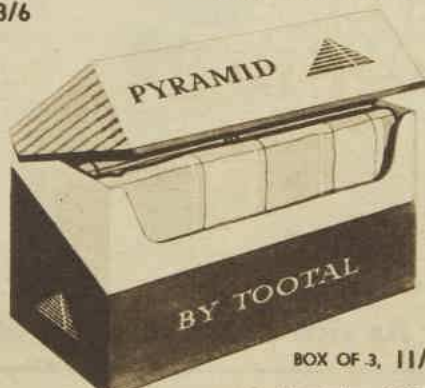
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Continuing . . .

YOUNG MAN ON THE SHELF

from page 72

apparently crept in and crept out again. If only he could keep it on that basis.

If it had been Runnett they could have had a nice talk some time to time, but he decided the best thing to do was the land girl appeared as to pretend to be asleep. Or dead. And he registered a vow that when he got away from Snatchers (if he ever did get away) he would never, never come back any more.

When he next awoke someone had lit a cheerful wood fire in his grate. It made dancing shadows on the wall that reminded him of his childhood days. His door opened. Someone came in.

Hastily he slapped both eyelids down, and breathed hard. He had placed a bowl of savory soup beside him, an unthinkingly act, for when the smell of it reached his nostrils, oh, how he suffered.

Mumps is not under any circumstances a becoming disease. With Rorie it was even worse than usual. On the second day, many number of whiskers began to grow upon his mumps. He kept out of bed to look at himself in the mirror. It was too much! Cost him what it might in pain and anguish, he decided to shave, and he set about making for his razor.

Someone, it seemed, had forgotten just this contingency, and hidden it.

He would now have to swallow his pride, and speak to the woman. Till then she had been to him just a hand that laid him to bed, straightened his bedclothes, made up the fire, and felt his forehead.

Once he thought he heard her giggle. He hoped sincerely it was his imagination. But it was partly because of the suspicion that when she brought him his breakfast his courage failed him, and in the end it was she who spoke first to him.

"It's about time you stopped moping," she said. "You can't always be asleep when I come in." Though there was without doubt a quiver of amusement in her voice, it wasn't mean, like the doctor's, and he opened his eyes and looked at her for the first time.

A tall girl with a crop of dark curls stood there. She had blue amused eyes with thick black lashes. She was not in the least what he had expected to see, and that only made the matter worse. She had a cup of coffee steaming aromatically on a tray. Rorie took one look at it and pulled the sheet up over his face.

"Take it away," he said. "Look, I know it's hateful for you, but you must make an effort. This is the third day. It will soon start going down now, and you'll begin to mend. I know it hurts. I had them myself last year."

Rorie pulled the sheet down far enough to look at her. "You didn't grow whiskers on yours," he said, and pulled it quickly up again. She burst out laughing, and to his surprise he found himself laughing with her.

"Be a good girl. Give me my time."

"Certainly not. You won't be allowed to shave for weeks. If you shave now, it would be very painful."

"Nothing worse can happen to me," said Rorie solemnly, "that has not happened already."

When she was gone, he lay with his eyes closed, heartick.

from his bed, aching in every limb, and made a search of his room. He had to find his razor, or die.

He did not die, but he fainted beside the dressing-table.

She must have been a stronger girl than she looked, for when he came to again, he was neatly packed in his bed, and she was standing over him, angry, brandy in a glass.

"I thought it was only women who were so vain," she said icily. "Drink this."

"Let me die," he besought her, and would have turned his face to the wall, but the girl had no mercy. To his surprise he found drinking was no longer the agony it had been.

"You might have got up tomorrow if you had not been so stupid," she announced. "Now the doctor says you must stay where you are till Friday."

"So the doctor has been again?"

"Who do you think lifted you back into bed?" she asked.

"A little bird," he said, and turned his back on her. As he did so his bristles went crrrr-crrrr on his aunt's good linen sheets, reminding himself of what a glamorous creature he was.

The swelling subsided. His face resumed its normal proportions save that it was now trimmed with a vast beard suggesting he had spent several months in a submarine.

"You can shave at the end of the week," said the doctor. "And, believe me, you won't find it too pleasant even then."

"The end of the week," said Rorie, appalled. "But, man, I have to be back in London by then."

THE doctor looked at him sadly.

"Quarantine for mumps is twenty-eight days. For twenty-eight days I am afraid I must insist . . ."

He added, "I don't know what you have to complain about. She is a very nice girl."

"That only makes the matter worse," said Rorie savagely.

When she brought him his supper he was sitting up nursing his knees, the last rays of the setting sun glinting on his fine beard.

"Twenty-eight days," he said hollowly.

She put the tray down beside him. At least he could now take a little interest in his meals, though he found it difficult to find his mouth in all that undergrowth.

"What did you expect?" she asked lightly. She wore a blue linen overall with smocking on it, and he knew the best thing he could do was not look at her. It struck him as odd that after all that had come and gone between them he did not even know her name.

"It's Rose," she said.

"O Rose of morning, and O Rose of evening, vainly for me shall you fade in domes of ebony and azure," he quoted hollowly. "This rose has faded and this rose is bitter, and this rose is nothing but the world!" And he lay flat and pulled the sheet right up over his face again.

She felt his head to see whether his temperature had risen again. It evidently hadn't, for she left him. Later his aunt sent him up a kind note begging him to do as the doctor ordered and keep right away. They also sent him up a bundle of magazines, "Sketches" and "Tatters." Full of pictures of people going places and getting married.

So for twenty-eight days he never saw another face but

hers. Even on the twenty-ninth day, when he went into the garden, his aunts would only talk to him over the rhododendron shrubbery. How he had pined and longed for the day when he could shake the dust of Snatchers off his feet forever, but now that the day was tomorrow, strangely enough he was loath to be gone.

She had been so dear and patient with him, he kind of liked the girl. He had got used to her—and that is three parts of the battle, but he knew it was no good pursuing the matter. How could she ever love a man she had nursed through mumps.

His beard had gone. His late disease had left him with an interesting pallor, but what was that set against all that had been!

A man has his pride. He knew she would turn him down, perhaps with a laugh. So he mooned about the passages, crouching, and so happened to be in the hall when the postman arrived. He tried hard to have a word with the postman, for he hadn't spoken to a man bar the doctor for twenty-nine days.

Unfortunately the postman spoke a dialect Rorie hadn't studied, so nothing came of that. Gloomily he sorted the letters to see if anyone had written to him, well aware no one had. It was then the familiar name caught his eye.

"Arden . . . There was a letter addressed to Miss Rose Arden. A far from common name, and he hurried out into the garden all minded to ask was she any relation to Jernyn, his one-time chum.

He found her in the paddock grooming Marta, all among the nostalgic aroma of horse. An atmosphere that brings back to the Englishman his youth and boyhood most poignantly.

"Why, yes . . ." said Rose. And she grinned at him impishly over Marta's shining rump. "Did he never speak to you of his kid sister? He had never finished cramming you down my throat."

He stared at her dumbfounded. Kids do not stay that way forever. With braces and platts. But he hadn't thought of that . . .

"Your . . . But then why in the name of fortune are you doing a job like this?"

She said, diligently polishing. "Because they are your aunts. Because I had heard so much about you, I wanted to meet you, and it seemed the only way . . . I am a practical woman. Girls have to be practical these days and fight for their rights."

"I rather liked the look of you from all your photographs, but I never got around to meeting you, somehow or other. So when Jernyn told me you'd be here the rest was easy . . ."

"You mean — if Runnett hadn't thrown whatever it was he threw down the well . . ."

"I would have found some other excuse," she said simply. "Nothing can come between a determined woman and her goal."

He stood staring at her. The golden moment he had prayed and longed for had come to him at last, but there was a whole horse between them. He must either vault it, duck under it, or dodge round the back end. With Marta always a hazard . . .

"Oh, Rose," he said brokenly. "You don't mean that after looking at my hideous, swollen face for so long . . ."

They faced each other now, leaning on Marta as though she were a stile in a paddock.

"Nobody ever gets mumps twice," she said softly.

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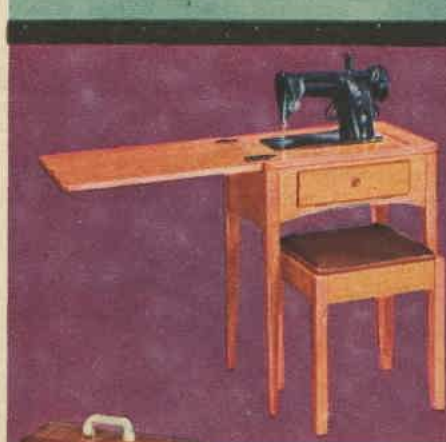
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neither an orderly nor a ritualistic departure. They were far too excited. Harold had his pockets swollen with spare socks, hankies, a pocket torch, some peppermint chews, a box of matches, a tube of sunburn cream, a compass, and two packets of headache-powders.

George held the mooring-ropes taut. "All set?" he asked tensely.

"All set," answered Harold, and, bravely tilting his chin, he gazed fearlessly ahead. Thus might Balboa have sighted the Pacific.

"Right!" George climbed aboard, straightened his bifocals, and cast off.

It was ironic that the brothers missed seeing the actual take-off. They were too busy frantically working the foot pedals, adjusting stays, controlling guy-ropes, shifting the ballast, whispering urgent instructions to each other, and shoving underwear out of their way.

The undercarriage hooked a gumtree, tore it out of the ground, and let it drop with a

crash that wakened the neighbors. George and Harold held their breath. But the neighbors murmured drowsily, and went back to sleep, for they knew it was only the crash of the mountain wind.

An owl saw them rise like a black Phoenix out of its latitude, and hooted derisively, a portent which the brothers missed entirely. A lone plover honking homeward was startled off course and fled in panic to the nearest tree.

They were airborne. The Great Adventure had begun. Beaming at each other, they sat back and relaxed. High over the city they went, and it winked beneath them like a lighted doll's house.

They wound their watches, and Harold looked at the compass and nodded to George, who was watching him inquiringly. The umbrella was dead on course.

The night air soon made them drowsy, and they began to nod like birds on a perch. They woke without knowing they had slept. They were drifting in an amphitheatre of rosy blue floored with solid white. They could see nothing directly overhead, and George remarked that he wished they had put in a skylight.

Provisions for the first day were suspended beneath the flagon, and they nibbled at biscuits and glanced sideways at each other and smiled shyly. They drank the flagon water from little collapsible cups, and the water tasted of alpine coldness and gullied flowers.

The sun turned fiery red and lit the cloud floor beneath them. George put on his sunglasses and remarked conversationally that it would be another hot day tomorrow. It was. But not in the way he had expected.

They dozed and talked and the daylight went from them swiftly and darkness came down and they slept.

George woke abruptly with a strong wind whipping his hair and the sun in his eyes. His head was twisted sideways, and he looked about him in bewilderment. Then he remembered.

Rubbing his eyes, he yawned vastly, glanced downward with the pleasant awareness of a traveller leaning over the deck rail, and was childishly disappointed to discover that the white cloud floor still obscured the view below.

He began to deep-breathe, tapping his chest and counting carefully as he did so. He was ravenously hungry.

He turned to Harold and announced chirpily: "Time for breakfast." Harold had his back turned towards him. His shoulders were hunched up hiding his head so that he looked like a silver mushroom. He was being quietly sick.

George was dismayed. They had made no allowance for sickness. He felt annoyed with Harold for his lack of foresight and consideration. Then he felt contrite.

"Try some dried fish," he offered sympathetically. Harold's shoulders rose revulsively, and he flapped a listless hand.

George stared thoughtfully ahead. Odd, he mused. On land you could see potholes and on sea you could spot reefs. Up here you couldn't see anything at all. The potholes and reefs were invisible.

The umbrella began to bump violently. George's mouth slipped sideways, went dry, then trickled saliva. His stomach muscles began to flutter and nausea rose strong within him.

Some time later he turned weakly to his brother. Harold was pathetically wiping his mouth with the back of his hand and trying to smile. His face was white.

Continuing . . . THE UMBRELLA OF PEACE

from page 21

"Feel better now, thanks," he apologised in a small quavering voice. To cover his embarrassment he peered around hopefully. "Not much to see, is there?"

"Not much," answered George gruffly. His face was red.

"Think I could manage something to eat. How about you?"

George said yes he thought so, too. They reached for the

They remained frozen in space, unable to move, until at last by a violent effort of will they wrenched themselves away from that awful hole and crouched trembling in seats that now seemed as insecure to their weight as a spider web. They stared horrified at each other. Their hunger had vanished. Thereafter they avoided looking down.

Harold withdrew into an unnatural silence and George considered a problem. He came to a decision, reached up to



"He practised so long at home this winter that this is the only way he can pull."

flagon, rinsed their mouths and scrubbed at their teeth with limp fingers, gargled, spat, and drank. They finished the last of the biscuits. There was no more food on the mainmast. It began to rain, and the rain curved in seeking under the canopy and scratched their faces like fingernails.

They were still hungry. "What shall we have?" asked Harold politely.

George considered. "Waffles."

"Waffles it is," grinned Harold, with less than his usual exuberance. He leaned down between his knees to get at the cupboard, and at that moment the cloud floor parted.

Harold was looking straight down through a hole in the floor of the world, and it was darker than the darkest cavern and deeper than the deepest ocean. He remained motionless for such a long time that George leaned out to see what he was doing.

a special guy-rope and began tugging on it. He kept glancing quickly at Harold, but his brother had his eyes screwed shut as though he intended never to open them again.

George worked quietly. He tugged and twisted until his arms trembled with tiredness and his head sweated and the water trickled into his eyes. All his ordered composure left him then and he pulled feverishly at anything that moved.

The umbrella was gyrating violently. Cardigans and long underwear flew in his face and he smacked them wildly away. His feet were going up and down on the pedals. Then suddenly his body went limp. All his fears gathered and burst, leaving a hopeless inertia. He was slumped in his seat when Harold ventured to open an eye and swirl it sideways at him.

"George," he said quietly. "Let's go down."

George looked at the "What," he asked idly, "you think I've been trying to do?"

"You mean . . . ?" George nodded. Harold spoke for some time.

"What day is it?" Harold looked at his watch. "Quarter to five," answered vaguely. Harold nodded thoughtfully.

They did not sleep that night. Daylight rocked them in a steaming wind and their mouths, but there was no hunger in them. Precariously they reached for the little collapsible cups, and each time they raised one, they snatched them away and had to strain forward to avoid a drop. They were too ready to notice.

But they noticed something else. They had difficulty in breathing. They gasped when they reached for air.

"Arrogant," panted George, "face the color of a wilted petunia. 'Inert constituents' in the atmosphere."

Harold said something intelligible. His mouth opened and shutting like a fish.

Somewhere in their consciousness they were aware that there were no birds and only a complete and appalling silence that sang beyond sun.

As suddenly as the rain came, it passed. They breathed normally again, and were grateful to wonder why.

Harold tried to be brave. "Wish," he said wistfully, "we had something to do."

"Wonder what's in the papers," said George, admitting his brother's courage was trying to match it.

Harold's face paled, like a child about to cry. "I've got a headache."

He fumbled about in his pocket for a powder, and encountered something unfamiliar. Down at his fingers and toes that they were holding the chamois bag. An immense and unreasonable relief flooded through him. It was as though a friend had spoken reassuringly in that lost immensity.

"Grandfather's job," he claimed joyously. He no longer spoke in capitals.

George looked at him morosely. When he saw the

To page 75

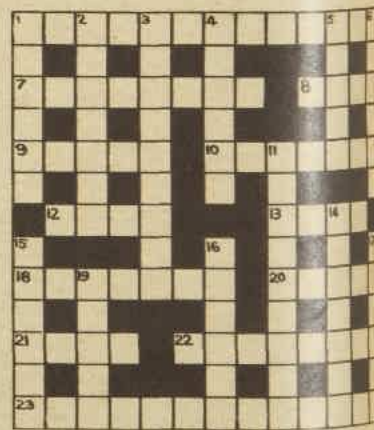
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Pros and cons of a businessman (6, 3, 4).
- Author of *Lucasta* full of fondness and ornamental network (8).
- Amorous glance when a bulldog leers (4).
- A vehicle to move with a shipload (5).
- Cope net (Anag. 7).
- Snug place for nine starlings (4).
- If you do it to the dust you yield (4).
- Miss Cusack asked him to enter (7).
- Offspring of a negro and mulatto (5).
- Wander about with a sheep which carries nothing (4).
- Single woman who has this month in her heart (8).
- Useless and expensive pachyderm quadruped (5, 8).

LATERAL VOTER
E R E E V E R I
N I A G A R A S T I F F
I D S D T G L
E M E R S I O N T U N E
N E N G N
T A P E R S L O W E B B
E T L L U
G U N S H A N D S O F F
L A C M O P F
E N T E R E L U S I V E
B E S S E X T E T H E R S

Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Friend to one stately mansion (6).
- Observe the counterpart (7).
- Sick to go to a broken tent gained by evil means (3, 6).
- Consent to receive (6).
- Musical instrument or a pony going back (5).
- They separate the fine from the coarse (6).
- Knap a seat (Anag. 5, 1, 3. Can be done during the day, too).
- Island in the Malayan Archipelago (7).
- Written legal engagement visible in the Pope's crown (6).
- Drive forward being helped by an inside rope (6).
- The little one was the Dickens (6).
- He comes from the country which was once Chaldea (5).

Continuing . . . THE UMBRELLA OF PEACE

from page 74

an expression of gladness, of a sleeper waking from a nightmare, rippled over his

Show me," he demanded. "What did you see? And as George looked at it in his hand he remembered without any trouble at all what it was his grandfather told him.

"Grandfather's meteor," he said simply.

Where? Harold looked around, expecting to find it floating beside them.

No, not a meteor," George said, becoming excited. "It's a moon."

What? "I mean, it's a bit of the moon," he said. "His fingers were not moving when they plucked at it. This time there was no resistance. The twine fell away, the chamois bag slipped off, and rolled off and vanished. There was a bit of fossil rock glinting with unaccountable radiance. It was no longer weightless."

I remember now what grandfather told me. It's magic. But not earthly magic. He said it would . . . It was at that moment that Harold saw the angel. It was coming toward them in a direct line. It had seen them.

Harold's mouth jerked open. He reached out and plucked at his brother's sleeve, and when he spoke he stared past George's shoulder and his lips barely moved. "George, over there, look!"

George looked in the wrong direction and saw nothing. He was annoyed at being interrupted.

"Hallo, there," greeted the angel. George lurched around and nearly dropped the moon. The angel pivoted in among the coat-hangers and got a grip on a cardigan. "Can't see much with all this stuff around, can you?"

George shook his head, and his cheeks rattled. Harold was all gripping his sleeve.

"Nice little gadget you have here," observed the angel. "Make it yourselves?"

Nobody answered.

"Well, how are you finding things?" asked the angel so amiably.

"Dead!" burst out George uncontrollably.

"Oh, I don't think so." The angel seemed amused. "Not up here." He scratched the back of his neck with a hand as pale and plump as Harold's. "Having a warm spell. I always get a touch of prickly heat."

He caught sight of the moon risen in George's hand.

"Ah," he said softly, and smiled. "Put it up there." He indicated a halfway point on the mainmast. "Just press it there. It won't fall." He let go the cardigan, which swung out eagerly after him. "I'll be seeing you." His words held an unmistakable significance.

George continued to stare rigidly nowhere, but Harold began to thaw. He watched the downward flight of the angel, noticing that he seemed to have very little on, and that his wings were small and untidy like a sparrow's. He was not wearing a halo.

George said in a bleached voice: "We're dead, Harold."

"No, George, I honestly don't think so. See?" He wagged his fingers. "I can still feel my fingers and toes."

"So can people who've had amputations."

"No, George. We'd have seen our whole lives flash before us."

"Not unless we'd been drowning."

"No, George."

"But it was an angel. You saw that."

"It had wings," admitted Harold cautiously. "But then, it was flying, so it would have to have something, wouldn't it?"

George was unconvinced. "It was an angel. A dead one."

"But it didn't have a halo. Do you know what I honestly think? I think it was just

someone who lives around here."

George looked stung. "Where would it live? Just show me where."

"Well, I can't see for the umbrella," snapped Harold, and lapsed into a huffy silence.

George looked far away. He thought of the garden in the gully, the neighbors and the witch's wind that lived on the mountain top. He saw again the plumed red helmet of the house, and smelt the exciting newness of the daily paper. He remembered grandfather's workshop, and the chamois bag. "Might as well hang it up," he remarked gloomily, and handed the moon to his brother without bothering to look at it.

Harold pressed it lightly to that exact spot on the mainmast, and as though it were a

All the flowers of all
the tomorrows are in
the seeds of today.

— Chinese proverb

third person the umbrella woke to life. It shook itself, seemed to inhale a deep breath, and took off. Straight up. At such an incredible speed that the brothers were unable to close their mouths. There was a gushing down-sweeping roar as of mighty machinery.

What followed after was sheer magic. Although travelling at fantastic speed as though drawn by a magnet, the brothers experienced no discomfort. On the contrary. They were enveloped in an aura of well-being such as they had never known before. In that magic spiral they knew not hunger or thirst, and their fears fell away from them like a dropped cardigan.

George's hair had paled to the color of ripe celery, and Harold's was a golden petal as though the sun had shed its pollen. He knew with certainty that he would never suffer bronchitis again.

Aeons later, he murmured drowsily: "Think I'll take my boots off. Won't need them any more." He rubbed one foot against the other in delicious slow motion. First one long boot, then the other fell away weightlessly. They waded out beside the umbrella, keeping abreast of it until a current swung them away and they trod downward on giant strides. Harold contentedly watched them out of sight.

George looked across at Harold and suddenly flung his head back and laughed. His laugh was like the collision of stars.

When at last the long, lone shadow cast its lance point into the umbrella canopy the brothers knew that this was not a mirage such as drowning sailors see. It was . . .

"Nonsense!" exploded Mr. Jolly, for once his good humor deserting him. "I tell you they were going for a fortnight and I'm worried."

So was the policeman. Just about the time that the policeman was taking notes a boy in a faraway land was scuffling his way along a golden beach, his fishing rod cast over his shoulder, its long point piercing the air.

He was not listening to the rounds about him. Even so he could not help hearing the whispering that came high and clear above his head.

Startled, he glanced up. He saw something falling throb-bingly out of the sky towards him. At first he thought it was a wounded bird. Then he knew differently and was filled with wonder.

The object kicked its way downward until it stood on tip-toe beside him, its message unreadable in the sand.

And that was how the boy came to possess the magic boot, and how he came to tell a tale that nobody believed.

There was a guarded announcement in this morning's paper: Unidentified signals coming from the moon.

(Copyright)



How well do you eat?

You could eat three large meals every day — and still suffer from malnutrition!

"Three square meals a day" may have been plenty in grandfather's time when he lived on plain, honest food that was home-grown and home-cooked.

But today, by the time it reaches our tables, much of our food has had essential vitamins and minerals processed out of it.

Quantity alone is not enough.

Unless the quality of your diet is improved to meet your minimum daily requirement of vitamins and minerals, tiredness, depression, loss of energy and lowered resistance to illness (the symptoms of vitamin deficiency) are likely to occur.

Improving the quality. A few years ago, doctors and dietitians defined our minimum daily requirements of essential vitamins, for normal health, growth and mental well-being.

Soon afterwards Vykmin (Combined Multiple Complex) Vitamin and Mineral Capsules were formulated to meet this requirement, as a supplement to our daily diet.

Based on the published standards of World Health Authorities the famous Vykmin Formula appears below.

Take two Vykmin capsules daily (one red, one black). Vykmin is non-habit-forming.

9 VITAMINS—4 MINERALS

The daily dose of one red and one black capsule supplies:
Vitamin B1 (333 I.U.)
Vitamin B2 Riboflavin (1 mg.)
Vitamin B6 (0.1 mg.)
Vitamin B12 (1 mcgm.)
Vitamin A (5,000 I.U.)
Vitamin C (300 I.U.)
Vitamin D (750 I.U.)
Vitamin E (1.25 mg.)
Vitamin PP Nicotinamide, 10 mgs.
Phosphorus, 15.2 mgs.; Calcium, 30.4 mgs.; Iron, 17.3 mgs. and Manganese, 0.5 mgs.
Laboratory fresh — hermetically sealed in gold foil.

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AT CHEMISTS ONLY: 2 weeks' supply, 9/6 . . . 4 weeks' supply, 18/-
A PRODUCT OF SCOTT & BOWNE



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Yes, Tact Deodorant checks perspiration instantly! For there's a miracle antiperspirant in Tact that's not found in any other deodorant. Tact prevents odour for a full 24 hours... actually destroys the bacteria that cause odour.

Yet Tact is safe for normal skin — harmless to clothes. Dries instantly.

Get Tact today — use it daily for personal freshness.

Tact DEODORANT

TUBE 2/6 • JAR 3/9 • SPRAY 6/6 • STICK 7/11



CREAM



SPRAY



SWIVEL
STICK

Tact for you in more ways than one

PHILIPS

Australia's most trusted name
in lighting for over 50 years
now brings you

a lamp
that gives

more light

at no extra cost!



The twin socket test proves it!

Compare the brilliance of a Philips high-efficiency lamp with any ordinary lamp of the same wattage. There's an obvious difference... and yet these new Philips high-efficiency lamps cost no more—either to buy, or in current consumption.

PHILIPS

high-efficiency LAMPS



NOW AVAILABLE WHEREVER LAMPS ARE SOLD

AS I READ THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD
For week beginning September 7

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological column as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21—APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.
★ Luck in your personality.

★ Don't be content with the same old style or color. Be daring, experiment with change. Make people sit up and notice you in a different phase. If your posture is not all it should be, try a few exercises to improve it. If you've put on weight cut down on snatches. Whether you're 16 or 60, the stars are with you in your search for glamor.



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21—MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, light blue.
★ Gambling colors, light blue, grey.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
★ Luck in a competition.

★ If you play a game, are entered in a tournament, you are likely to carry off a victory. Should you be sitting for an examination, questions are suited to showing off your knowledge. Should you invest in anything from land to a raffle ticket, you could show a profit. Luck counts in any transaction, but good judgment should not be displaced.



GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21—JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, violet.
★ Gambling colors, violet, rose.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
★ Luck through the household.

★ A member of the family may go away for career reasons or marriage. If a teenager this could mean a room to yourself. The departure of a relative or house guest could lighten the burdens of the homemaker. For some, minor additions will give more space. The family is likely to be a more harmonious unit as a result.



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22—JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, brown.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
★ Luck in a conversation.

★ A conversation could give a tip about a business opportunity or an offer of marriage. If engaged, a welcome piece of news could hasten the date of the wedding. In some cases a third party intervenes and clears up a misunderstanding which has made you unhappy. Sound advice from an influential person could cause you to modify your ideas.



LEO The Lion

JULY 23—AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ Luck in a sense of proportion.

★ Do you own an evening dress suitable for only formal occasions while you make do with a shabby handbag day in and day out? Some Leo people entertain lavishly, then live on the scraps for the rest of the week. A false standard to impress others is not likely to bring real satisfaction. Place essentials first, then decide on a few frills or extras.



VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, green.
★ Gambling colors, green, white.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in leadership.

★ Take the initiative wherever possible. If a voluntary worker, accept responsibilities, gain the co-operation of associates. You may find it necessary to interview important people; don't be overawed. If conversation lags on a social occasion set the ball rolling again. Tact, initiation are good friends. They help in love or practical affairs.



LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23—OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Lucky color for love, black.
★ Gambling colors, black, silver.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.
★ Luck through helping others.

★ Whether you find a hard home because a member of the family is sick or agree to do extra work because someone on the staff is away, you'll have the thought of being useful, of training for the nursing profession, a welfare worker, hospital visitor or on the board of an institution, you'll be an inspiration to those around you.



SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, silver.
★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
★ Luck through friends.

★ The more people you know the greater your good fortune. You in circulation, know what's going on. If you aren't among those present you may be left out of invitations are distributed. Don't walk over a fancied slight. Give graciously to your partner, don't try to be the life of the party, just appear charming, generous and you'll win all hearts.



SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, blue.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
★ Luck in business and pleasure.

★ Help yourself best by using discretion. Don't laugh at moments of serious discussion to be a gloom when the lighter side is in evidence. If a voluntary worker, such combinations as a business meeting with afternoon tea or supper could bring together opposing elements of a group. A semi-official occasion might produce contacts.



CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 23—JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, grey.
★ Gambling colors, grey, violet.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Luck in study.

★ Don't limit your reading to a popular novel. Plan a practical course for increasing your knowledge of a subject which appeals to you. Cultivate friends with educational background; pick up unconsciously interesting facts, ideas. Your beloved may be persuaded to take you to a museum or art gallery on the next date.



AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, any pastel.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
★ Luck in standing aloof.

★ It's fine to be a good man, but right now a number of us seem inclined to bestow our companionship without much discrimination. Certain new friends may be irresponsible, could lead you into situations of which you disapprove. Don't be afraid to draw on your own resources for entertainment. Old friends, amusements may be safest.



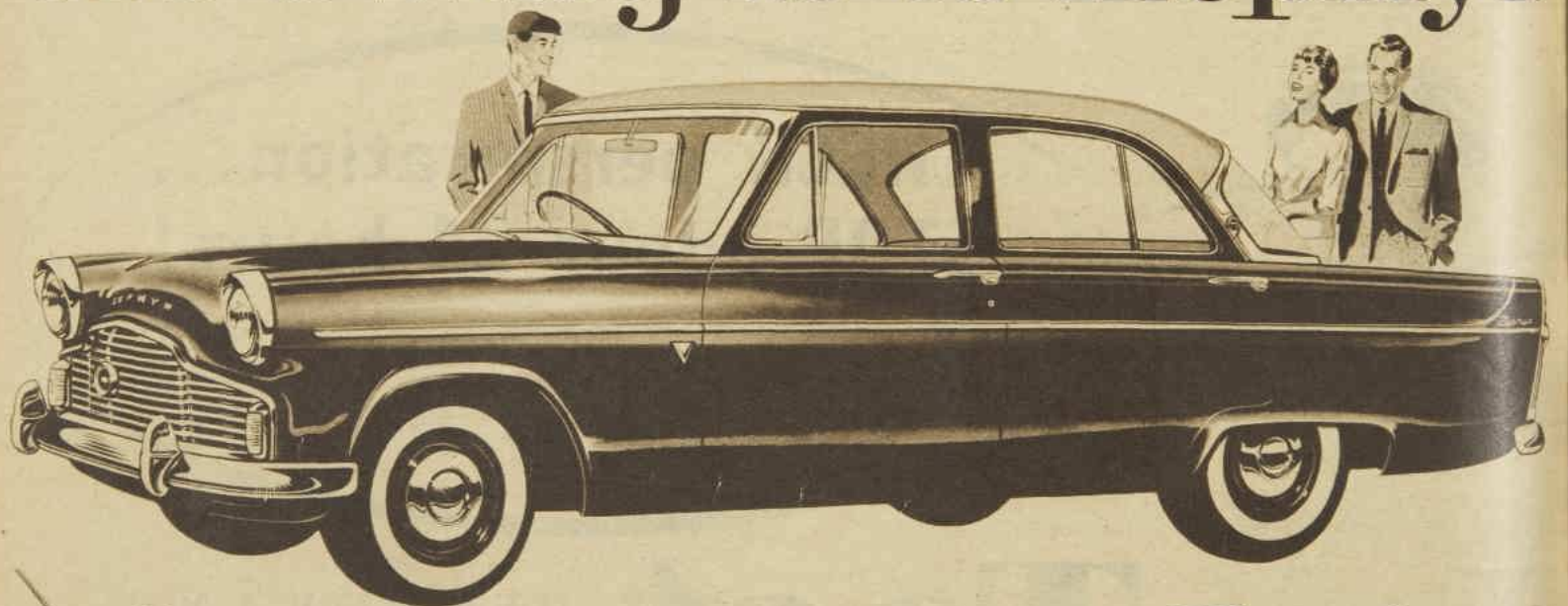
PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, white, gold.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sat.
★ Luck through the opposite sex.

★ Mixed parties will be the most successful. If your partner is a competitor is of the opposite sex, your chances of victory are greater. In business, you may benefit through the efforts of a person who is in charge of a department or heads the staff, should it be a man. If married, the marriage partner is likely to be a tower of strength.

the swing is to Zephyr



The beautiful Zephyr holds many surprises for you! For example, you'll wonder at the room and luxurious comfort that's there for six big people. No other car in Zephyr's class is as long or as wide or as comfortable! Then there's performance—developing 86 brake horsepower Zephyr's way out in front. Yet its economy is another surprise—in the last Mobilgas Economy Trial Zephyr returned over 28 miles to the gallon. But there are a lot of things that have increased Zephyr's popularity... amongst them are the smoothest and most stable ride, the most glass area, the biggest brakes, the smallest turning circle. And perhaps best of all—the availability of fully automatic drive with no clutch to push or gear lever to shift. Why don't you join in the swing—the first step is to see your Ford Zephyr Dealer—today!

Zephyr Six

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 45 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Tasmanian readers could address orders to Box 10-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send orders to Box 614, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.

Fashion PATTERNS

F5358. — Neatly tailored sleeveless blouse and separate skirt designed with graceful skirt fullness. Sizes: blouse 32 to 38in. bust, skirt 24½ to 30in. waist. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material for skirt, 2½yds. 36in. material for blouse, plus 1-8th yard 36in. contrast. Price 4/-

F5352. — Three-piece holiday ensemble consists of shorts, blouse, and matching skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material for skirt and blouse, and 1yd. 36in. material for shorts. Price 4/-.

F5380. — Bermuda shorts and tailored American-styled shirt blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material for shorts, and 2½yds. 36in. material for shirt. Price 4/-.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F3747. — Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make sleeveless blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.



F5352



F5357



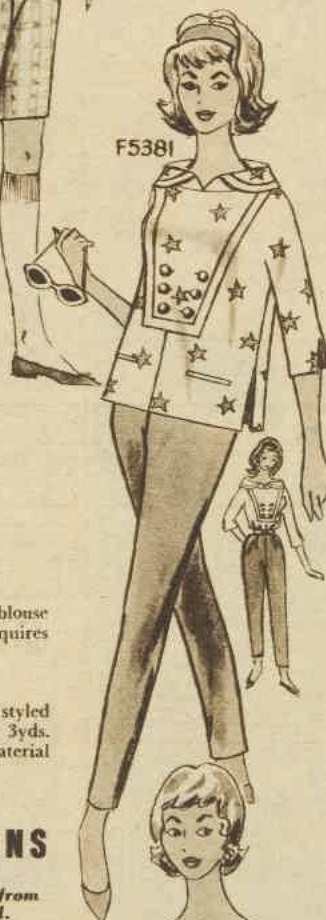
F5358



F5380



F3747



F5381

F5357. — Summer separates, short-sleeved blouse and matching skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F5381. — Tapered slacks and attractively styled tunic blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material for slacks and 2½yds. 36in. material for blouse. Price 4/-.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

No. 120.—ONE-PIECE DRESS.

Smart one-piece dress with a white accent is obtainable cut out ready to make in sun-bleached poplin. The color choice includes junior-navy, red, sunshine-yellow, American-beauty, Swiss-blue, coral, grey, and black. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 39/9, 36 and 38in. bust 42/6. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

No. 121.—BOY OR GIRL'S SMOCK.

The smock is obtainable cut out ready to make in cotton headcloth. The color choice includes white, lemon, blue, pink, and green. Sizes: Six months 18/9, one year 21/6, two years 22/3, three years 24/9. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.

No. 122.—AFTERNOON DRESS.

Prettily styled one-piece dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in pin-spot cotton cambric. The color choice includes pink and white, blue and white, red and white, and green and white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 42/6, 36 and 38in. bust 44/9. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.



120



121



123

Doctors prove
PALMOLIVE
can bring you
a lovelier complexion
in 14 days!



YOU, TOO, can look for these complexion improvements in 14 days

- ★ Fresher, brighter complexion!
- ★ Less oiliness!
- ★ Added softness and smoothness!
- ★ Complexion clearer, more radiant!
- ★ Fewer tiny blemishes and incipient blackheads!

NOT JUST A PROMISE—BUT A PROVED PLAN

This is all you do. Simply massage your skin twice a day with the extra-mild pure lather of Palmolive—then rinse and pat dry. You'll see Palmolive bring out your beauty while it cleans your skin. Use Palmolive . . . it's so mild—so gentle . . . that's why Palmolive is by far the largest selling toilet soap in Australia.



BUY THE BIG
SUPER BATH SIZE
AND SAVE MONEY



FOR LOVELIER HAIRSETS
Concentrated Curlypet gives you
15 fragrant hairsets for 4/10
So—Quickset with Curlypet!

Curlypet

Start the weekend
well with

Weekend



1/- from
your newsagent

Where's The Wettex?

—it spring cleans quicker!

Wettex
household sponge
cloth

Washes, Wipes, Dries in a stroke

STANDARD
SIZE

washes,
wipes,
dries in a stroke!

And only Wettex gives
you a choice of gay
prints, colourful
prints!

Available in—
STANDARD
OUTDOOR PACK
GIANT (DOUBLE SIZE)

Insist on genuine Wettex—so hygienic—made exclusively from cellulose!

JACKY'S DIARY

BY JACKY MENDELSON
AGE 3 1/2

I'm still here in summer camp
on my holiday from Mummy
& Daddy. It's called Camp
Wanago & here's what
it looks like:



I sleep in a hut with 5 other boys. Their
names are Gary, Jerry, Bobby, Sammy,
& Fat Herbie.



Also we got a councilor
whose name is Unkle Fred.
Only he don't count cause
he's a GROWN-UP.



P.S. I think he must be
very poor, cause he's still
wearing short pants from
when he was a little kid.

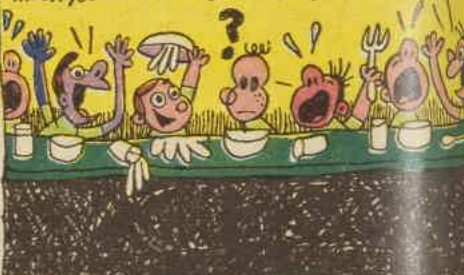
After we do our morning exercise, we got to clean
the huts for inspecting... which means like sweeping
the dirt under your bed, hiding 1/2 ate lolly pops
under your pillow, & in general being very neat.



After we get dressed &
everything, we got
to walk to the dining room &
get break-fast. It's just
like in the army, as you got
to walk in formation.



Boy is there lots of noise in there! All the kids are
yelling, & screaming, & crying, & spilling things so
much you can't hardly hear yourself eat.



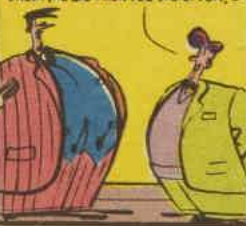
Then you got to go back to the huts & write
your parents a letter what a good time you
having... only it's hard to write on paper
when it's all wet from crying.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

YOU MUST GET A GOOD SALARY
FROM THE BIG FIRM YOU WORK FOR.



IF I'M NOT RUDE ASKING
HOW MUCH DO YOU GET?



WHAT EVER MY WIFE ALLOWS
ME OUT OF HER BUDGET KEEPING...



Just squeeze it on!

Adorn
CREAM
HOME PERM
in a
handy tube



You can
Recap Tube
for future use

- Combs through,
roll up, rinse.
- Your hair perms
as it dries!
- No drip! No mess!
- No bother!

At Chemists and Stores

BACKACHE?
like this



Can't
move
without
agony?

Then start a course of
**DR. MACKENZIE'S
MENTHOLS**

When your back feels in a vice—aches stiff and sore—every move a task of pain—it is often due to acids from poisonous germs in the blood. The wonder-drug MENTHOLS, one of the therapeutic ingredients in Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOLS, helps cleanse your blood of these poisons that cause ill-health. You or yours suffer rheumatism, aching muscles and joints, neuritis, kidney and bladder weakness, constipation or hot flashes, start the MENTHOLS treatment right away. MENTHOLS, with helpful diet, are 15/-, 5/- or 5/- every where.

MENTHOLS

LIKE WALKING ON PILLOWS

**Dr. Scholl's
AIR-PILLO
INSOLES**
"Reg. Trade Mark"

Dear Angela,
Were you really so
different from all the
others the night we met?
Or was it your morning
freshness.....
STAY AS SWEET
AS YOU ARE
WITH **Stained**
The fragrance you can trust

**Give Your Baby
LOVELY CURLS**
Bonish nifty cradlecap
4 weeks treatment 4/10
Curlypet

TEENA by Linda Terry



OH, MY GOODNESS! MY DATE
WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!!

WHAT'LL I
TALK ABOUT?
WHAT'LL I
TALK ABOUT?
TELL ME QUICK!
WHAT'LL I TALK
ABOUT?!!



OH, F'HEVIN'S SAKES,
STOP GETTING YOURSELF
IN A TIZZY! SIMPLY
COME RIGHT OUT IN
THE OPEN AND ASK
HIM WHAT TO TALK
ABOUT!



WELL, WHAT'LL
WE TALK ABOUT?



YOU TOO?

YOU TOO?



EVEN WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY, I NEVER KNEW WHAT TO TALK ABOUT... MY FOLKS DIDN'T KNOW I'D LEARNED TO TALK FOR TWO YEARS 'CAUSE I JUST DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO TALK ABOUT... WHY, ALL THROUGH SCHOOL I USED TO HIDE BEHIND THE PIANO 'CAUSE I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO TALK ABOUT... OH, AND LET ME TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO ME IN WASHINGTON 'CAUSE I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO TALK ABOUT...



WELL, DID
YOU FIND SOME-
THING TO TALK
ABOUT?

YUP...

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and PRINCESS NARDA have trapped the mysterious Invisible Thief. Under Mandrake's hypnotic influence the thief tells how he has discovered a highly complex theory whereby he can cause any object to become invisible. He said that he had to steal

to get money to keep working on his project. He tells Mandrake that anyone who has the Secret of Invisibility can rule the world. Then suddenly, as Mandrake turns away, the thief touches the invisibility mechanism and disappears. He knocks Mandrake out. NOW READ ON:



UH--NEVER MIND ME, NARDA--WATCH--THE BLUR! MUSTN'T LET HIM ESCAPE--OR WE'LL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE TO TRAP HIM!

AS THE INVISIBLE THIEF RUSHES AWAY--

HE'S GOING THROUGH THE DOOR



--HE RUNG HEADLONG INTO LOTHAR!

OOMP! ?!



GOOD MAN, LOTHAR! WHAT LUCK! HE RAN SMACK-DAB INTO YOU! THERE'S A CONTROL BUTTON ON HIS BELT--

HE? BELT?



HERE HE IS--OUR INVISIBLE THIEF!



SO THE BANK CLERK, THE JEWELLERY SALESLADY AND THE PAYROLL MEN WEREN'T LYING! THERE WAS AN INVISIBLE THIEF! DOES THAT OUTFIT REALLY WORK?

I'LL TRY IT ON IN THE OFFICE AND SHOW YOU.



GOOD NIGHT! HOW DOES IT WORK?

ONLY TWO SUB-ATOMIC PHYSICISTS IN THE WHOLE WORLD COULD UNDERSTAND IT--AND I'M NOT ONE OF THEM.

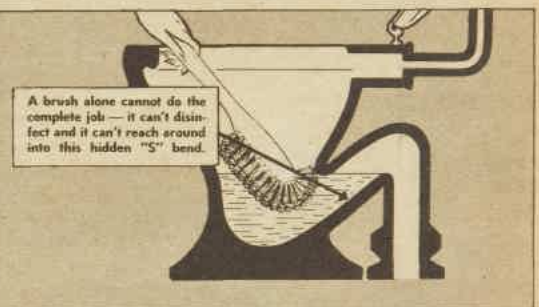
I'LL TURN IT OVER TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES--MAYBE THEY WILL.

NEXT WEEK, NEW ADVENTURE!

Now
**Keep your toilet
fresh and bright**
— THIS EASY PLEASANT WAY!



Harpic disinfects, deodorizes and keeps your toilet bowl sparkling clean — above and below the water line.



A brush alone cannot do the complete job — it can't disinfect and it can't reach around into this hidden "S" bend.



Harpic leaves bowl hygienically clean
Just sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night, and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and destroys bacteria in the lavatory bowl, leaving it sparkling and hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Ask for Harpic at your store.

HARPIC LAVATORY CLEANSER
REGD.
SAFE FOR CLEANING SEPTIC TANK TOILET BOWLS
HPI52R

For cakes and puddings
with that real chocolatey
flavour — always use
**CADBURY'S
BOURNVILLE
COCOA**

TRY THIS TESTED RECIPE
CHOCOLATE TEA CAKE

1 egg, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup milk,
½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 cup
self-raising flour, 2 level tablespoons
CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE
COCOA, 1 tablespoon melted butter.

METHOD — Separate the white from the yolk of egg. Add a pinch of salt to the white and beat until stiff. Gradually add the sugar, then beat in the egg yolk. Stir in the milk and vanilla. Sift the flour with the cocoa and stir into the mixture, then add the melted butter. Place in a well-greased 7-inch sandwich tin and bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. While still hot, brush with melted butter and sprinkle with cinnamon. Serve hot or cold with butter.



For extra winter warmth
and nourishment...



Serve
this

'3 BISCUIT'

BREAKFAST!

When it's wintry outside, your family needs *extra* glowing warmth *from within*. That's why **THREE** golden Weet-Bix Whole Wheat Biscuits — served with *hot* milk — are such a perfect start to a cold winter's day.

Brimful of warming, *energising* goodness, Weet-Bix give you the natural, hearty nourishment of whole wheat *fortified* . . . made even better . . . with added Vitamin B₁ and pure malt.

Delicious Weet-Bix are ready to eat *any* time, not only at breakfast, but through the day as tasty snacks! A Weet-Bix split in half, buttered and spread with honey, jam or Marmite, makes grand eating after school or at supper time. Why not put Weet-Bix on your grocery order . . . right now!



Just add
HOT MILK

WEET-BIX

Every flake a storehouse of golden energy!

